BOXING - WRESTLING - FIGHT FICTION

25 CENTS

NOVEMBER

The RING

WESLEY RAMEY
LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP
CONTENDER

IN NEXT ISSUE

THE LOUIS-BAER CONTEST REVIEWED IN PICTURE AND STORY

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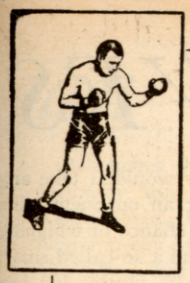
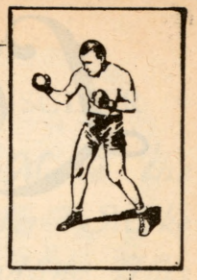


The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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CONTENTS

LOUIS' RISE REVIVES AN OLD TOPIC.....Nat Fleischer 2
THE RING'S ALBUM OF FAMOUS FIGHTERS..Tommy Loughran 5
HOW LOUIS AND BAER PREPARED FOR THEIR BATTLE (Photos) 6
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: (Editorial Comment)..... 8
IN SPOTLIGHT (Photos)..... 11
WESLEY RAMEY RISES TO CHALLENGER'S POST Maurie Waxman 12
THE RING'S GLOBE TROTTER.....Daniel M. Daniel 14
SCIENCE AGAIN TO THE FORE.....The Ring Editor 16
LETTERS FROM OUR READERS..... 19
FISTS OF STEELE.....Clarence Dirks 20
AMERICANS INVADE ENGLAND.....Francis Albertanti 22
CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.....Jay Vessels 24
LOOKING BACK.....Ralph A. Ridley 25
WILL THE LITTLE MEN COME BACK?.....T. W. McNiel 26
MY WORLD TOUR.....Claude Varner 27
IN THE PACHYDERM MARKET (Wrestling Photos)..... 31
MIKE McTIGUE, THE METHUSELAH OF THE RING George T. Pardy 32
THE IRISH IN HIM.....Bernice Sandboe 35
FROM MILO TO LONDOS TO O'MAHONY.....A. D. Phillips 36
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD.....Edward Merrill 38
TAKES A BRAVE MAN TO REFEREE A MAT BOUT..Ed. W Smith 41
IN OUR QUESTION BOX..... 44

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

CANADIAN TOPICS, ONTARIO, CANADA, MISSOURI, MAINE.. 47
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET.....Eddie Borden 50
SOUTHERN OHIO, TRENTON..... 51
FROM HOLLYWOOD TO NEW YORK.....Eddie Borden 52
NEWS FROM GREATER BOSTON.....“Doc” Almy 53
RING CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN.....John S. Sharpe 54
HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN, FISTIC SOCKS IN CLEVELAND AND UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES..... 55
IN OKLAHOMA, MINNESOTA, KANSAS AND JAMAICA, B. W. I. 56
IN SYRACUSE RINGS AND AUSTRALIA..... 57
MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DIST. OF COLUMBIA AND PHILADELPHIA..... 58
NEWS FROM TEXAS, CONNECTICUT..... 59
BUFFALO, ROCHESTER AND LOUISIANA..... 60
SIOUX CITY AND BILLINGS, MONT..... 62
ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND HUDSON COUNTY, N. J..... 63
IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA, VANCOUVER, B. C. AND HAWAII..... 64

In Our Next Issue

The greatest fistic attraction since the famous Dempsey-Tunney fight at Soldier's Field, in Chicago, is now a thing of the past. But the fight fans are still talking about the outcome of that battle and the enormous sum of money that was spent by sports followers from all over the country to see it.

Read Nat Fleischer's analytic article on the Louis-Baer fight. You'll find material and points in that which are usually lost in the shuffle in the stories that appear in the daily press.

Then you who like to study pictures of famous battles, will have four pages of photographs showing every important move in this latest "Battle of the Century."

The December issue will be one you'll want to keep. Make certain you get your copy. Don't buy only one—get two so that you can cut out the pictures to place in your fistic album. You won't be able to buy this edition later.

The wrestling season is on in full blast. Jack Curley, America's foremost promoter, discusses the indoor season for "Ring" readers. Read his article and get a glimpse of the newcomers in the mat sport.

These in addition to "The Globe Trotter" by Daniel M. Daniel, and articles by Nat Fleischer, George T. Pardy, and others.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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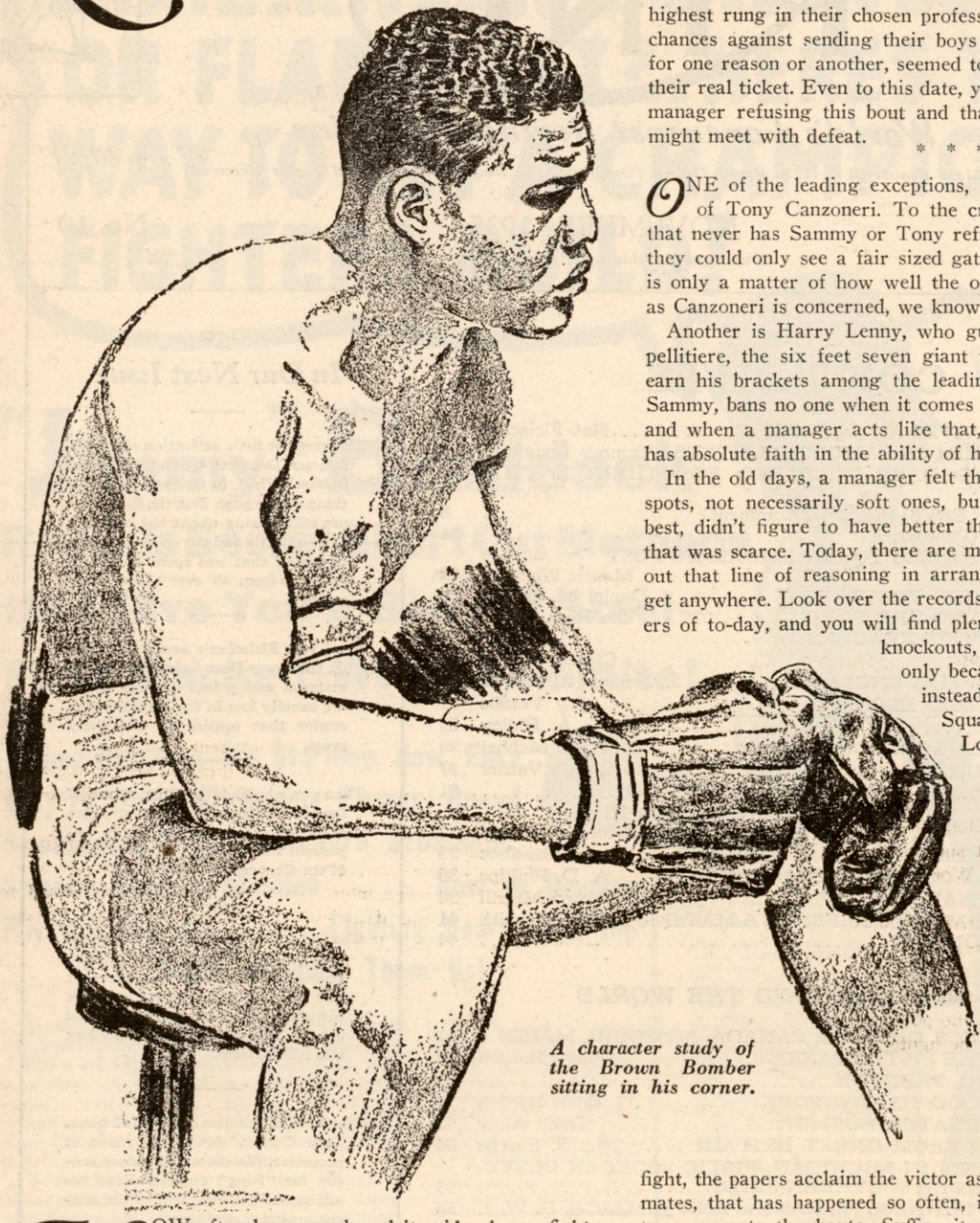
LOUIS' RISE REVIVES



A character study of the Brown Bomber sitting in his corner.

HOW often have you heard it said, when a fighter comes along to gain the fistic spotlight, that his rise was due to the skilful management of the man at the helm—the manager. In the days when Jack Kearns handled the affairs of Jack Dempsey, Billy Gibson brought Benny Leonard to the front and later took charge of Gene Tunney; Bill Brady, Jack Curley and other ring notables directed the business of such stars as Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries, George Gardiner, Pueblo Jim Flynn and others, it was an accepted axiom that the manager made the fighter. Of course, to some extent this statement was true, and for a time, one wouldn't care to argue that any one other than the mentor could have brought a fighter to the top.

It was the opinion,—and even to this date you cannot alter that so far as some fans and critics are concerned,—that the proper guidance in his matches, was what brought success to the battler.

If you go through the records of our leading fight figures of the last thirty years, you will find that almost without an exception, the best of the managers, those whose charges reached the highest rung in their chosen profession, simply wouldn't take any chances against sending their boys in to fight an opponent who, for one reason or another, seemed to have any chance of whipping their real ticket. Even to this date, you often find a so-called smart manager refusing this bout and that because he figures his boy might meet with defeat.

* * *

ONE of the leading exceptions, is Sammy Goldman, manager of Tony Canzoneri. To the credit of both, it must be said that never has Sammy or Tony refused a match with any one if they could only see a fair sized gate. With them it was and still is only a matter of how well the opponent will draw, for so far as Canzoneri is concerned, we know that he is a gate magnet.

Another is Harry Lenny, who guides the destiny of Ray Impellitiere, the six feet seven giant who he hopes, some day will earn his brackets among the leading heavyweights. Harry, like Sammy, bans no one when it comes to accepting a match for Ray, and when a manager acts like that, you may be assured that he has absolute faith in the ability of his charge.

In the old days, a manager felt that it was his duty to pick out spots, not necessarily soft ones, but to select opponents who at best, didn't figure to have better than an even chance, yet even that was scarce. Today, there are many managers who still carry out that line of reasoning in arranging matches, but they don't get anywhere. Look over the records of some of our leading fighters of to-day, and you will find plenty of defeats, in some cases, knockouts, chalked against top notchers, only because the manager figured that instead of accepting from Madison Square Garden a bout with Lefty Lou, who from all indications would draw a big house with Tom Flynn, but possessed an awkward style that might baffle the champion, the manager outsmarted himself by going to Shady Lawn out in Oshkosh, and taking on the easy mark. Cock-eyed Sims. Why? Because he thought that the fighter would be a cinch for his boy.

And what usually happens in such a case? The top notcher meets a Tartar who either stops him or hands him a terrific shellacking and the day following the fight, the papers acclaim the victor as another fistic sensation. Yes, mates, that has happened so often, it would be a waste of space to enumerate the bouts. Suffice it to say that among the most recent contests in which the managers found themselves in such a sad predicament, were those in which Yarosz was licked by Babe Risko; Dundee was stopped by Freddy Steele; Al Roth whipped Davey Day and Sanchelli took the bantam title from Al Brown. Those are only a handful of hundreds of cases listed in the records.

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY, we must go to press with this issue two weeks before the Joe Louis-Max Baer fight takes place, but even if Louis is defeated—something I cannot conceive—he will bring up again that much discussed query, "Does the manager make the fighter or does the fighter make himself?" By way of satisfying those of my readers who have flooded me with letters asking who I select in the battle, which will be over before this appears, I go on record here with the prediction that Joe will win by a knockout and within five rounds. If Joe should win, as I confidently expect him to, then the discussion of fighter and manager will come up stronger than ever.

an OLD TOPIC

By NAT FLEISCHER

Does the Manager Make the Fighter or the Fighter Make Himself? Clever Handling Has Brought the Brown Bomber to the Top

Remember the arguments that were waged when Kearns and Dempsey quit their partnership? The general trend favored Kearns, who, it was pointed out, had brought Jack up from a ham-and-egg stage to the world title and the million dollar gate. Yet when that partnership was severed, we find that Dempsey, handling his own affairs, drew down more money for his last three fights and later for his exhibitions, that he got during all the period he was with Kearns. But it was Kearns who steered Jack into the shots that brought him his fistic fame—that cannot be denied, and it was also Kearns who forced the issue with Rickard that enabled the sagacious Tex to steer the first great international fight staged in America in almost forty years—the Dempsey-Carpentier contest that drew the first million in gate receipts. Hence we must not and cannot take any credit from Kearns for what he did. He made Dempsey. There's no doubt about that in my mind.

* * *

WERE I asked to settle a dispute as to whether it was Kearns who made Dempsey or Dempsey who made Kearns, I would give at least seventy-five percent to Kearns. Why? Because granted that Dempsey was a terrific hitter, a colorful fighter, the type the public likes to see, it was Kearns who forced the public to see this in Dempsey. It was Kearns, the founder of the modern ballyhoo, who skyrocketted Dempsey to the headlines of world newspapers. It was Kearns who picked the spots for his charge that enabled Jack to climb with such rapidity that he soon overshadowed the greatest figures in modern pugilism.

However, without Dempsey's magnetism, Kearns would have been at a loss to carry on his great ballyhoo but without Kearns, Dempsey's prowess would have gone unsung and he would have been far from a million dollar fighter. That Dempsey was able to get more than two million dollars after he split with Kearns, was due to the fact that Manassa Jack already had been built up into a tremendous attraction and that the man to whom he lost the title and later almost succeeded in defeating in a return engagement, was a popular World War veteran around whom good ballyhoo could be woven.

I do not want to take from Dempsey, my pal, a fighter whom I regard as one of the greatest of all time, any credit, but I cannot make myself believe that without the expert services, the keen imagination and the powerful selling ability of Kearns, Dempsey would have succeeded to the point he did. Therefore in his case, I say the manager made the fighter what he was.

* * *

NOW let us take the case of Joe Louis, the latest fistic phenom who has attracted world-wide attention and about whom many queries have reached me asking, "Do you think that Louis would have reached his present stage if Roxborough and Black had not been his managers? Would any other managers have been able to bring Joe to his present high post?"

These are typical of many letters, and it is for the purpose of answering those questions that this article has been written. Let us analyze the situation. Let us see how far Louis would have progressed or might have progressed, under other handling.

Louis had to be something of a superman to acquire the greatness and the prominence which have come to him in less than one year's professional activity. Yet would that, alone, have enabled Joe to travel to the heights? My answer is no.

As in the case of Kearns and Dempsey, it is my opinion that the managers of Louis are largely responsible for his present status. True, he is a great fighter, one of the best I have seen in my thirty years association with the boxing game, but Joe's mentors, Julian Black and John Roxborough, have had a part in the career of Louis that few other managers would have played.

As I stated early in this article, the average manager tries to pick soft spots for his boy, especially when a lad shows any promise and is still regarded as an uncertainty. They nurse the boy along, as has been the case with Buddy Baer and was the case with Jack Doyle and Primo Carnera, with the result that instead of their boy gaining the necessary experience, even though at the expense of an occasional defeat, they pit their boy against a sure thing and then go out bragging about the great prospect they have.

* * *

NOT so with Messrs. Black and Roxborough! They were told by that clever veteran of the old school, Jack Blackburn, that they had a diamond in the rough in Joe Louis and rather than waste time in having Joe work his way to the top over setups, they decided that they would soon find out for themselves if Blackburn's judgment was correct. They informed me that their actions were impelled by the desire to learn quickly whether Joe was "there" or not. In short, they didn't want to waste valuable time.

How many other managers would have done the same thing? I venture to say that not one out of 200 I can name, would have acted as these managers did. They sent Joe against fighters of far more experience, boxers whom the average managers would have shunted aside for fear that such a bout would have halted Joe's climb.

In several matches, the Louis followers as well as fight critics, severely criticized the managers for arranging them, because they felt that Joe needed more experience and that such bouts would prove the undoing of the Brown Bomber, but Messrs. Black and Roxborough accept the issue. What happened? Instead of getting a setback, Louis gained experience and kept winning his bouts until the fistic world began to realize that here was not an ordinary fighter but a superhuman battler.

Would that have been the case had Black and Roxborough faltered and accepted the general line of managerial reasoning? You know the answer. I have the argument presented by some of the veteran managers that it was the inexperience of Louis' managers that caused them virtually "to toss Joe to the wolves" as the parlance of the ring has it, but if you talk to Black and Roxborough and their faithful trainer of Louis, Jack Blackburn, they will all tell you that it was faith in the ability of the Detroit boy, that caused them to pit him against tough pro talent in the first year of his professional career after having won fifty-four amateur bouts.

* * *

SO you see what part a manager can play in the rise of his warrior. Of course, unless a fighter has some great fistic asset as did Dempsey and as has Louis, no amount of managerial maneuvering can place him in the spot where Louis finds himself to-day. Whether you agree with my argument or not, the fact remains that at this writing, Louis finds himself within a step of a world championship fight, with only Jimmy Braddock to overcome. As I remarked earlier in this article, we are forced to go to press a fortnight before the Louis-Baer embrogilo, but I predict that Louis will continue his climb, by the K.O. route, and that he will continue without a setback to win the world title next summer.

If Louis gains the crown, he will be immortalized beside such great holders of the heavyweight title as Sullivan, Fitz, Corbett,

Jeff, Johnson, Tunney and Dempsey. And when that happens, I suppose the arguments will wage stronger than ever, "Did Black and Roxborough make Louis or did Louis make himself?"

Suffice it to say, that managers and fighter are on top to-day, each with a fortune within reach and no telling when the money will stop flowing into their coffers. I predict that even after Joe passes from the pugilistic picture, this quartet—Black, Roxborough, Louis and Blackburn will continue to be discussed among fight fans.

* * *

UNTIL they presented Louis to the hungry fight public that had anxiously been awaiting a revival of interest in the fight game after four lean depression years, all except Blackburn were strangers to the fight game. They each had had some experience in amateur sports, but knew nothing of the inner workings of professional boxing with its strange machinations and its intrigues.

They knew that in Joe Louis, they had a boy who from all appearances looked and acted like a good fighter, and they were willing to give of time towards promoting him. But, how? That was the stumbling block.

They simply could not do that by themselves because they fully realized their shortcomings. They had heard a lot of talk about the mediocrity of the fight field and they figured that if Louis could deliver the goods as they expected he would, then he not only would pull the sport out of its depression but would make plenty of money for all hands. Both Black and Roxborough are men of high finance. They have dabbled in big money for many years and they knew in Louis they possessed a magnet provided he would come through.

They decided they would invest their money in Joe and by caring for him and assuring him of a good livelihood while he was tuning up for the day when the coin would be rolling into the coffers, they could get Louis to do just as they wanted him to. There was a big chance to regain that investment many times over if Joe made good and not once during the early stages of the Brown Bomber's career did their faith in the investment waver.

From the very start, they were met with many hazards, but Black and Roxborough are two shrewd business men and hazards were not the unusual thing in their line of business. They had been taking big chances all their lives hence why falter at this stage.

* * *

THE first step in the development of Louis was in securing the services of Jack Blackburn with whom they were acquainted and who they knew was one of the best ringmen of the old school—a scientific boxer, a good teacher and a jovial fellow—just the kind of tutor they required for the gloomy, poker-faced-Louis. They knew that Jack had developed two former great little champions, Sammy Mandell and Bid Taylor and figured that there was no reason why Blackburn, without any outside interference, could not iron out the rough spots in Louis and develop a third champion.

For a time, Black and Roxborough found some difficulty in getting Jack to take charge because the monetary inducement was none too big at the start and also because he was reluctant to handle a Negro fighter even though he is a member of that race. His reason was simple. He argued that George Godfrey, Harry Wills and other good heavyweights could only go so far in their championship quest and that the greatest hazard a Negro heavy had to overcome, was race prejudice. But a little persuasion and Blackburn accepted the assignment and he has never regretted it.

He was only a trainer, however, and he would do the best he could. Black and Roxborough would be the business agents and make the matches. That they did. For five months they signed Joe to meet this fellow and that. They were not great fighters Joe was meeting, but they were far from being chumps. Joe's feat of scoring eight knockouts in ten starts started the fight world talking. A lot of shrewd, clever managers marveled at the performances of the lad who had not yet reached his majority. They began to take notice.

Then one day it was announced that Joe Louis was matched to meet Charley Massera, a husky, clever boxer and good hitter. Those wise, clever managers shook their heads.

Right there started the controversies about the managers being the necessary quality to bring a fighter to the front. They saw the downthrow of a great prospect, just because Black and Roxborough knew no better.

"They're rushing that boy too fast," was the comment of one of those critics. "Managers like Sammy Pian, Billy Gibson, Doc Bagley, Jack Kearns, Billy Delaney would never think of doing a thing like that. When a fellow like Massera would be offered them for their man, they would have said, 'There is plenty of time for that fellow. A year from now we'll take him on.'"

But Black and Roxborough kept on their way. Joe met Massera and finished him in three rounds. Still, the experienced managers shook their heads.

"The Brain Trust" in Joe Louis' camp—Julian Black (left) and John Roxborough (right), arrived in New York with Joe Louis.

A lucky break, they argued, and then when Joe was sent against the clever and experienced Lee Ramage, who never had been off his feet, those cautious and careful advisers were positive that Black and Roxborough were trying to get Joe murdered.

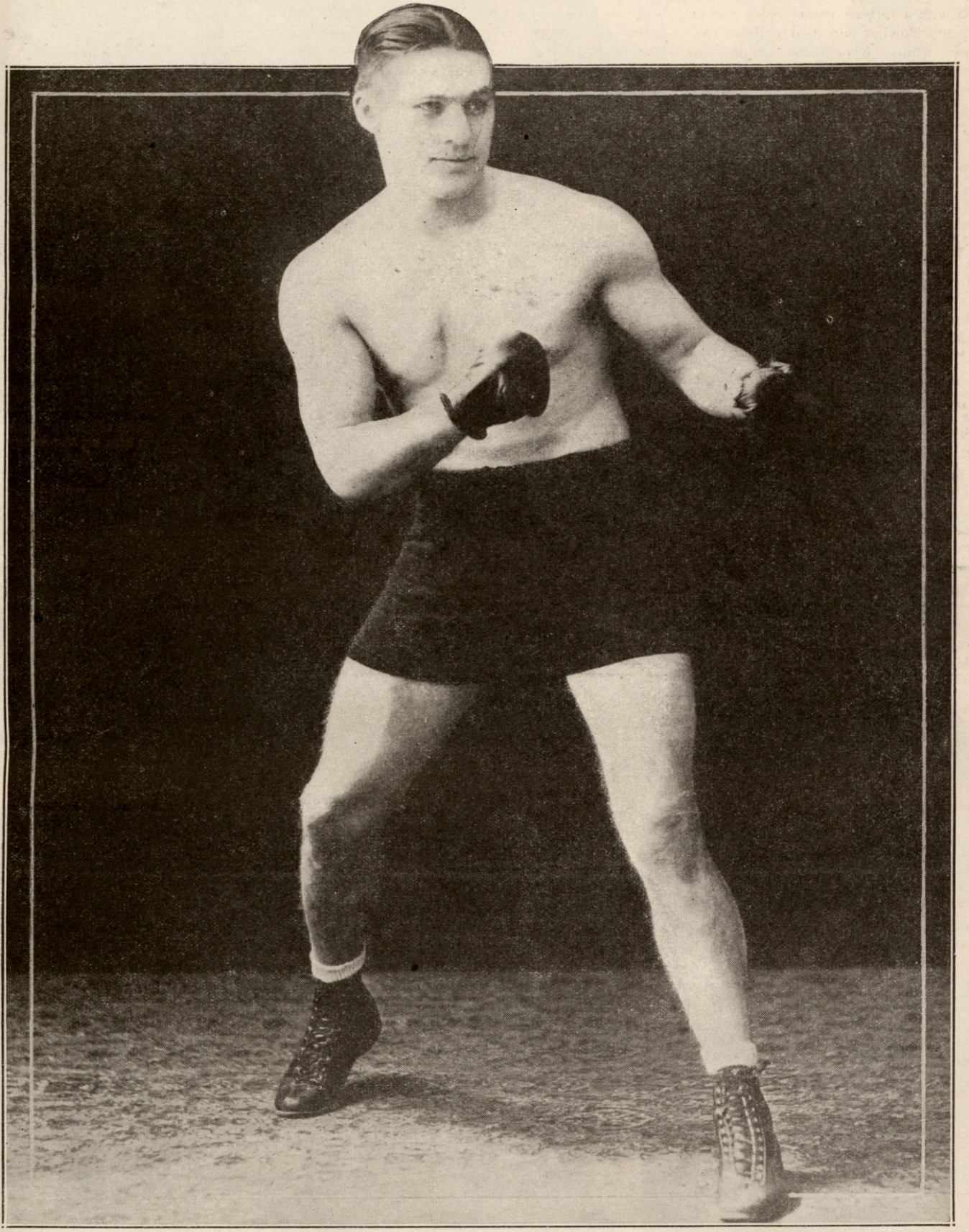
* * *

STILL Joe went on fighting, and in his thirteenth professional bout met Patsy Perroni, as wise a fighter as there is in the ring. Joe went on winning, and when

(Continued on page 49)

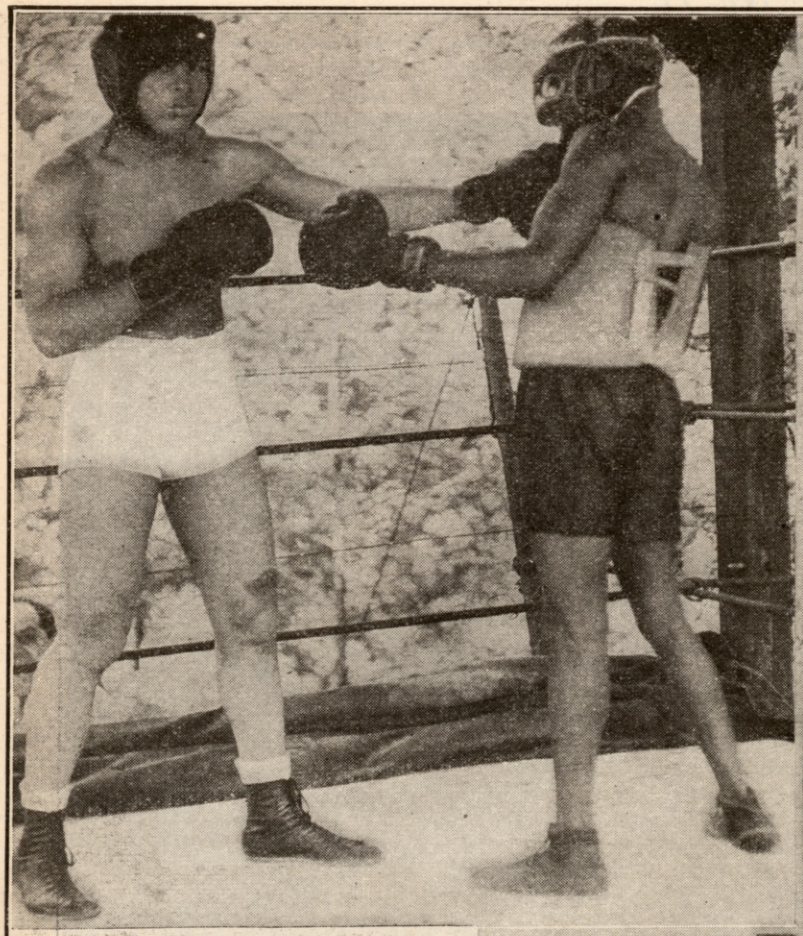
The RING'S Album of Famous Fighters

No. 11

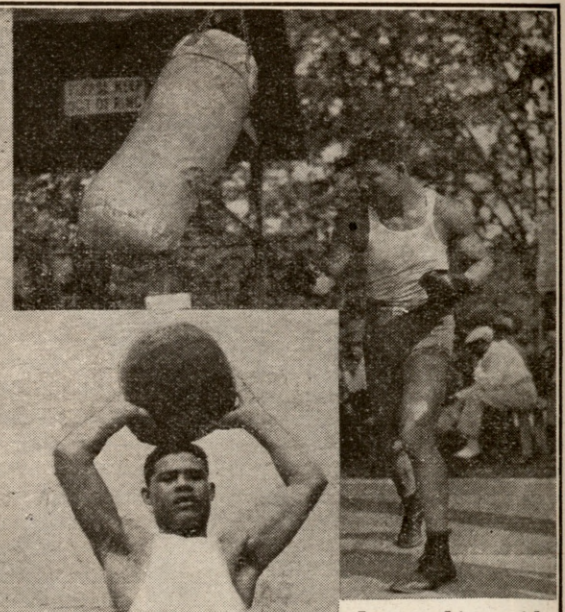


Tommy Loughran—christened Thomas Patrick. Born November 29, 1902. Nationality—Irish-American. Lives in Philadelphia. Has been fighting since 1919. Two-time winner of The Ring's Most Valuable Boxer award—Won the light-heavyweight title from Mike McTigue in 1927. Defended it successfully against such good men as Leo Lomski, Jimmy Slattery and James J. Braddock. Was stopped by Jack Sharkey in three rounds but later redeemed himself by taking a fifteen-round decision from the Boston gob. Is recognized as the greatest boxer since Corbett was in his prime. Has been counted out of the picture many times, only to make strong comebacks. Recently returned from a trip to South America. Has fought every middleweight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight of note. Lost to Carnera at Miami in 15-round bout for heavyweight title in 1934.

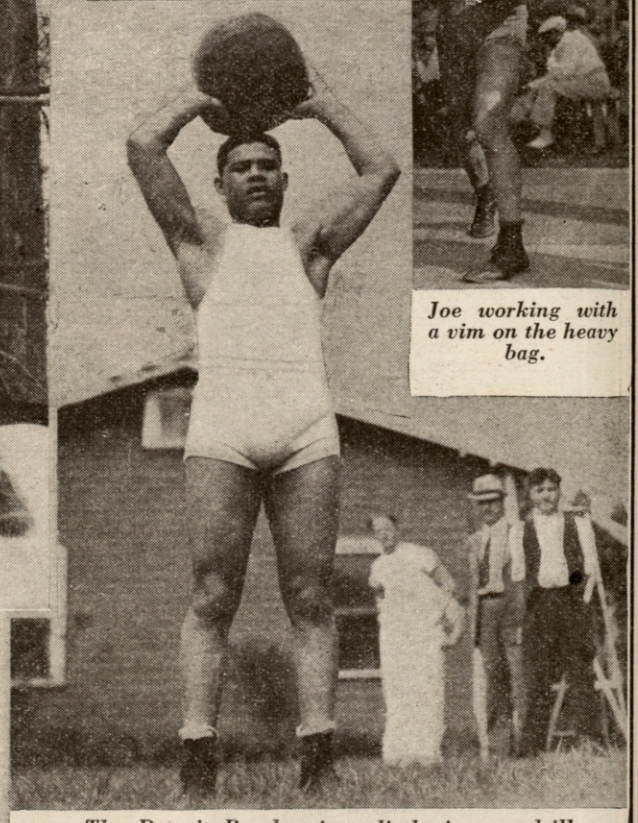
How Louis *and* Baer



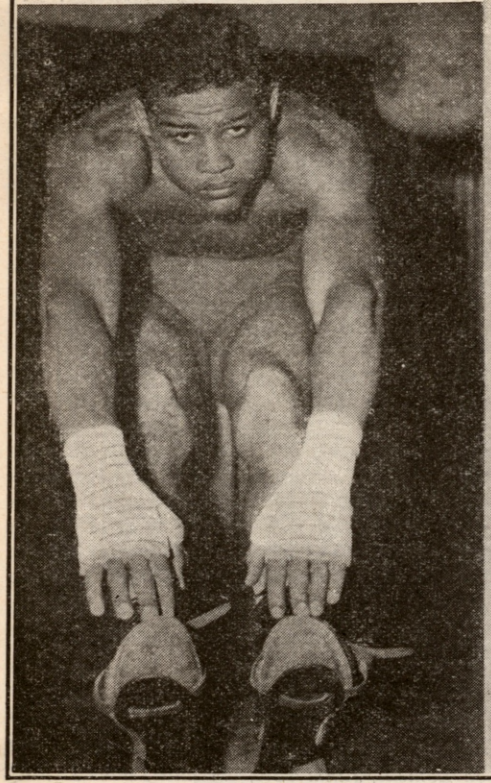
This is not a gag, folks. It is just an idea that the handlers of Louis devised to save wear and tear on Joe's sparring mates.



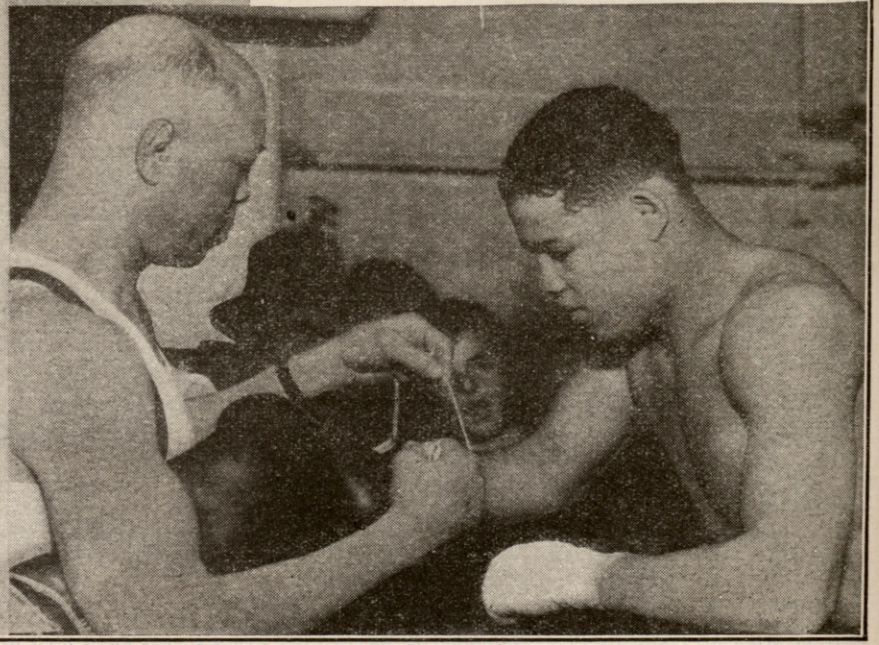
Joe working with a vim on the heavy bag.



The Detroit Bomber in a limbering up drill.



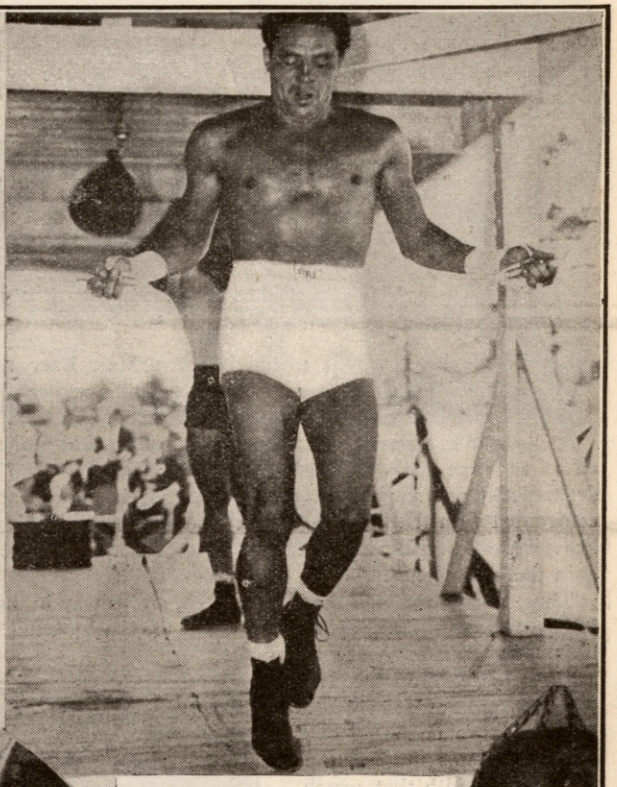
Joe Louis is here shown giving his muscles a mild workout after completing seven rounds of boxing.



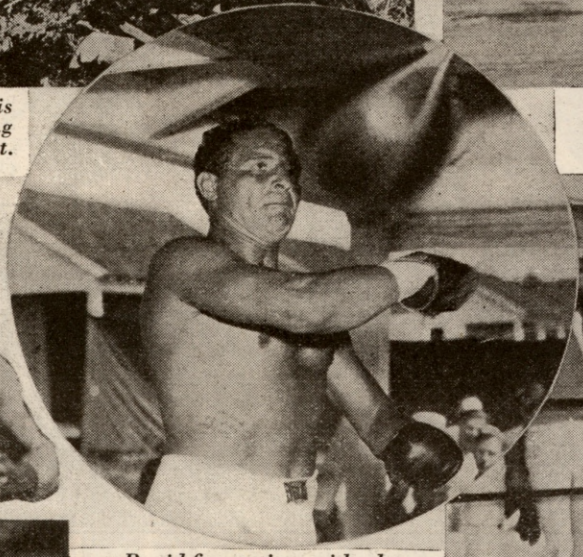
Here we see Joe having his hands bandaged by his faithful trainer, Jack Blackburn, who is responsible for Louis' rapid rise.

PREPARED *for* THEIR BATTLE

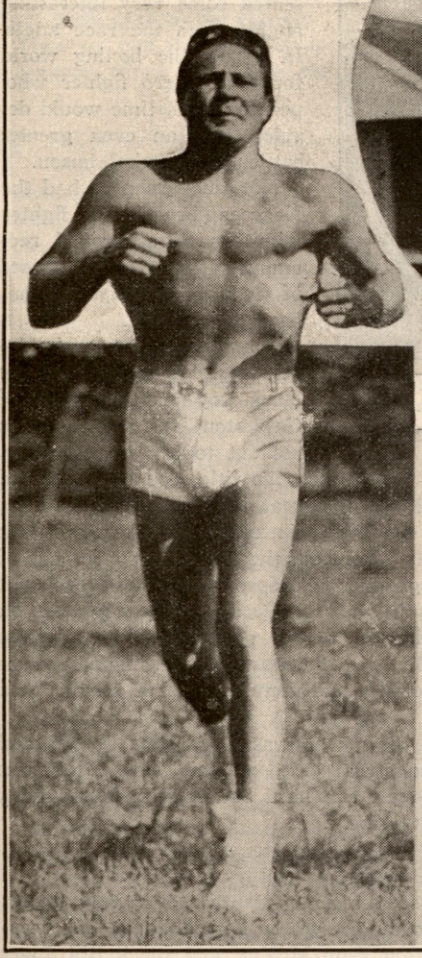
Hardening the muscles of his injured hands by chopping trees. This was no movie stunt.



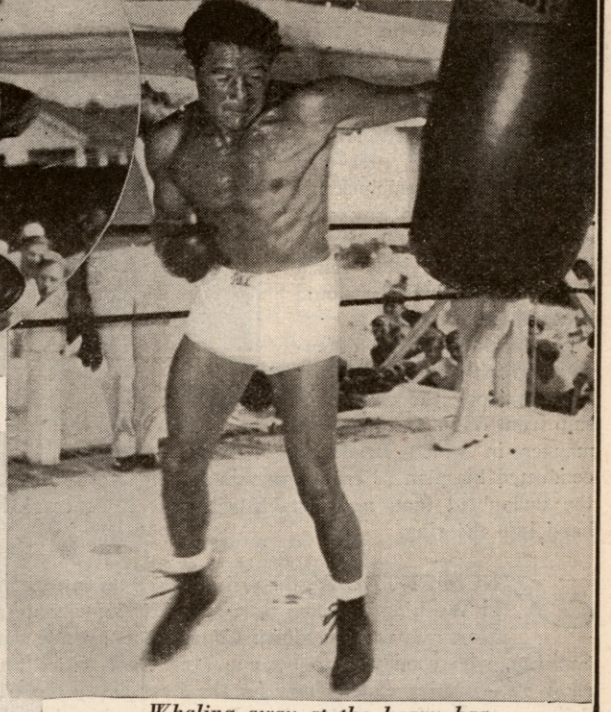
The Livermore Adonis skipping the rope.



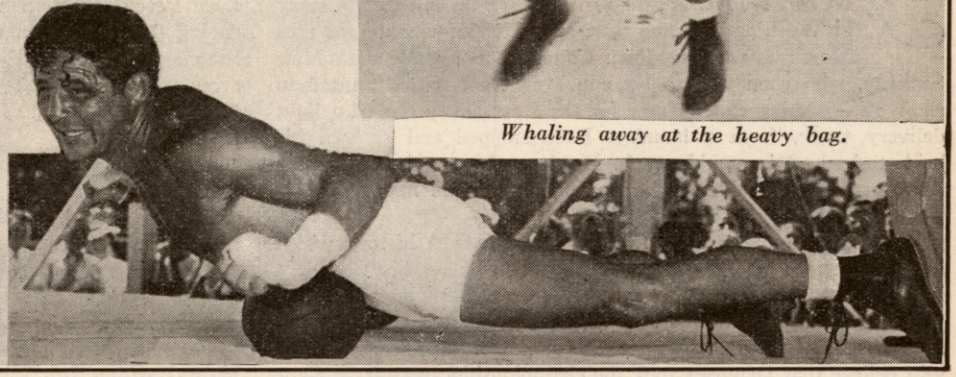
Rapid-fire action with the small, fast bag.



Taking a six-mile road run before breakfast.



Whaling away at the heavy bag.



Max Baer hardening the stomach muscles by squeezing and jumping on a sixteen-pound medicine ball.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

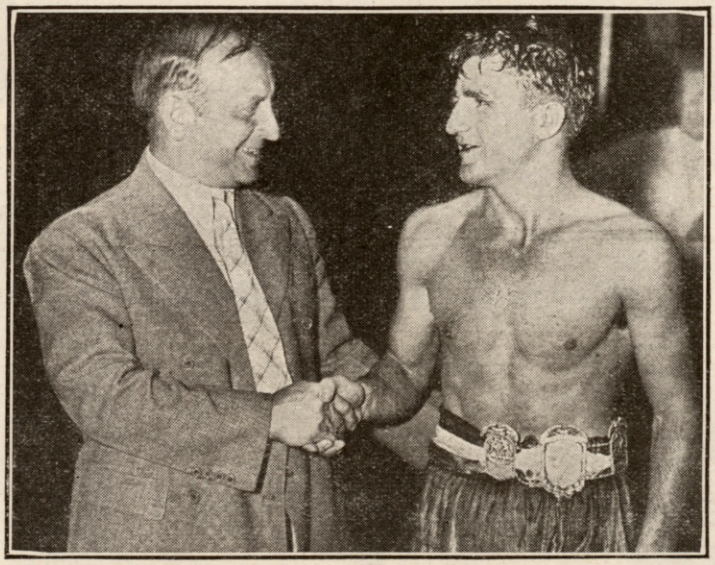
Now for the Heavyweight Title Contest Louis-Baer Bout Paved Way for Choice Interest in Braddock Soon Will Revive

THE heavyweight match between Max Baer and Joe Louis presented some most interesting angles. Not the least intriguing and important was the fact that, for the white boxer, the contest presented a vital stage in an effort to come back. When Baer lost the championship so undramatically and so unadroitly to Jim Braddock, Max at once was confronted with the inscrutable and incontrovertible truth that no heavyweight title holder, once beaten, ever had been able to regain the championship.

Thus, when Baer took the Louis match, on his way in the comeback campaign, Max appreciated that the background of the heavyweight title was all against his aspirations. Not that this presented a historic bar to Baer's beating Louis. You see, Louis did not carry any title into that match. It is strange, but true, that thousands of fight followers already have lost sight of Braddock. When the Louis-Baer fight was arranged, the general public sort of recognized the Brown Bomber as the unofficial champion.

At this point, let me digress to give Braddock his just dues, and to say that when he does fight he is not likely to be the soft touch that so many think he would be, even for Mr. Louis.

Braddock is a wise defensive fighter. He proved that when he took the championship from Baer. The masterly manner in which Braddock conducted his plan of campaign was the big feature, rather than the undoubted fact, now established, that Max carried a bad hand into the ring.



The presenting of "The Ring" belt to Lou Salica. Nat Fleischer, Editor of this publication, is congratulating Lou on winning the American bantam title in his bout with Sixto Escobar.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, the writer heard an interesting story in Washington some time ago. His informant said that Max was walking down Connecticut Avenue with Miss Sullivan, who soon was to become Mrs. Baer. Max wanted to show off,—nothing exactly new for the Baer. They passed a light delivery truck, from a laundry. Baer stopped and showed his bride-to-be how he could punch. He drove his hand through the light wood of the side of the cart, and hurt his hand. That is the story, and it sounds plausible.

To return to the strange freak of heavyweight history which has prevented a fallen champion from recovering his title. We find that only two such attempts came near success. Jack Dempsey had a whale of a chance to take the title back from Gene Tunney in the battle of the long count in Chicago. Thousands of fight fans still believe that Dempsey took the championship away from Gene that night.

But the record says that Tunney scored a second triumph over the Manassa Mauler, and they paid off on that official result.

The other former heavyweight champion who came within an eyelash of regaining the title was Jim Corbett. You will recollect that Corbett lost the title to Bob Fitzsimmons, and that Fitz lost it to Jim Jeffries. Then Corbett, who had been out of the ring for more than three years, running a cafe on Broadway in New York, fought Jeffries at Coney Island.

It was a twenty-five round match, but it went less than twenty-three. Had it lasted the twenty-five, Jim would have won by ten points to one. But in the twenty-third, Corbett's legs went back on him, and he found himself unable to manoeuvre around. Corbett was knocked out.

* * *

WHEN the Baer-Louis match was made by the crafty Mike Jacobs, it presented some very interesting angles from the race angle. In Louis, the boxing world found a Negro fighter who, perhaps, with time would develop into an even greater battler than Jack Johnson.

Not since Johnson had the Negroes boasted a fighter with Louis's all-around recommendations. And the speed of Louis's development has been phenomenal.

Johnson was years in developing. He was a scrawny black boy on the docks of Galveston when he first set out to become a fighter. Years passed before he finally took the title, and then knocked out the shell of what had been the great Jeffries at Reno.

Louis becomes heir to the Johnson mantle, which came to Jack in a direct line from Bill Richmond, the Negro body servant of Lord Percy, the British general, who operated around New York during the Revolutionary War. Lord Percy had headquarters on Staten Island, and Richmond fought some impromptu battles around New York. Finally, with the war over, Richmond accompanied Lord Percy to London, and there established himself as a first-rate fighter.

Then came Tom Molyneux, who was a Carolina Negro, and who had gained the unofficial title on this side. Molyneux went to England and fought two hard battles with Tom Cribb, the reigning champion over there.

* * *

THE Negro soon passed as an important factor in heavyweight competition. Then came the era of Jack Johnson, Joe Jeannette, Battling Jim Johnson, Sam McVey, and Black Bill. Later came Kid Norfolk, the Jamaica Kid, and then Harry Wills. We

also could mention here Joe Walcott, who was a small package, but made it a habit to fight big men.

And so we come finally to Joe Louis—to be exact, Joseph Louis Barrow—the sepian socker who went from a five-dollar-a-day job in the Ford plant in Detroit to riches and a high place in pugilistic history.

You should see Louis in his twelve-thousand-dollar Lincoln car, with gold-plated gadgets and a liveried chauffeur!

When the Baer-Louis match was announced, thousands forgot the acclaim which had been heaped on Max when he stopped first Max Schmeling and then Primo Carnera. All the limelight was focussed on Louis. Baer discovered himself in a very strange light for a man who had held the title so gloriously, and won it so dramatically.

Thousands forgot that Baer's victory over Carnera had been a fine job of fighting. But that is the way it is in the boxing game—in fact, in all sports. It seems heroes are made to be knocked down, and memories are short—as short as the day, sometimes.

With the Baer-Louis battle out of the way, the battle of the promoters will begin. After all, Jim Braddock holds the title, and will have to be reckoned with. The Garden in New York made Braddock—gave him the chance against Baer, and thus afforded Jim the opportunity for financial and fistic rehabilitation. Braddock and Joe Gould, his manager, are not oblivious of this debt.

Louis, on the other hand, is tied up with the Mike Jacobs school of advanced boxing promotion. Jacobs signed Louis for the Baer fight. Baer also is said to be tied up irrevocably with Jacobs, leaving the Garden with Braddock and the title, but minus anything tangible as an attraction.

Jacobs seems to be intent on making himself a real power in fistic circles and perhaps will make great progress in that direction with the promotion of bouts in the Coliseum, second in size in New York only to the Garden.

Thus we find the Baer-Louis match enveloped in all sorts of side issues which will add to the interest of the complete picture.

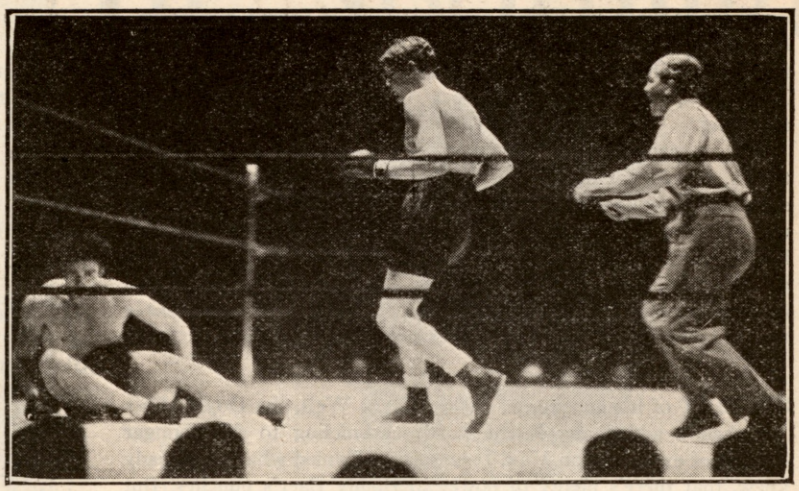
* * *

THE less-than-a-round knockout of Jack Doyle, Irish heavyweight champion, by Buddy Baer at Madison Square Garden's initial indoor boxing show, was probably not much of a surprise to the fifteen thousand-odd spectators, for public opinion prior to hostilities surmised that whichever way the tide of victory surged, it would be a case of "it won't be long now!"

This belief was based on the records of the principals, made widely known by the publicity ballyhoo, which listed each as a hurry-up kayo performer, and was fully sustained by the result, for all the fuss was over in the limited period of two minutes and thirty-eight seconds, with Referee Cavanaugh intervening to save the Celt from further punishment.

In the short space of actual milling, Doyle was fouled by a right that landed well below the belt, and would have cost Buddy the decision had the bout been conducted under old-time rules. Doyle was floored twice after that.

The best that could be said for him is that he was game, even wanting to struggle on when he was lambasted silly and was utterly helpless. He traded rights with Baer, who outweighed him about thirty pounds, and shook Buddy with two head smashes that were a bit too high up to do real damage. Then came the foul and the subsequent proceedings consisted of Doyle hitting the canvas and bouncing up again.

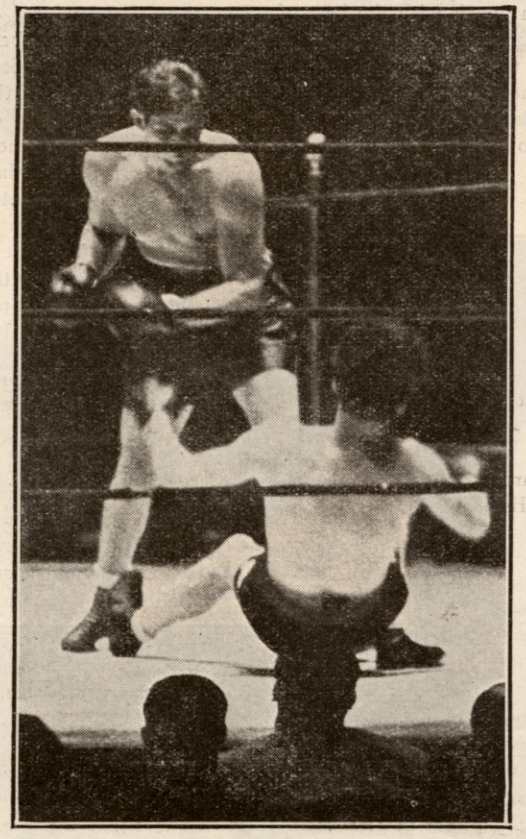


Stunned, Doyle sits on the canvas while Referee Cavanaugh rushes to Buddy Baer to send him to a neutral corner.

* * *

UNQUESTIONABLY, the foul punch handicapped the Irishman, but the man's whole ring demeanor and style failed to suggest class. It is to be feared that the Hibernian patrons present expressed scant sympathy for the loser as they sought the homeward trail. They must have felt that they had been badly fooled into expecting great things from a good-looking gossoon with a phony fistic background. It may be worth mentioning that the British sport writers as a whole looked upon Doyle's American invasion as a joke that was not in particularly good taste, and so expressed themselves in print.

Had the boxing commission insisted upon Doyle being tried out with a fairly tough opponent before admitting him to the big time, chances are he would never have got into the Garden without purchasing a ticket. I am in no position to state why this wasn't done. Let others do the guessing. It isn't the first time, and probably won't be the last, that a foreign boxer of mediocre ability has passed the censors and swelled his bank account with receipts from a terrible performance. Aren't there enough worthy American lads, with splendid fighting background, more deserving of the chance we so often have our promoters give to foreign lemons?



The fall of the Irish Tenor. Here we see Jack Doyle as he was going down after being hit by Buddy Baer in the Garden.

* * *

TRUE, the Irishman was officially credited with three short knockouts locally, with Phil Donato, Jack Redman and Bob Norton as victims, but were any of those feats genuine? Certainly none of the experts thought so, and the newspaper accounts of each "battle," which were mostly devoted to kidding Doyle's fistic claims, surely did not influence the powers-that-be toward the installation of the Emerald Isle's pseudo athlete as a banner attraction.

Remember when Seaman Watson came here to fight Kid Chocolate? Watson was England's recognized feather champion, hero of many a hard-fought battle, with unimpeachable credentials. He was fully endorsed by the London governing body in control of boxing, the leading sportsmen of his native country, and its newspapers. Yet before the then

members of the New York Commission would permit him to fulfill his engagement, they insisted on Watson displaying his wares for their edification by meeting three local feathers in the St. Nick gym, with reporters and a limited number of persons attending.

Watson came through with flying colors, but on the face of things, it was not only absurd, but a discourtesy to his eminent sponsors to subject him to such a test. A similar test in Doyle's case would have been quite in order. For, ever since the big Celt landed here, clouds of suspicion partially obscured the fervid glow of his exploitation campaign. But the clouds are dispersed, there's no more suspicion in that quarter now, nothing save conviction—the conviction that Jack Doyle does not belong on the fistic firing line!

* * *

WHAT of his conqueror, Buddy Baer? Well, the Doyle affair hasn't added any lustre worth chronicling to the younger brother of ex-champion Max. It merely reaffirmed what we already knew, that there's plenty of power in Buddy Baer's punches. But so far as boxing skill and knowledge of ring tactics go, he still rates as a novice. He has practically no defense, fighting "wide open," as the boys say, and urged by only one desire—to park his right on the other fellow's chin.

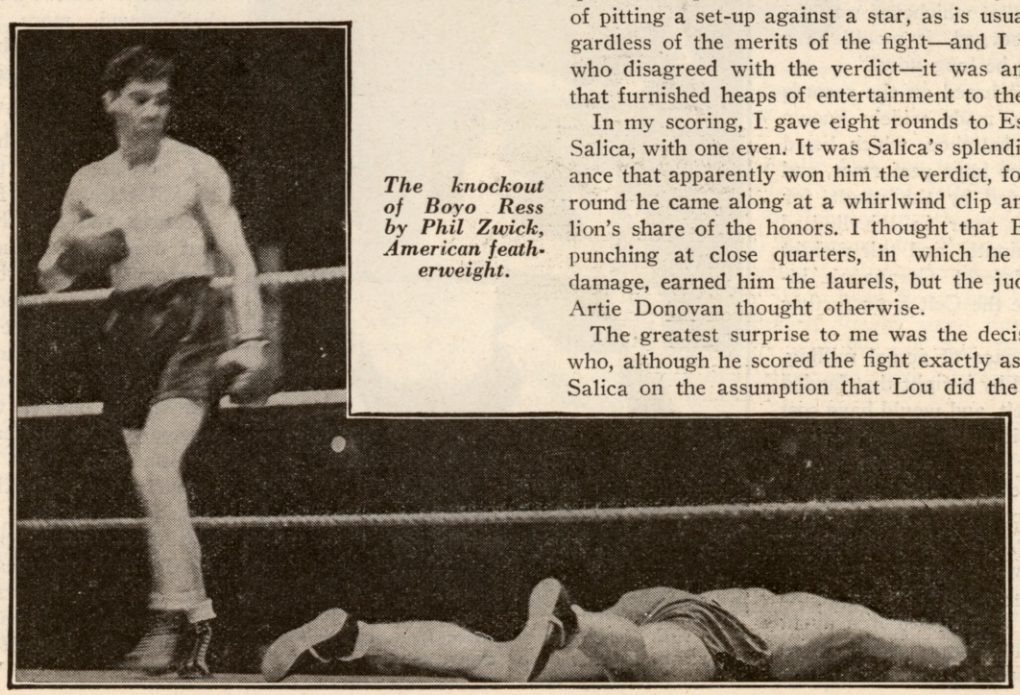
That crude system has worked out all right so far for Baer the younger, but it must be taken into consideration that the opposition furnished him has been of an exceedingly mediocre sort. His record shows twenty-seven knockouts scored out of twenty-eight starts, with one decision lost. Sounds impressive, but it isn't quantity, but quality, that counts in the prize ring. Putting it bluntly, the Bud's antagonists were mostly culled from the has-been or never-was classes.

Babe Hunt trimmed him easily enough on points, because the ring-wise Hunt tied up Buddy's right, and massaged him with straight lefts. Yet there appears to be good material in the youthful Baer that might be moulded into a formidable fighting personality. Physically, he is perfect, a giant in bulk and stature, as big as Carnera, but far better proportioned than the Italian. Neither is Baer muscle-bound, as Carnera is. Buddy is unusually supple and active for such a big fellow.

Also, as before stated, young Baer can punch with the best of them. If he meets King Levinsky, I look to see him batter down the King. The latter's mixing style seems to be a gift for the Bud, especially when it comes to swapping right hands. And Levinsky's two knockouts, at the hands of Max Baer and Joe Louis, respectively, haven't improved the Chicago man's fighting morale and confidence.

* * *

CONSIDERED as a main event, the Baer-Doyle imbroglio left much to be desired. The real star bout of the night was that between Eddie Mader and Terry Mitchell. These local heavyweights put on a six-round argument that was fireworks all through. It isn't often you hear the customers applaud frantically and in unison after every round of a battle, but they did for this one.



The knockout of Boyo Ress by Phil Zwick, American featherweight.

Incidentally, the result tipped Mader off as one of the most likely of the younger breed of heavyweight contenders. He won cleanly and decisively from Mitchell, who gave him a gallant fight, but was outclassed from a boxing standpoint. Also, Mader can hit, as was demonstrated when he dropped his man with a perfectly timed right to the chin that would probably have stowed away nine out of ten boxers for a full count. But Mitchell is game to the core. He rallied, and the final frame saw him fighting back defiantly, although Mader still held the upper hand, and was duly declared winner.

* * *

THE solution to the American bantamweight championship puzzle was recently solved when Lou Salica, former Golden Gloves and Olympic boxer, carried off the honors in a fifteen-round contest with Sixto Escobar of Porto Rico. Granted that the decision was not accepted as a correct one by the majority of the fans, the fact remains that Salica was awarded the unanimous verdict and also received from THE RING the championship belt which this publication awards to each winner of a title. Even though the bout failed to settle to the satisfaction of the Escobar followers the matter of supremacy, at least it served its purpose—it brought about the elimination of one of the three claimants to world honors, though neither Salica nor Escobar held or now hold such title.

As we have frequently said, a championship can be won only by the defeat of the title-holder or through an elimination tournament following the abdication of the throne by the champion or by his inability further to make the weight. In the bantam class, the legitimate title-holder is Balcazar Sanchelli of Spain, and no amount of phenageling by the New York State Commission, the California Boxing Board, the Montreal Commission or any other legislative body can deprive Sanchelli of that right. He defeated Al Brown, the world king, in a titular contest at championship weights, and thus the only way that Salica or Escobar—should Sixto succeed in turning the tables on Lou in their coming return engagement—can win the world laurels, is by beating Sanchelli. If such a bout can be arranged, and I am sure it can, then THE RING will offer another belt for the world title.

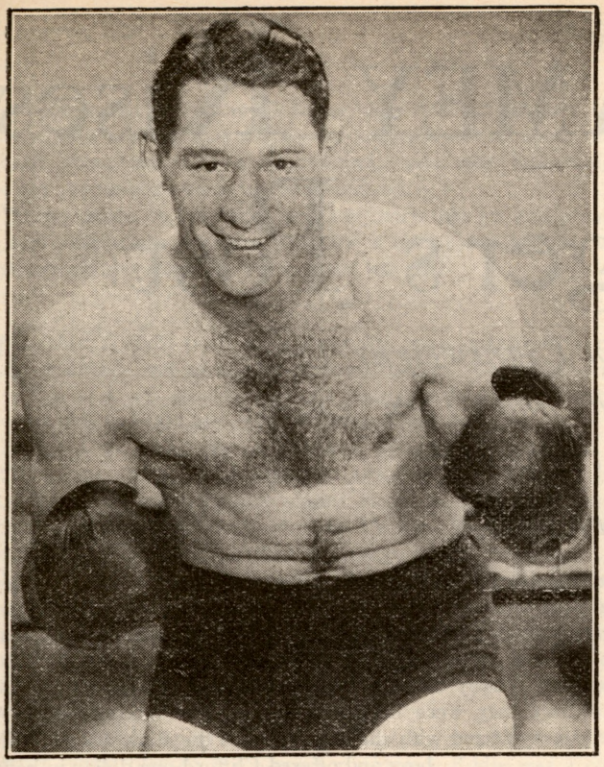
* * *

IN the bout between Salica and Escobar, the ten thousand ardent fistic fans who crowded Dyckman Oval enjoyed one of the best affairs between small lads seen in this locality since the days when Joe Lynch and Young Jack Sharkey engaged in their thrilling affairs in the old Garden. In fact, the bout proved that the interest in the smaller divisions can be kept alive if promoters will match the boys properly instead of pitting a set-up against a star, as is usually the case. Regardless of the merits of the fight—and I was one of those who disagreed with the verdict—it was an interesting mill that furnished heaps of entertainment to the huge gathering.

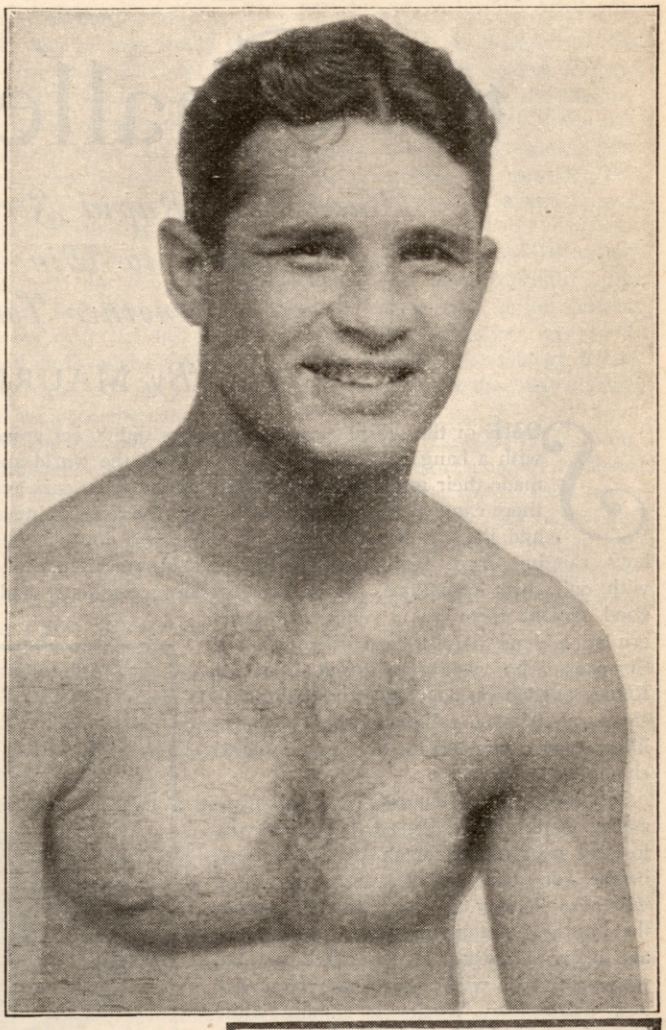
In my scoring, I gave eight rounds to Escobar and six to Salica, with one even. It was Salica's splendid uphill performance that apparently won him the verdict, for after the eighth round he came along at a whirlwind clip and carried off the lion's share of the honors. I thought that Escobar's sturdier punching at close quarters, in which he did considerable damage, earned him the laurels, but the judges and Referee Artie Donovan thought otherwise.

The greatest surprise to me was the decision of Donovan, who, although he scored the fight exactly as I did, gave it to Salica on the assumption that Lou did the greater damage. Be that as it may, the contest certainly was worthy of the big turnout of fans and helped materially to increase the interest in boxing.

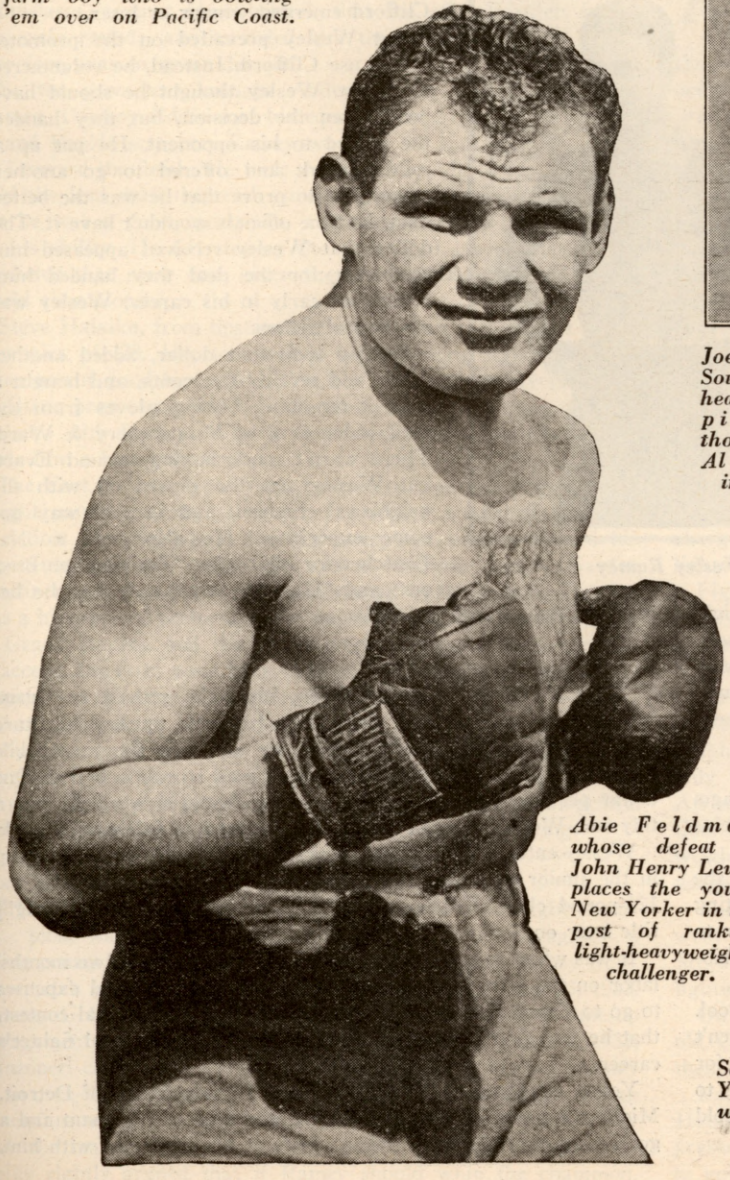
In Spotlight



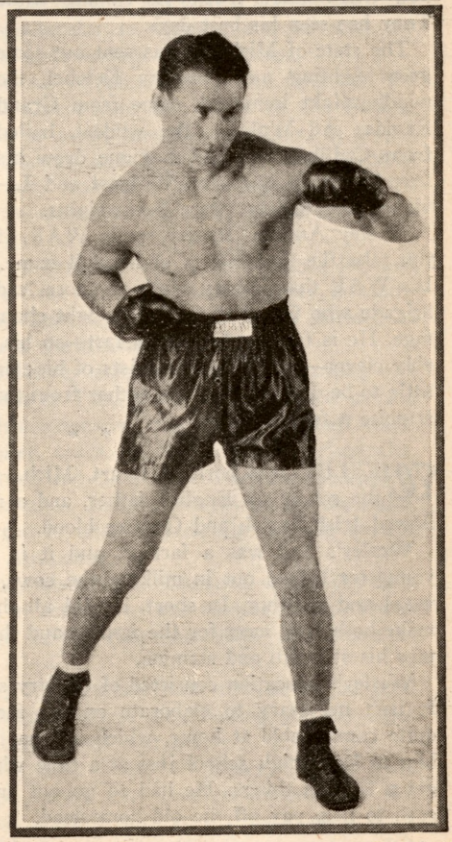
Hank Hankinson, the Lancaster, Ohio, heavyweight farm boy who is bowling 'em over on Pacific Coast.



Joe Knight, the Southern light-heavyweight champion, who, although he lost to Al McCoy, is doing good work again.



Abie Feldman, whose defeat of John Henry Lewis, places the young New Yorker in the post of ranking light-heavyweight challenger.



Solly Krieger, New York welterweight who is now one of the outstanding welters.

Wesley Ramey Rises to Challenger's Post

Has Made Rapid Strides in Lightweight Division—Hopes to Win Crown and Then Make Another Tour of the World

By MAURIE WAXMAN

SOME of the world's greatest fighters didn't get going with a bang until after they had toured the world and made their mark in foreign lands. About two years ago there came a call from Australia for American fighters, and the call was answered by about two dozen young boys ranging from featherweights to light-heavyweights, and with only two exceptions, all of the travelling pugilists made good. Among them was a young mid-western lad, a blend of Irish-Scotch-English and German, who was christened Andrew Ramey but who is popularly known in fistic circles as Wesley, a lightweight who looks like a pretty safe bet to be the next world champion in his class.

It all depends, of course, on Tony Canzoneri. If this great little title-holder, who lost an overweight match to Ramey just before Tony blew his title to Barney Ross, will give Wesley a chance to demonstrate that the first victory was not a fluke, there are many admirers of the Michigan lad who predict he will emerge the victor and new title-holder. Wesley is coming while Tony has seen his best days.

The state of Michigan has sent out some great fighting men. Stanley Ketchel, the middleweight immortal, came from Grand Rapids; Ad Wolgast, the wildcat, hailed from Cadillac, and Kid Lavigne drew his first breath in Saginaw. Wolgast and Lavigne, like Ramey, were lightweights.

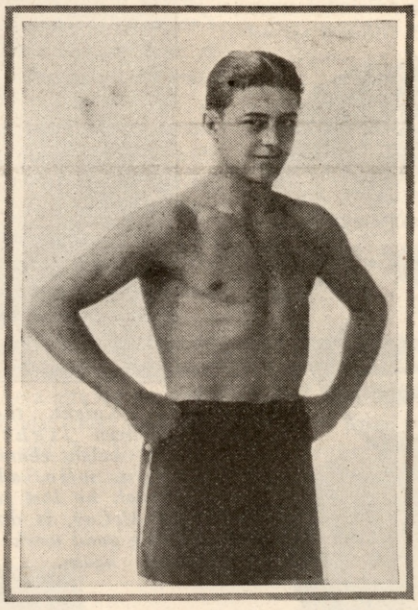
Wesley Andrew Ramey spells WAR, if you take the first letters of his full name. It's WAR that Ramey spells to those leaders of the lightweight brigade who feel that the lightweight championship is their heritage. He is fast—unbelievably fast—on his pins; clever—remarkably clever—with those two fists of his; and his punching leaves little to be desired. You can gather from that, that Wesley Ramey is quite a fighting man.

* * *

WESLEY was born in Evart, Mich., twenty-five years ago, the son of an English father, and a mother in whose veins flowed Irish-Scotch and German blood.

Wesley's dad was a farmer, and it is only natural that the youngster helped out in milking the cows, raising crops, cutting wood and plowing. In short, he did all the chores necessary to make both ends meet for the family, and that's to what he attributes his strength and stamina.

Wesley's education consisted of country school and high school. It isn't necessary to elaborate on the fact that things weren't quite comfortable at home, which is what made it necessary for him to leave high school just at a time when he was starting to get a line on things. He had to go out and bring in some cold cash to help pay off the old homestead.



Wesley Ramey

The "munificent" sum of eight dollars per month is what Wesley earned as a farmer. Eight dollars wasn't much money, but it was all in cash, and a fellow could do things with cash even at that time.

One day, Wesley and his younger brother, Clifford, went to Flint, where they were holding some amateur boxing bouts. A gentleman connected with the promotion of the show accosted the boys and offered Clifford one dollar in hand paid, if Clifford would go on for two rounds. The purse was to be paid in full whether Clifford emerged winner or loser.

But Wesley prevailed on the promoter not to use Clifford. Instead, he volunteered to go on. Wesley thought he should have been given the decision, but they handed the award to his opponent. He put up a mild squawk and offered to go another round just to prove that he was the better man. But the officials wouldn't have it. The dollar that Wesley received appeased him somewhat for the deal they handed him. Even that early in his career, Wesley was a practical fellow.

Wesley took that dollar, added another dollar and seventy-five cents, and bought a pair of ten-ounce boxing gloves from the mail order firm of Montgomery & Ward. There wasn't much boxing around Evart, but Wesley put the gloves on with the neighbors' children, and in that way got some experience. He also sent to Nat Fleischer for his books, "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box," and soon he became proficient with the mitts.

* * *

WHEN Wesley was seventeen, his folks moved to Grand Rapids, and it was there that he took up the furniture upholstering trade. Then he went to work in the automobile factories of that city, because the pay was so much better. One dollar per hour, six hours per day, six days per week. It was a tidy sum Wesley brought home when he put in a full week's work.

Wesley entered the amateur ranks soon after. He was runner-up in the junior nationals and in the national championships in the 126-pound class. But he won the Michigan state featherweight title later on.

It was when he spent fifteen dollars, the earnings of two months' labor on the farm in Evart, for traveling and incidental expenses to go to Grand Rapids where he saw his first professional contest, that he was first inspired to embark upon a professional fighter's career.

Young Stribling of Macon, Ga., and Tommy Burns of Detroit, Mich., were the principals. Stribling was a speed merchant and a good ring general, but Wesley wasn't at all impressed with him.

He thought that he was much faster than "W. L." Wesley failed to take into account that the former schoolboy from south of the Mason-Dixon line was a heavyweight, and that heavyweights are not supposed to be agile, but punchers.

Wesley made up his mind then and there that he was going to be a pro fighter, a money getter, and a champion. And he won't rest comfortably until he has reached his goal.

* * *

RAMEY took part in just twelve preliminaries before he branched out as a long distance fighter. After taking part in a dozen six-rounders, he became a headline performer and his rise to fistic fame was nothing if not meteoric.

Harry Dublinsky, the Milwaukee Wolverine, was then the fifth ranking junior-lightweight in America. He had piled up a tremendous record, whipping almost every featherweight, junior-lightweight and lightweight of note. He even held Barney Ross, the present world welterweight champion, to a draw.

It was Harry Dublinsky that the Grand Rapids promoter brought in to start Wesley off in the main event class. Harry went down in defeat, and the word was spread: "There is a newcomer on the fistic horizon named Wesley Ramey, and he looks very promising indeed," was the way the press despatches started off.

Cowboy Eddie Anderson, a ring eccentric from Wyoming, was a great crowd pleaser, a top-notcher. Cowboy Eddie was a colorful performer, and had a faculty for "stealing decisions." I mean to say that he had a way of stirring the fans to such a pitch of enthusiasm, coming from behind, that the officials often forgot the early rounds, and awarded him the verdict. Cowboy Eddie, therefore, was in great demand.

So the promoters brought Anderson into Grand Rapids for Ramey. Cowboy Eddie met his equal when they handed him the Grand Rapids scrapper. Ramey wouldn't let him "put the steam on" toward the finish. He took the play away from the start, and held the lead until the tenth round. Anderson had met a Tartar, but he was a good sportsman, and congratulated the youngster on his ability. He left singing the praises of his conqueror. He predicted that some day, given the breaks, Ramey would win a world championship.

Steve Halaiko, from upstate New York, had won honors in the Olympics of '28. He, too, was a high ranking fighter and his name meant good box office. The box office means everything to pugilistic promoters, which is the main reason that they matched Halaiko with Ramey. Wesley won hands down, and the victory made him a better attraction.

The East Side of New York boasted of a young Jewish lightweight named Sammy Dorfman. He was a streak of lightning in action. He could box like a master, and simply dazzled his opponents with his speed. He was a Madison Square Garden headliner, a big name, as big names went in those days. He also was a high-priced performer. He was offered a match with Ramey in Grand Rapids, and the terms were alluring enough for him to accept. Dorfman went back to New York convinced that Grand Rapids was sending out a champion.

And so it went. Johnny Jadick, who, later on, twice defeated Tony Canzoneri, once for the junior-lightweight championship; Tony Herrera, Maxie Strube, Benny Bass, Ray Miller, Tommy Grogan, and a raft of others of equal prominence pugilistically, met their Waterloo at the hands of the Michigan speed king.

* * *

TONY CANZONERI, then, as now, world lightweight champion, was matched to defend his coveted crown against a rising young Jewish lightweight from Chicago named Barney Ross. The match was to take place in the Windy City on June 23, 1933. Sammy Goldman, Canzoneri's manager, decided upon a tune-up engagement for the champion. Thus it was that, on March 3, 1933, Canzoneri came to Grand Rapids, Mich., to meet Wesley Ramey in an over-the-weight battle, a common practice indulged in among champions when not desiring to jeopardize their crown. Ramey took the match against the advice of Pete Reilly, his manager. Reilly rightly argued that if Ramey should whip the champion, his (Ramey's) goose would be cooked. Meaning that Canzoneri would not consent to engage the Grand Rapids lightweight in a titular encounter later.

It may be that Reilly was entirely correct. At least up to this writing, Tony has yet to agree to defend his title against Ramey. Only a few weeks ago, Nate Lewis and Jim Mullen, outstanding pugilistic promoters in Chicago and Detroit, offered Canzoneri a guarantee of fifteen thousand dollars to defend his title against Ramey in Detroit, but Sammy Goldman wouldn't consider the offer. Which only goes to show the high regard in which Ramey is held by the champion.

Ramey outboxed Canzoneri all the way in that over-the-weight bout, and the decision awarded him was a mere formality. But Ramey had been forced to scale in at 136 pounds, a full sixteen ounces over the lightweight limit of 135. Canzoneri, always a small lightweight, weighed 133. The title did not change hands that night, but the world was apprised the next day that Ramey had whipped the champion.

When Canzoneri met Ross in Chicago on June 23, 1933, a new champion was crowned. Canzoneri was the ex-champion, the loser by a hair-line point decision, but Ramey had defeated Tony more decisively than had the new title-holder. The politics of boxing had decreed that Ramey should win where it meant nothing but glory, and Ross should win where it meant the winning of a world title and everything in the way of glory and the big money that a title represents.

* * *

RAMEY kept piling up win after win. He defeated Dublinsky again, Steve Halaiko, Billy Hogan, Cocoa Kid, Jackie Davis, and other good battlers. But he was anxious to show his wares in New York, the goal of all fighters the world over.

Al Weill, who had been managing fighters until that time, and had made matches in some of the smaller New York clubs, was branching out as a big time promoter. He tied up with Tim Mara, of football promotorial fame. Weill and Mara scored a ten-strike by matching Billy Petrolle and Bep Van Klaveren, the latter welterweight champion of Holland, for their headliner. It was a "natural," to use the vernacular of the prize ring. They also went out and signed Ramey for his New York debut. Irish Jimmy Slavin was to be Wesley's opponent. The match was at the Polo Grounds. Ramey was spectacular in victory, and he won the hearts of the fans and the commendation of the press.

But where Ramey had scored heavily with the fans and the newspapermen, he struck terror into the hearts of the leading lightweights. They began to avoid him like smallpox. It was a big disappointment for Ramey and Pete Reilly, his sagacious manager, for the latter was making a heroic effort to get his charge in there with the topnotchers, eventually to a crack at the lightweight title.

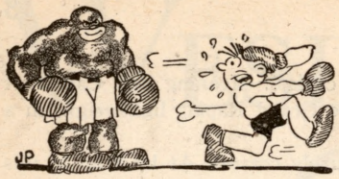
Fights here and there of little account were Ramey's lot, and finally, when he dropped a close decision to Jack Portney, a rough-and-tough southpaw from Baltimore, Manager Reilly decided to book his great battler for a world tour.

On January 12, 1934, Ramey started on a globe-trotting expedition. In an earlier issue of THE RING, Ramey himself gave a graphic description of his extensive trip, and repetition would only be eating into limited space. Ramey fought in Australia, Africa, England and France, and did very well against the opposition. In Australia, for instance, Ramey cleaned up on the lightweights, and he was forced to take on Jack Carroll, the welterweight champion of the Antipodes.

The last country Ramey visited was England, where the fans went wild watching him in action. He was compared with Owen Moran and Jem Driscoll, British ring immortals, who boxed as lightweights, too.

On January 30, Ramey left England, and arrived in the good old U. S. A. six days later. He has been boxing steadily since then, and appears to be better than ever before.

Recently, Ramey boxed Joey Costa of Jersey City at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, and broke gate receipts records for the present year. Wesley won under wraps. In his last contest prior to going to press with this issue *(Continued on page 46)*



The RING'S

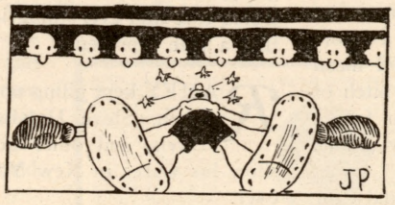
Leaping Lena foiled as she tries to give the Fried Smelt away . . . . Love in bloom for Louis . . . . Buddy and the Baritone . . . . and many other dramatic flashes on the fistic screen.

IN line with its policy of providing its customers with nothing but the best, Ring Films this month presents the Globe Trotter in a whirl on the fistic merry-go-round which stresses the high romance of the scientific sport. There is that to be said for boxing—it never is dull, even when it is dull-witted. Rain or shine, it has its laughs. And, no doubt, its griefs, as well.

But the rollicking Globe Trotter is not concerned with woes. Let us turn on the projection machine, train it on the screen, and show you some pictures that were taken of inside dramas. Let us, therefore, without further preliminary, get to work.

Chicago, Ill.:—Leaping Lena is Threatened

AH, what a figure, what a face, what a woman! A dame to intrigue, that's what. She turns and her phizz is exposed to the pitiless glare of the motion picture camera. It is none other than Leaping Lena, sister of Kippered Herring Levinsky, the Windy City Toreador!



You may recollect that not so long ago the Fried Smelt of the Loop had the temerity to enter the ring with Joe Louis. Louis scowled, and the Misapplied Mackerel wilted like a sick polliwog with the asthma. However, we have left Leaping Lena out in the cold. Let us return to her, instanter.

Lena beams on the onlookers. It is her familiar beam. 'Tis well that she is not talking. It seems that Lena was threatened by a man and a woman, who came to a Chicago hotel and told her that unless she signed away her managerial rights to the Fried Smelt, they would do her bodily harm. The plot was very intricate, and had to do with a projected Buddy Baer-Levinsky fight—or rather demonstration.

Leaping Lena looks somewhat excited. The Globe Trotter is not a Sherlock Holmes and therefore cannot say just what did happen in that hotel room. But if the Globe Trotter is any judge of beak busters, this is what happened:

There was a party, and in the exuberance of the evening, Leaping Lena tried to give the Wilted Whitefish to the two callers. They denied that they wanted the omadhaun. Leaping Lena kept insisting, and the callers kept refusing, and finally Lena let out a shriek, and the cops arrived.

This effort to give Levinsky away so far has not been successful. It is not going to be easy for Lena to get rid of her brother, the renowned Harrowing Herring of State Street. It has got about that Levinsky is not really a fighter, but a fish merchant, and there really is a glut of fish merchants all over the country.

The police are set. Hereafter, when they hear shouts of anguish from Leaping Lena, they will know that she is making just another try to give the Mauling Minnow away.

The police are determined that no citizen thus is to be imposed on. So, when Lena hollers, the cops will rush to the scene and protect the bird on whom an effort is being made to foist the Catterwauling Cat-Fish.

New York, N. Y.:—Buddy Baer "Stops" Doyle

IN this corner, Buddy Baer, big brother of Max. In that corner, Baritone Doyle, the Dublin Dooflicker. 'Tis a small but fashionable house we see gathered in the big Garden in the great metropolis. This contest between the brother of a former heavyweight champion and the second cousin of a real fighter, has been shifted indoors from the wider purlieus of the Garden Bowl out on Long Island.

When the stars and the moon heard about Jimmy Johnston's plot to force them to watch Buddy and The Doyle, they got together and held an indignation meeting. They announced that too long had they suffered. So they called on their allies, the rain clouds,—and it rained! It rained some more. Merciful rain, which sent the Buddy-Baritone affair into the Garden, where only those who chose to see it had to look on.

So, we are in the huge Garden, with many yawning seats, and, as matters turn out soon, many yawning customers. Near the ring you will spy a very good looking lady. Judith Allen of the films, in private life, Mrs. Doyle. She is on the scene to huzzah for her husband's victory.

The gong gongs! The two big boys gallop into action, displaying all the snap, dash and science of a mastodon chasing a dinosaur. It is very entertaining as a demonstration of what not to do, and how.

They lunge and stumble into each other's way, and somehow Buddy belts the Barry with a combination right and left to the tip of Doyle's left ear. The ear is resentful. Doyle gets sore. He leads with his right. Baer leads with his right. The referee stops the encounter, so called, because he says Doyle has been knocked out!

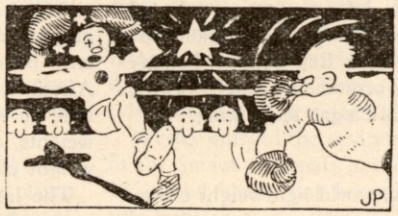
In the confusion, Mrs. Doyle—that is, Judith Allen,—tosses a faint. Doyle had beaten her to it. What a mess, what a fiasco! What nonsense, Jimmy!

Chicago, Ill.:—Love In Bloom!

THE sepian beauty thrown on the screen is Marva Trotter. She is a simple little girl of only nineteen. She is a simple stenographer, who lives in Chicago. It seems that Marva is the future Mrs. Joseph Louis Barrow. Mr. Joseph Louis Barrow is none other than Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, the Nubian Nudger, and Tanganyika Terror.

Love in bloom! Marva and Joe! The public somehow thinks that fighters have no time for love. Or does the public think so?

Anyway, looking at the romantic puss of the Sepian Socker, you hardly associate it with sweet nothings, with tender glances and heaving sighs. Gazing upon the businesslike mush of the negro battler, you never would suspect that under that scowl there is a loving smile, that inside those slitlike eye-holes there are optics which beam upon beauty, that under the big gloves which encase his socking machinery, there are hands which can be very gentle and tender, and a grasp which can be Cupid's own assistant.



Strum the Mendelssohn "Wedding March" with a fierce tempo. Love is in bloom. The arrow has struck the Bomber!

New York, N. Y.:—Guerilla Warfare In High Places

HERE is a stirring film, indeed. From ring combat we transfer to money warfare. From purely scientific competition, we pass to the battle for the control and the government of Madison Square Garden, the sarcophagus of sock.

On the one side is Colonel Kilpatrick, who is among the "ins." The Kilpatrick is running the show, with Jimmy Johnston as his

GLOBE TROTTER

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

boxing impresario.

On the other side is Colonel Hammond, who ran hockey alone during the Rickard regime, and now would take over the entire government of the Garden.

Kilpatrick vs. Hammond! A battle of stocks and bonds and dough, votes and proxies, threat and counter-threat, lots of conversation and contumely, and not a little silliness.

In this picture we see boys dashing in and out of both Kilpatrick and Hammond offices, bearing baskets loaded with stock in the Garden. There are conferences and telephone calls. All for the house that Rickard built, and which hasn't gone so well since Tex died, and Wall Street took a nose dive in 1929.

Now Wall Street is picking up. Note the pickup in this picture. You see a lot of brokers eating. This is something new.

Well, the lads dash in and out with the stocks and the votes, while Johnston is the more or less innocent bystander, wondering which way the wind will blow in the showdown.

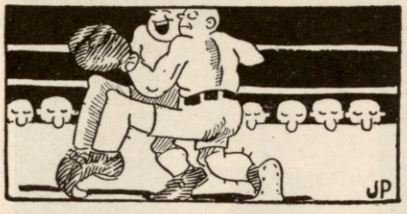
While the boys scurry with the proxies and the battle of financial giants is being prepared, the Garden lies like unused ground, waiting for the farmer to toss in some nitrates and seed.

The scrap for the control of the Garden has no direct interest for the fans of New York, or for the boxers of America. It looks too personal to be of great importance. But, in the meantime, the boys dash in and out, and Johnston waits.

Portland, Ore.:—Barney Ross Stops Gans

YES, it is Barney himself! Somebody sent out the report that he had got lost. After taking the welter title from Jimmy McLarnin, Barney went into hiding, or something. But this film is eye proof that Ross is not lost, and that he still is listed among the fighters.

This picture really is not a tremendous boost for Ross. It shows him in Portland, Oregon, knocking out Baby Joe Gans, the Los Angeles ante-diluvian, in the second round. If you watch closely, you will see Ross emit a left to the jaw just as the second heat gets under way.



Now watch. Gong! They rush to the centre of the ring. Ross whips the left. Down goes the so called Baby. Gong! The fight is over and the customers are on their way out, wondering why they hadn't gone to see Fred Astaire in that new flicker.

It is well and good for Ross to traipse over the Western end of the continent pushing over second raters,—or even third raters. That seems to be the inviolate prerogative of the champion in any class. But why pick on birds like Baby Joe Gans?

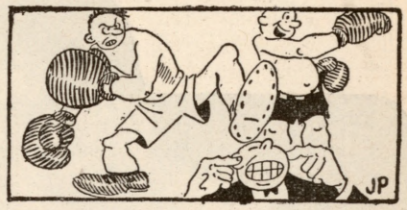
The solution is presented by the PWA. In order to create work for Gans, it seems.

If you will watch the film closely, you will see Gans making a most laudable gesture. He staggers to his feet. But as he staggers, he says, "Them earthquakes ain't confined to Los Angeles. Where is my coat?"

Referee Thomas Loutitt is shown waving Gans to his corner. What the referee is saying to the so called Baby Joe is, "Go and sin no more!"

Ross grabs his end of the gate and rushes for a train to tackle Cefferino Garcia, the Terror of the Luzon, in San Francisco.

The chief importance of this picture is the demonstration that Barney Ross has not retired. As evidence of any other outcropping or development, it is of no concern to the Globe Trotter or his clients.



New York, N. Y.:—Mike Jacobs Tosses The Gage

WHAT have we here? It is none other than Mike Jacobs, friend of the late Tex Rickard. As the film appears on the screen, we see Jacobs coming forward with a large package of aspirin. Mike is smiling. Why and wherefore the large package of aspirin? Is Mike carrying the aspirin to a friend?

No, Mike is merely offering the aspirin to his old pals in the Garden.

Jacobs has become an indoor boxing promoter on his own, and has taken over the big Coliseum in the Bronx. Now, the Coliseum is not the Garden, and the Bronx is not Broadway. But tall oaks from little acorns grow, and a brewer will tell you that you can't brew ale within five mile of beer. That is why Mike is carrying the large package of aspirin and offers it to his old pals in the Garden.

Because with the folks in the Garden battling around, and Mike setting up house in the Bronx, there will be plenty of migraine for the stockholders in the Garden unless they get hep to themselves. Assisting Mike in offering the aspirin to the Garden is one Thomas McArdle, who at one time was the matchmaker for the Garden.

It is all very intriguing, Chumley!

New York, N. Y.:—Salica "Defeats" Escobar For Title

STRANGE things, in a strange world. Let us watch this fight between Lou Salica, of New York, and Sixto Escobar, for the bantamweight championship. Let us watch it very closely. The rounds unreel themselves, the spectators seem to be pleased with the fight, but rather displeased with the apparent defeat for Salica.

But, as we said, it is a strange world. The fight is over, and the decision seems to rest with Escobar by a margin of a couple of rounds. But the verdict—carrying the bantam championship—goes to Salica!

Who was responsible? Who gave the edge to the New Yorker? The Globe Trotter investigates. He discovers that the two judges and the referee, Arthur Donovan, all combined in a unanimous decision!

Now, it would seem almost impossible for three officials to go wrong on a fight. But the three went. Donovan's card showed an even fight but he leaned to Salica on punching and better condition at the finish.

Yes, a strange world full of strange people and odd events.

The New York Boxing Commission decides that while the two judges and the referee decided that Salica had won, the situation calls for a return match. This seems a salutary solution of the tangle. Now we will give three other officials a chance to pick the wrong winner, and maybe this time it is Sixto. Quien sabe?

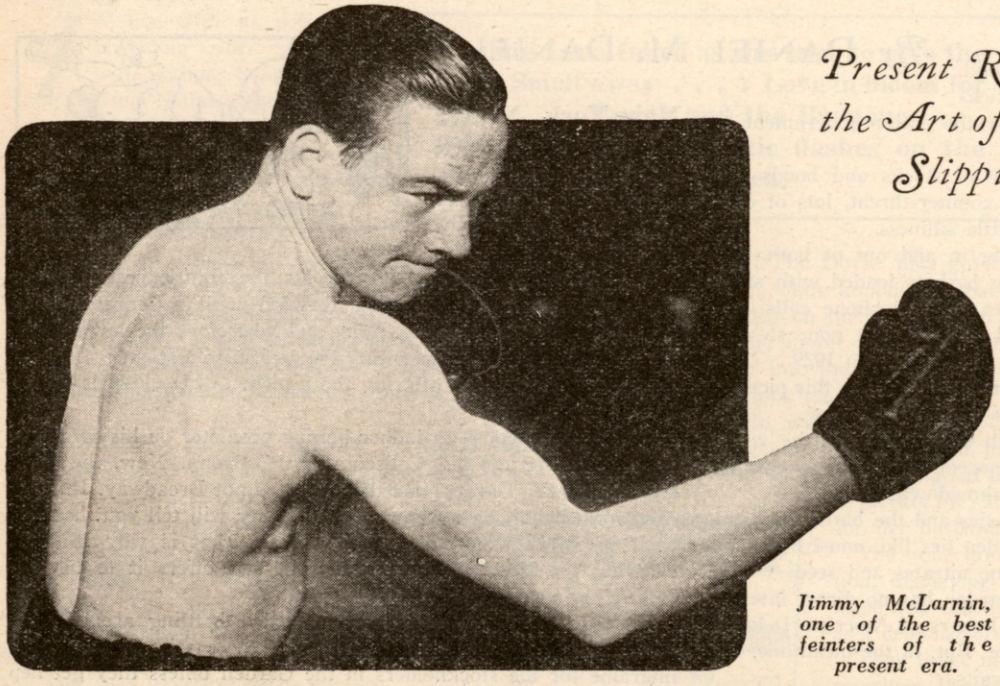
Paris, France:—International Federation Goes Haywire

AH, *messieurs,* this is a real pleasure. In delightful Paris. Reunion on the left bank of the Seine. It is another meeting of the International Boxing Federation, a very harmless and unimportant organization of men who take themselves too seriously.

You will recollect that the serious *(Continued on page* 49)

SCIENCE *Again*

Present Ring Masters Revive the Art of Feinting, Blocking, Slipping and Ducking



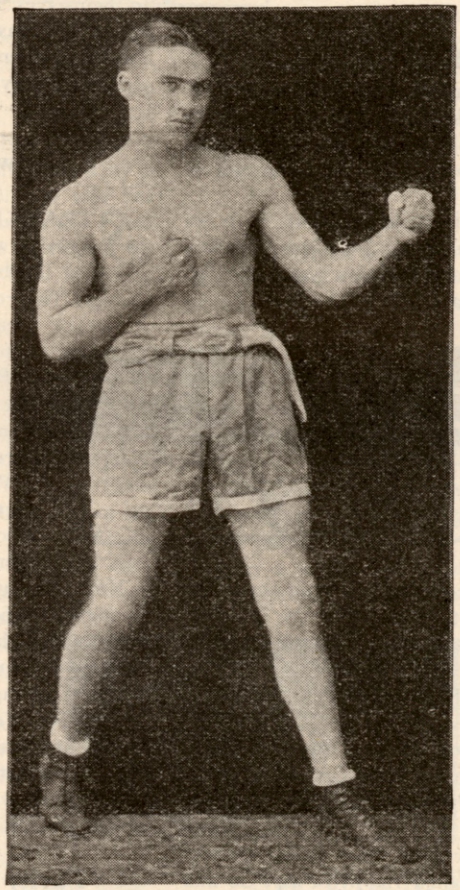
Jimmy McLarnin, one of the best feinters of the present era.

A CRITICISM frequently heard at ringsides nowadays is that modern boxers, as a whole, are lamentably deficient in defensive science, as exemplified by employment of the fine arts of correct feinting, ducking and sidestepping. The complainant is usually some sports connoisseur whose recollections extend back a generation or so, or a veteran fighter, qualified by actual ring experience to pronounce upon the form of the lads between the ropes.

As might be expected, such opinions are often derided by those who don't know any better, as being bred of old fogyism, and casting insulting reflections upon the present breed of glove-wielders. Yet the criticism is well founded, as the objectors might see for themselves by comparing the fighting styles of Joe Louis, Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross, Jimmy McLarnin, Tommy Loughran, for instance, with the methods utilized by the rank and file of their contemporaries.

The above-mentioned five wax famous in their respective classes because they fight with brains as well as fists. There are others, of course, not lacking in intelligence and the science of fine defense, but these stand out as excellent living examples of skill, such as distinguished the polished work of celebrated old-time performers. Their contemporaries, in the mass, are purely mechanical, either following stereotyped forms of sparring, or trusting to slugging and the lucky punch for the attainment of victory.

Some of the latter get by, and even win titles by virtue of rugged endurance and natural hitting powers, though, as a rule, they don't last long, as compared with the scientist who protects himself by clever evasion of punishment or a perfected blocking system. The pity of it is that many a promising youngster is spoiled in the early stages of his career as an amateur by teachers who are simply anxious to develop a kid to the point where he can land a knockout, and don't care a Continental about instilling the rudiments of skilled defense into him.



Tommy Loughran, who is rated the cleverest fighter since Corbett was in his prime.

* * *

YOU watch some of these willing youngsters, with both fists flying, carrying fight to an opponent, and taking severe punishment that could, for the most part, be avoided by utilizing discreet tactics, and you are seeing at a glance just what is wrong with a system that turns out such novices by the car-load, in all probability to be physically wrecked before they get within a mile of their goal!

The fault lies with the instructors! Teaching boxing is an art in itself, and it does not follow that because a fighter made good in the ring that he is capable of tutoring novices satisfactorily. Such past-masters of science as Benny Leonard and Jack Britton, or George McFadden, the veteran lightweight, who, at the age of sixty-five, is still active and running a gym at Fifty-Ninth Street and Lexington Avenue, possess the real teaching flair, and can impart much of the fistic wisdom which made them famous, to pupils honestly anxious to attain proficiency with the padded mitts. Then there is Nat Fleischer, publisher of this magazine, whose works on the art of fisticuffs are used as text books in many colleges and schools.

Each of the trio in question has the mysteries of feinting, blocking and sidestepping at their fingers' ends, so to speak. But the trouble is that there aren't enough instructors of the Leonard, Britton and McFadden school to go around. That's why I have just placed on the market a new book, "Scientific Blocking, Hitting and Other Methods of Defense," which, in my opinion, will aid towards developing this science that for so long a period has been a lost art.

On the other hand, there are plenty ex-scrappers whose main assets during their ring service were punching power and ability to "take it" and outgame opponents. When these propose to give young ones a fistic education, they naturally work along rough lines, with the sole object of developing a twin combination of wallop and gameness, and the results are what we have already

to the FORE

By THE RING EDITOR

pointed out—the ultimate ruination of good material.

* * *

THOSE who witnessed Joe Louis cutting down Primo Carnera to his own size by dint of subtle craftsmanship, elusive footwork and feints, and early in the fray saw the giant so bewildered that he fought as wildly and clumsily as a longshoreman in a Saturday night dock brawl, have no difficulty in realizing what cool headwork and science mean to a fighter. Louis can probably hit as hard, if not harder, than any gloveman living today. But can you imagine what might have happened had he merely rushed in to slug and be slugged, trusting entirely to his lethal punch against a man with such superior advantages in bulk, height and reach?

As explained in a former RING article on Joe Louis, the latter's brilliant success within a comparatively short period after leaving the amateur ranks is due to the fact that he made an intensive and exhaustive study of feinting, blocking and footwork, thereby attaining a superlative degree of skill in all three branches of the art. You have to go back among the big fellows to the times of Jim Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson and Gene Tunney to achieve a Joe Louis parallel. What Louis has learned, you can now learn by digesting my new book.

Feinting, which includes not only deceptive stabs with the hands, but carefully contrived motions of the head and feet, is unquestionably one of boxing's greatest aids. The great masters of fisticuffs, past and present, had and have it down to perfection. With them, feinting was, and is, a flashing, deadly weapon, invaluable for testing, misleading and virtually tying opponents "into knots." Yet today we find eight out of every ten fighters ignoring this important asset, just because they do not know how to feint, or are not aware of its importance.

* * *

CONSIDER Canzoneri, McLarnin, Ross, Loughran in action! Every movement of each is made with a definite object in view. There is no waste motion. Every feint is used with mathematical ingenuity, either as a defense camouflage, or to pave the way for landing a counter-punch. On the contrary, you will see hundreds of mediocre boxers shooting out the left in perfectly futile back and forward movements that mean nothing and accomplish nothing. They have seen the masters feint, and are aware in some vague fashion that it is the correct thing to do at certain intervals, but just why it is done, and what good or ill may come of it, is entirely beyond their mental grasp. They'll learn that now, however, if they read my latest book.

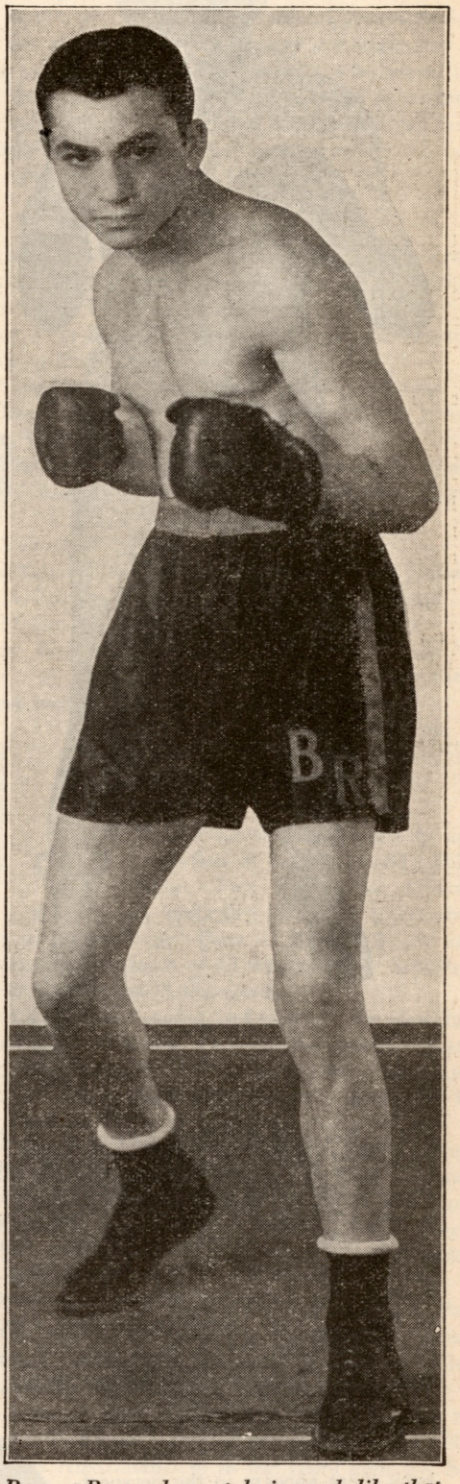
The late Charlie Mitchell, himself one of the cleverest scientists, was a great admirer of the splendid old bare knuckle champion, Jem Mace, with whom he had often sparred in private, as well as exhibition bouts. Mitchell was wont to quote Mace as saying that nothing irked him so much as to see a boxer make unnecessary or wasted movements.

One of old Jem's modest boasts was that whenever he ducked under a left-hand lead, he wound up with his left in the other chap's stomach. The idea of merely ducking to avoid a wallop, without attempting to counter, did not belong in the Mace itinerary of strategic boxing. When Jem dodged a punch, he was not satisfied with escaping damage, he always wanted to inflict damage as well. But a too familiar ring sight today is that of a youngster ducking a left, and using his own left to encircle his opponent in a clinch-hug, instead of hooking or jolting it into the wind region.

* * *

DANIEL MENDOZA, sixteenth champion in the days of the London Prize Ring, and the first Jewish performer to win and wear the world's heavyweight title, reigned in the eighteenth century, and was also the first boxer to master and develop a system of offense and defense along strictly scientific lines. In his ring debut, when twenty-one, against Harry the Coal Heaver, who outweighed him by twenty pounds, Mendoza won after a gruelling mill that lasted forty minutes. Although victor, Mendoza was badly battered and, being a young fellow of exceptionally acute intelligence, at once set his brains to work on the problem of evolving a more satisfactory defense than was then in vogue among the all-slugging talent of the day.

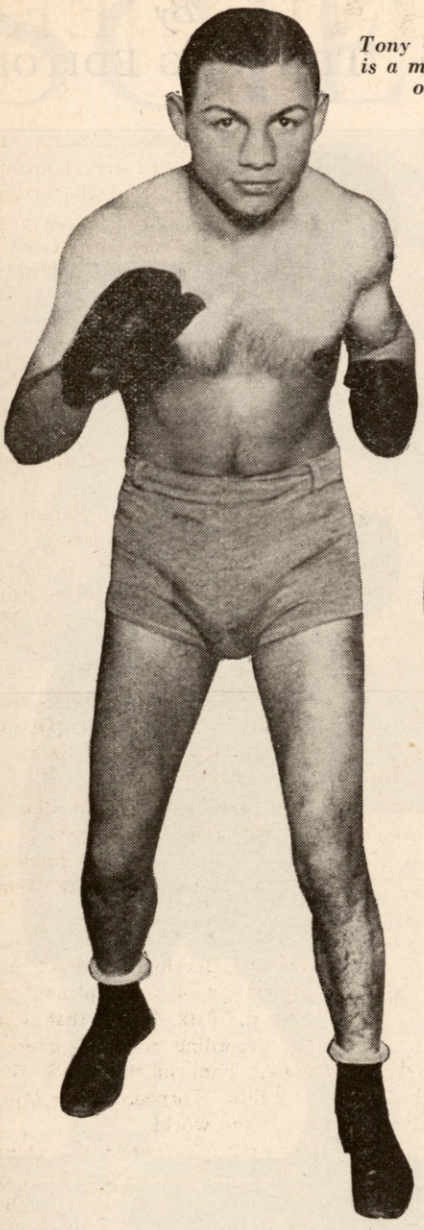
For three years he never appeared between the ropes, but devoted himself to studying how to make the art of warding off blows as effectual as that of striking them. On April 17, 1787, he put his system to the test in a bout with Martin, known as "the Bath Butcher." Much to the amazement of the spectators, for Martin was a heavy betting favorite, Mendoza blocked his big opponent's punches with ease, stepped around him as lightly as a panther, and literally cut him to pieces. In twenty minutes Martin was beaten to a pulp and knocked out, while Mendoza left the arena with scarcely a bruise to show that he had been engaged in battle.



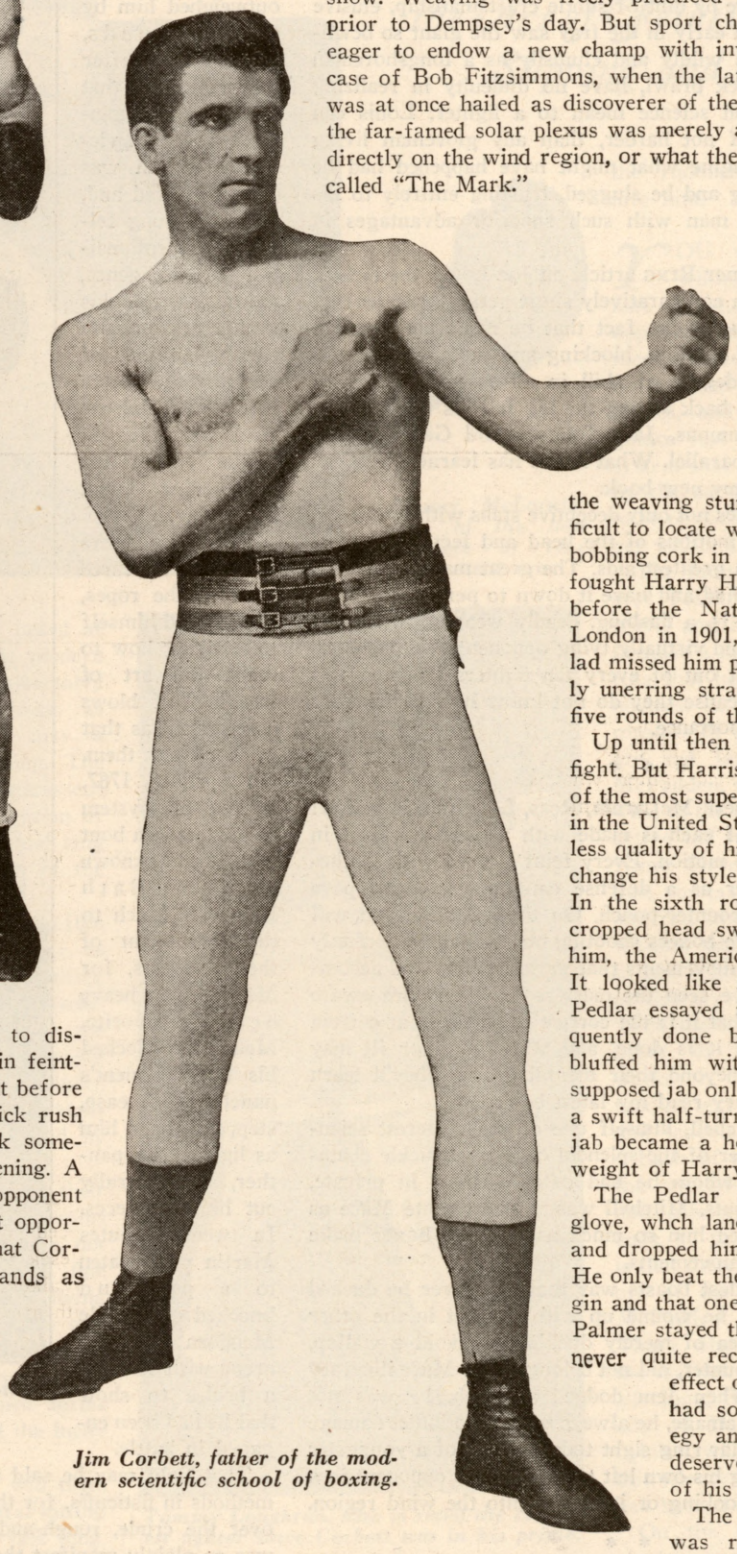
Barney Ross, whose style is much like that of the great Benny Leonard.

That fight may be said to have marked the dawn of scientific methods in fisticuffs, for the superiority of the Mendoza methods over the crude, rough-and-tumble tactics of his contemporaries was so plainly manifest that it was universally conceded that the slugger depending solely on brute strength had had his day, and the strategy of the ring changed to include the all-important tricks of hit-stop-and-get-away!

To the late Jim Corbett belongs the credit of introducing still more polished methods of offense and defense into the Queensberry



Tony Canzoneri, who is a master in the art of fisticuffs.



Jim Corbett, father of the modern scientific school of boxing.

game. Jim was the first gloveman to discover that feet were made to assist in feinting. He found that moving in and out before a man confused his opponent. A quick rush might result in an attempt to block something, which would leave a big opening. A sudden side step often caused an opponent to lead in a way which gave perfect opportunity for a counter. Thus it was that Corbett introduced his feet to his hands as worthy assistants in feinting.

Since Corbett's time, others followed his lead, and as one looks back there appears in the perspective such worthy exponents of the art of feinting as Mike Gibbons, Tom Gibbons, Jack Britton, Ted (Kid) Lewis, Freddy Welsh, Johnny Kilbane, Packey McFarland, Mike McTigue, Owen Moran, Georges Carpentier, Johnny Coulon, Harry Harris, Kid McCoy, Jimmy Wilde, Sammy Mandell, Bud Taylor, Benny Leonard—the list, even though incomplete, is a long and gratifying one to scientific students, to say nothing of those already mentioned, who are still in active service.

Jack Dempsey's celebrated "weaving" trick was in a sense a sort of head-feinting, since it trapped his opponents into making false leads. It was not, however, original with the Manassa Mauler, although numerous sport writers, either badly informed or wishing to boost Jack's stock at the expense of the truth, saw fit to credit the latter with being the inventor of that particular style of milling.

As a matter of fact, even some of the bare knuckle men utilized similar tactics, as a glance at old-time battle records will show. Weaving was freely practiced by many glovemen long prior to Dempsey's day. But sport chroniclers have ever been eager to endow a new champ with inventive genius, as in the case of Bob Fitzsimmons, when the latter stopped Corbett, and was at once hailed as discoverer of the solar plexus punch. Yet the far-famed solar plexus was merely a stomach-wallop, planted directly on the wind region, or what the London Prize Ring pugs called "The Mark."

Feinting with the head was a favorite specialty of Pedlar Palmer, one-time bantam champion of England, and known to the "fancy" on his own heath as "Box o' Tricks." The Pedlar, as supple as an eel, was a genuine artist at the weaving stunt. His head was as difficult to locate with a jab or counter as a bobbing cork in a mill pond, and when he fought Harry Harris for the world's title before the National Sporting Club of London in 1901, the tall, lithe American lad missed him perpetually with his usually unerring straight left during the first five rounds of the battle.

Up until then it looked like the Briton's fight. But Harris, in addition to being one of the most superb boxers ever turned out in the United States, possessed the priceless quality of high intelligence. He could change his style to meet any emergency. In the sixth round, as Palmer's close-cropped head swayed tantalizingly before him, the American's long left shot out. It looked like a straight jab, and the Pedlar essayed to slip it as he had frequently done before. But Harris had bluffed him with a lightning feint, the supposed jab only traveled part way. With a swift half-turn of the sender's arm, the jab became a hook, snapped in with the weight of Harry's shoulder behind it.

The Pedlar ducked full against the glove, whch landed squarely on his jaw, and dropped him in a heap on the floor. He only beat the count by a narrow margin and that one punch decided the battle. Palmer stayed the fifteen-round limit, but never quite recovered from the dazing effect of that knockdown. Harris had solved his opponent's strategy and went on to win a well deserved decision and the title of his class.

The inimitable Kid McCoy was responsible for much of Harry Harris's ring cunning and artistry. Harris, the tallest bantam of his day, was a sort of miniature McCoy in build. The Kid took an immense fancy to him, and tutored him constantly, with the result that the pupil absorbed every trick in the master's repertoire. McCoy's feinting was of a distinctly subtle order, and Harry had the art down to perfection, *(Continued on page 45)*

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I HOPE you will publish this letter, for I believe it expresses the sentiments of many fans, although the great majority will disagree with it. I want to say a good word for one of the most misunderstood figures in boxing, Primo Carnera. Because he was built up in his early days by bouts which his manager, Leon See, admits were "anticipated," the fans have never forgiven him. At that time, Primo couldn't speak a word of English and no doubt believed he was actually bowling over his opponents.

Later, when he learned his shortcomings, he went to work in earnest to correct them. He worked hard and no one can deny that he improved himself 100%. Though he never could develop a real punch, he did learn to box and to become a very fair fighter. He can still take the measure of average fighters like Hamas, Levinsky, Lasky and Impellitiere. His only trouble is that, like all manufactured boxers, he becomes flustered and flounders when the going gets rough.

Even his severest critics have never questioned his gameness, however. He got up from the floor eleven times against Baer and twice against Louis, all set to walk into the bombardment again. Another thing, he has usually been badly handled from his corner. The frantic shouting of Soresi in the Baer fight didn't help him, and against Louis, his seconds sent him out in the first round without his mouthpiece, and almost the first punch of the colored man started Primo's mouth bleeding. The fans have never given him his dues. After all, he stopped Sharkey, winning his title with a clean knockout and not on a doubtful decision like Sharkey or sitting on the floor yelling "foul" like Schmeling.

When he failed to knock out Paulino and Loughran, Primo got the razzberry, yet only last month Schmeling couldn't turn the trick against old Paulino and very few have turned it against Loughran. No one claims that Carnera is a great fighter but he should be given credit for courage and sincerity and the fact that he is a *good* fighter, who has added color and interest to the game for the past six or seven years.

A FAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

AS a regular reader of your popular magazine, may I take the liberty to write to you? All-in wrestling in this town has been all the rage for the last year or so, and we are having regular shows about twice a month.

The boom started when Henry Irslinger, ex-champion, introduced a wrestler known as the "Masked Marvel." This man certainly is a powerful fellow and fights in black pants and a black mask, which he never removes. This "Masked Marvel" is a Johannesburg man—Johannes van der Walt.

Last week we saw what was termed a world title fight between Bob "Bullet" Meyers and Jack Maclaughlan for the middleweight championship of the world, the former being the present holder, according to our sports writers. Are there no contenders for this title other than these two?

The following wrestlers have been figuring in the various contests and I shall be glad if you could supply me with information as to how they stand in America: "Whiskers" Blake, the American Giant; Marty Bucht, the Ferocious Finn; Leo Jensen, the Pacific Coast champion; Ali Bey, the Terrible Turk; Harry Mamos, the Tiger Man; Joe Gotch, of America; Louis Pergantes, the Greek champion; George Boganski, the Russian Lion; the "Red Demon," of America; "Bullet" Meyers, world's middleweight champion; Dr. Merkur, American Jewish champion; Tom Alley, the Morman Matman.

The professional names of the wrestlers are shown after the proper name. Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 9 on the above list have stated, in interviews with the press, that they have wrestled the mighty Jim Browning and Jim Londos of world fame. Ali Bey is reputed to have beaten the latter. Is this correct?

BURTON KEAN,
Durban, Natal, South Africa.

[I am sorry to say that too many wrestlers are claimants of titles. Here in this country there are seven men who claim the middleweight title. Bob Meyers has as good a claim as anyone. Several of the wrestlers you have mentioned have performed with credit in this country. Those you name have wrestled the best here. They are all good grapplers.—Ed.]

* * *

I WANT to congratulate you on the article you wrote on the last Ross-McLarnin fight, "Ross Got Decision, McLarnin Won Fight."

I enclose a list of what is my opinion of some of the greatest mitt men of all time in their classes:

Heavyweight—Peter Jackson, Jack Johnson, Sam Langford.

Light-heavyweight—Bob Fitzsimmons, Sam Langford, Frank Craig (the "Harlem Coffee Cooler"), Jack O'Brien.

Middleweight—Bob Fitzsimmons, Kid McCoy, Jack Dempsey ("The Nonpareil"), Mickey Walker, Stanley Ketchel, Harry Greb.

Welterweight—Walcott, Ryan, McCoy.

Lightweight—Joe Gans, Jack McAuliffe, Kid Lavigne, Nelson.

Featherweight—McGovern, Jimmy Driscoll, George Dixon.

Bantamweight—McGovern, George Dixon, Jimmy Barry.

Flyweight—Jimmy Wilde, Pancho Villa.

I would consider Joe Walcott, Jimmy Wilde and Bob Fitzsimmons the greatest men of all time, weight considered.

WALTER WRIGHT,
Etzikom, Alta., Canada.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

* * *

I HAVE developed such a keen appreciation of your splendid publication, THE RING, that I have pleasure in recording for you interesting events which occur down this way. Fans in the U. S. A. undoubtedly were shocked by the death of "Torpedo" Billy Murphy, formerly featherweight champion of the world.

The wrestling season is in full swing and contests are plentiful. The American grappler, Cy Williams, gave an unnecessarily nasty display of temper by attacking the referee in his last match and his permit has been revoked. Sam Burmeister is domiciled in Auckland and is popular with the fans.

The big Auckland boy, Lofty Blomfield, recently returned from U. S. A. He is having a highly successful season in New Zealand. Good luck to him. He is a fine type of athlete. Ike Robin, the giant Maori who wrestled a draw with Zbyszko in the Auckland Town Hall some years ago, is living in Hawkes Bay. Zbyszko spoke highly of Robin after the bout.

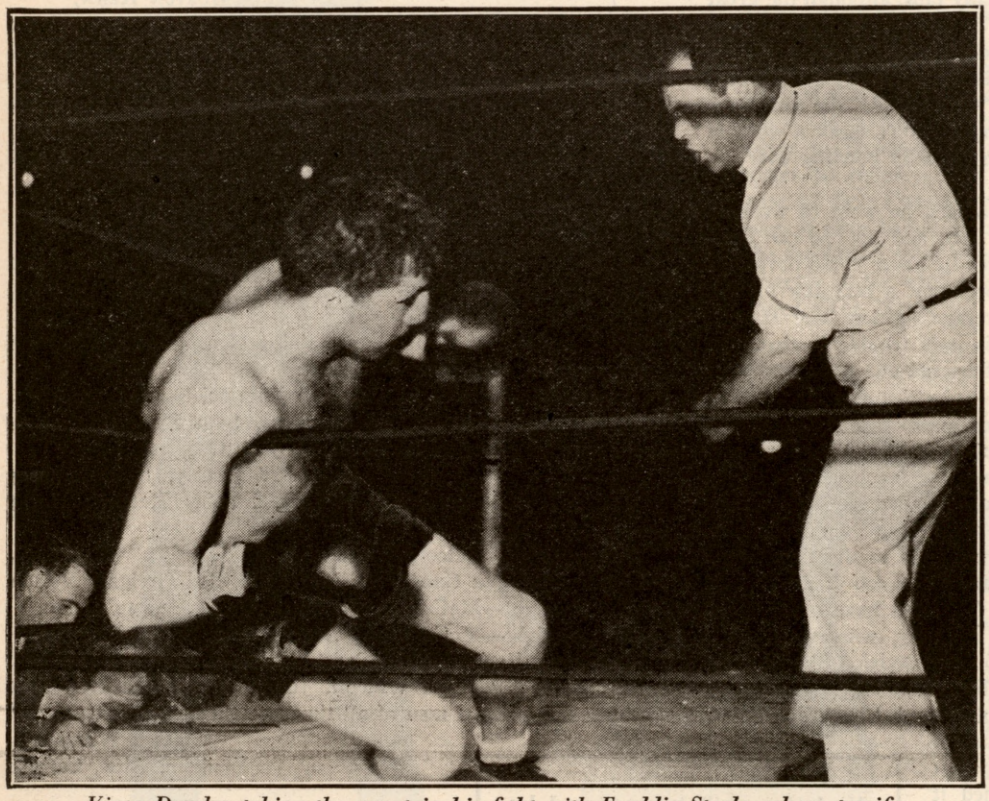
I wonder whether Kilonis ever recalls the night he and Pat McCarthy introduced "modern wrestling" to the Auckland fans! And does John Pesek remember his wonderful ovation when he defeated George Walker in His Majesty's Theatre?

I have read, with great pleasure, Bud Ridley's contributions to the great old magazine. Good for Bud. I remember him well. He was very popular on his Australian trip in the years gone by. So were Tommy O'Brien and Ernie Gooseman. I wonder will this catch their eye?

Walter Millar, American middleweight wrestler, is here with Earl McCready. McCready is well liked here. In fact, some of the papers here think he is one of the finest grapplers who has come from the U. S. A. to our shores. I may add that I am always pleased to answer any inquiries on sports down this way. I conclude with every good wish to yourself and continued success to THE RING.

SYD. BARCLAY,
Auckland, New Zealand.

FISTS *of*



Vince Dundee taking the count in his fight with Freddie Steele, whose terrific hitting broke Vince's jaw.

THIS spindle-legged kid who recently knocked Vince Dundee down ten times in two and a fraction heats, who broke the ex-middleweight champion's eating hinge in three places, who overnight became a claimant to Teddy Yarosz's title—who is he?

Well, as is generally known by now, his name is Freddie Steele. He hails from that part of the country—the Pacific Northwest—which produced Jimmy McLarnin.

His birthplace was Seattle, scene of Dundee's downfall, but most of his twenty-two years have been spent in the picturesque little metropolis of Tacoma.

What does he look like? The home folks compare Steele to Stanley Ketchel; say he looks and fights like the Grand Rapids champion, who, although a native of Michigan, came to the Far West as a boy and rose to undying fame under those distant skies. In reality, Freddie is a pasty-faced knuckle-buster with a hungry, wolfish expression on his phiz. He started boxing seven years ago at one hundred and thirty pounds and has grown into a middleweight, losing only two decisions and correcting both.

Freddie is like most of the boys who come out of the land of tall timber. He is a terrific puncher. A left hook to the button in the first round put Dundee on Queer Street and a rivet-gun right early in the third produced the fractures. Yet Young Scrapiron appears to be a versatile sort, boxing prettily when necessary, but more often standing toe to toe.

Freddie seems to have considerable of the Dempsey in him. At the call of the gong, he's off—a killer on the kill—cold, pitiless, his only objective being to annihilate his opponent. Once having dazed Dundee, he never let up until the man who once had held the world title had been floored eleven times and was a helpless, beaten mass. He showed no sympathy. He kept hammering away until the bout was stopped.

* * *

WHAT about Steele's record? It is a record a little different from most. He has been waylaid by illness, accidents and injuries. He broke the jaws of three men and had his own broken. His unconscious body was dragged from a flaming automobile wreck. He had serious kidney trouble and was told by reliable physicians he would never be able to lace on gloves again. He was susepnded in California for a year for what was erroneously reported as "running out" on a promoter. Yet here he is, one of the world's best middleweights.

Early in 1928 he first reported to the Tacoma gym of his present manager, Dave Miller. He was a skinny, poorly clothed, underfed, pallid kid. He wanted to be a fighter.

Miller looked him over and held back a smile. A man who has seen the rise and fall of many an ambitious youngster, Miller explained what being a fighter would mean, the knocks one must take, the long, uphill climb, both steep and tough. He advised Freddie to put more time on his intermediate school work and keep away from gymnasiums.

Nonetheless the kid wanted to be a fighter.

So Freddie hung around to run errands, fill water bottles, lace fighters' gloves, wave towels. Fight nights he gained admission carrying scrappers' bags, keeping his eyes open, his mouth shut and seeing to it he was more of a help than a hindrance. He put on the gloves occasionally. One day, as Miller was returning from lunch, the kid let fly at a boy ten pounds heavier than he and laid him low. "The kid can hit," Miller mused.

* * *

ANOTHER time Freddie, accidentally or otherwise, nicked an experienced, hot-headed welter and had to defend himself against a storm of flying gloves. There was something instinctive in the way he covered up, kept covering up until his opponent quieted down. Whereupon Steele came out from behind a cover of leather, took aim and let fire with brain-deadening effect.

Yeah, the kid showed promise. Everyone who took time to watch him admitted that. And it wasn't long before Miller got him his first professional fight. He won by a knockout.

Luckily, Steele was not in the hands of a manager dependent upon his boxers for coffee and doughnuts. It was sort of a rule with Miller that, with beginners, six weeks had to elapse between fights. Steele was told to try to pick up something new against each man he met.

A dozen bouts came and went. Miller's only doubt was whether or not Freddie could take it. He had now climbed into the main event class, whipping a Negro boy, Wildcat Carter, losing and winning to one Tony Portillo. So in the spring of 1932 we find him matched against Ceferino Garcia, then something of a sensation on the West Coast.

At the bell, Garcia stormed out of his corner, kept circling the long-armed, milk-skinned Steele, shooting in lefts, closing up to make good with sharp rights. One caught the youngster on the button, dropping him for a nine-count. Whereupon, Steele came off the floor to score a second round knockout. That his win was no fluke, Freddie subsequently proved against Garcia in Los Angeles, the Filipino's home quarters, again winning in the second with a K.O.

STEELE

By CLARENCE DIRKS

ABOUT that time Vancouver, B. C., home town of Jimmy McLarnin, was singing praise of one Billy Townsend, who had had singular success in the East and who just recently had returned. Steele agreed to meet him, and won going away.

Certainly Freddie's future looked bright. He had advanced to the point where Northwest promoters were having difficulty attracting capable opponents. Then a series of tough breaks beset him. First off, he contracted kidney trouble. Competent physicians said he was through. Yet he defied them to meet Leonard Bennett, the latter fracturing Steele's jaw with a hard, right-hand smash. Steele proved his gameness by keeping on to win the decision, but there was now the question, even if the fracture healed properly, of his future confidence. Would he be willing to take another clout on the inchay?

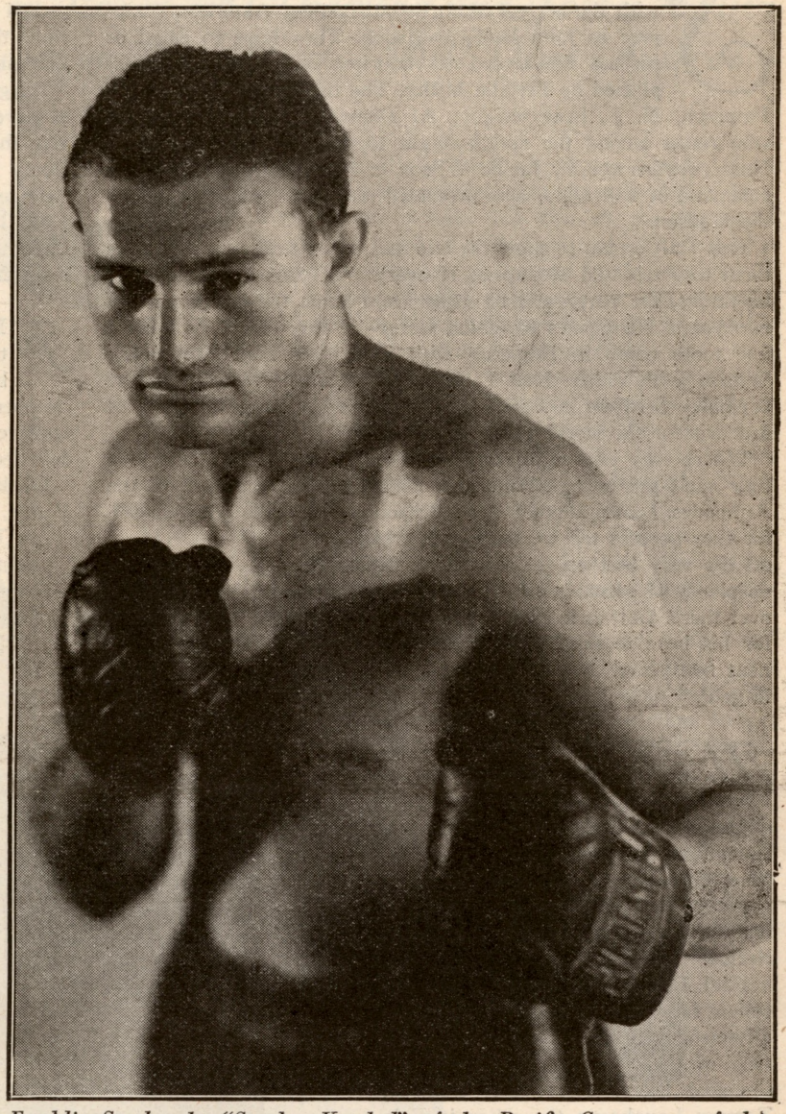
And as if that were not enough, Steele, to avoid hitting a car, rammed the nose of his roadster into a Tacoma apartment house. He was knocked unconscious. His car was wrecked. He was dragged from the crumpled mass of twisted steel only a few seconds before the machine was enveloped in flames.

So we find him propped up with pillows in a hospital again, a jaw not yet completely healed, a fractured collar bone and numerous cuts and bruises. He was fortunate to be alive.

Nevertheless, he made plans for the day when he would be on his feet again and pitching fists. And in time we find him back in the gym, skipping rope, punching the heavy bags, doing road work for a San Francisco engagement with one Sammy Slaughter.

Steele rocked Slaughter to sleep in short order; so short, in fact, California boxing officials ordered a return scrap. The day before this assignment, Freddie tore the ligaments on one shoulder. Rather than climb between the ropes in doubtful shape he left for home. All of which brought a California suspension, the wise ones doubtfully shaking their heads.

The kid's answer was a ten-round draw in Seattle with Gorilla Jones, the former N. B. A. title-holder. Last April, he returned to San Francisco to put a stop to Freddie Apostoli, one of the Bay City's most promising young middleweights.



Freddie Steele, the "Stanley Ketchel" of the Pacific Coast, one of the hardest hitting middleweights now appearing before the public.

* * *

SO the stage was set for the Dundee bout.

A few words concerning it should create a mental picture of the boy whom home-town boxing writers call the Tacoma Tiger. Lean, almost to the point of looking frail, Steele was outweighed five pounds. This was more than offset, however, by the fact that Dundee, perhaps foolishly enough, was fighting Freddie in the latter's birthplace, on a card featured as a highlight of a week of civic celebration—Seattle's Potlatch. That is to say, Dundee would not have been running into a tougher proposition if he had gone to Dublin to fight the champion of Ireland on St. Patrick's Day. The odds were all against him, and he knew it.

Steele was at a peak. His timing was perfect, his lean, young body, tanned to the color of a saddle from bucking driftwood along the beaches, covering the trails near the scene of his Tacoma training camp. He had three thousand of the home folks in a special rooting section cheering him. One of his town's newspapers had put out a special four-page section devoted entirely to him, giving his record in detail and his chances of whipping the Easterner.

Little wonder then that when he met his opponent he became a volcano of aggressive action, belching hooks, jabs and uppercuts in tireless succession, and not stopping until his human target was riddled with inspired fists.

Steele may go higher, he may win more important bouts but he will never be in better physical and mental shape than he was at the time of this match, when he accounted for the last of the Dundees.

If Steele can fight away from home as effectively as he has in his backyard, he may become a worthy companion of the Ketchels, Grebs and Walkers. Will he? We can't answer that question. We can only wait and see. It is one of those things that only the future can decide.

About ninety per cent of Steele's knockouts have come in the early rounds, and in almost all, the fans were treated to spectacular fisticuffs. Many critics regard Steele as a physical freak because he stands six feet and has a reach of seventy-three inches, but weighs only 155 pounds. The muscle in him is as hard as his name signifies. He can box and he can hit—and how! Those who are ranked among Steele's followers are eager to have him matched with Jimmy McLarnin, but Pop Foster is not eager for such a contest. Steele says he is willing to make 152 pounds for Jimmy, but the Vancouver idol at best in his fighting form scales only 145, and that would be too much of a handicap against a terrific socker.

AMERICANS INVADE

SOME more pugilistic history may be made in England with the arrival of three outstanding American scrappers in John Bull's bailiwick. They hope to equal or surpass the record of victorious achievements accomplished by Freddie Miller. The trio include Roy Lazer, Paterson, N. J., heavyweight; Al Diamond, another Jerseyite, who ranks among the middleweight topnotchers, and the shifty Negro featherweight, Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh. They are in command of Bill Daly, who promoted many titular battles across the Hudson.

It is Daly's plan to show the trio in London first, and then take them to Paris and Australia. If everything pans out as well as he thinks, the party will be away from home the better part of two years. He figures to match Lazer—if Roy cleans up with a fine tooth comb in England—with Schmeling next Christmas; Wilson with either Nel Tarleton or Seaman Watson at the Wembley Stadium in London, and Diamond against Marcel Thil in Paris for the world 160-pound title.

Where they expect to make the most money is Australia, for they can't get enough American fistic talent in the land of the Antipodes. Lazer, Diamond and Wilson should make good abroad, for they possess the weapons with which to knock off the very best on the Continent. Miller cleaned up plenty of cocoanuts, meaning coin of the realm, over there. Daly is in high hopes of earning enough for his boys to keep their heads above water the next five years. A good fighter is worth his price in gold.

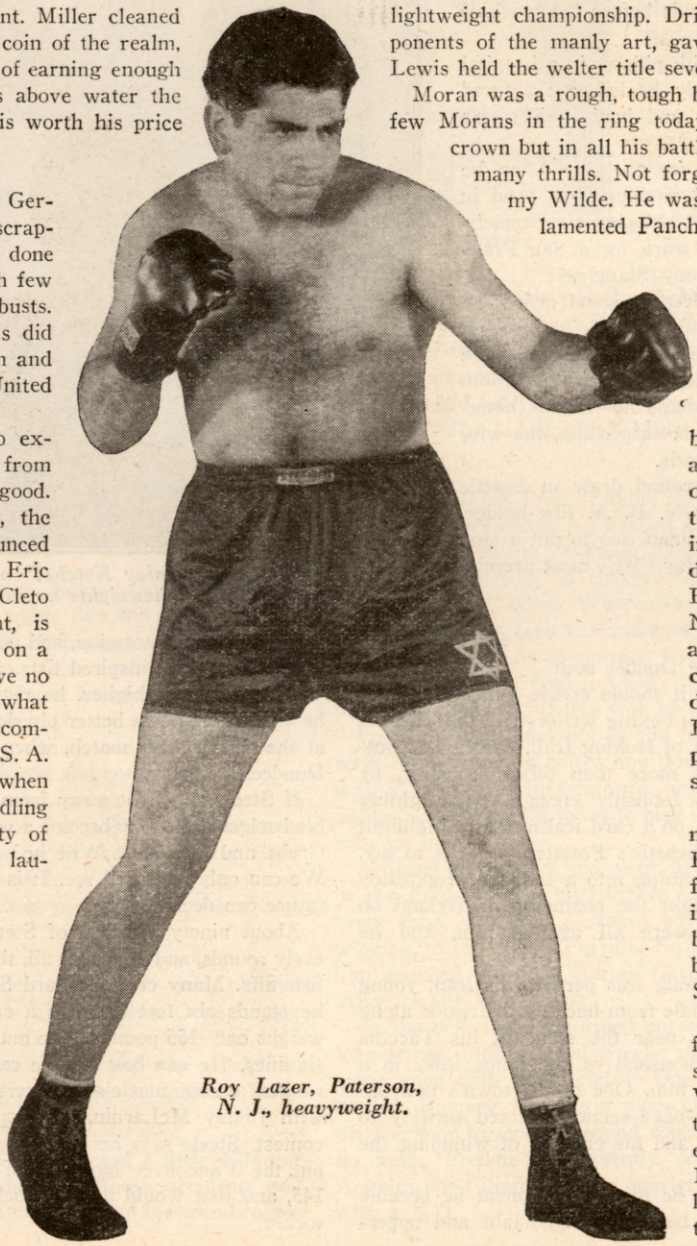
* * *

HERETOFORE, English, German, Italian and French scrappers have come here and done mighty good for themselves. With few exceptions, most of them were busts. Max Schmeling got rich here, as did our old pal, Phil Scott. Max won and lost the heavyweight title in the United States.

Paul Damski has brought two excellent German fighters here, and from all accounts they should do very good. One of them is Walter Neusel, the so-called Blond Tiger, who trounced Tommy Loughran; the other is Eric Seelig, a crack middleweight. Cleto Locatelli, the Italian lightweight, is doing all right and he may hang on a bit longer. Hence Daly should have no trouble doing for his boys abroad what the foreign managers have accomplished for their charges in the U. S. A.

Which reminds us of the time, when most of you readers were in swaddling clothes, of Kid Lavigne's temerity of staking his American lightweight laurels against the elongated Dick Burge in London. The world championship contest took place on June 1, 1896. Lavigne was a midget compared to the Englishman. When Sam Fitzpatrick got off the dock toting the Kid with him, the promoter almost fainted.

"You'll have to train your man in private for if the customers get a peek at him and note his small size, they'll stay away from the fight in droves," counselled the English sportsman.



Roy Lazer, Paterson, N. J., heavyweight.

Lavigne and Sam thought it was a good idea, so they disappeared and didn't show again until it was time for the Kid to climb through the ropes. The crowd couldn't believe its eyes when Lavigne squared off against their towering champ.

Burge was no sucker by any stretch of the imagination, for he gave the invader a tough argument. Maybe Lavigne wanted to give the customers a run for their money because he assimilated plenty of punishment. But as the fight dragged on, he became stronger, while Burge started to falter. In the seventeenth round, a left hook to the body brought Dick down to his size and then Lavigne whipped over the right to the chin which felled the Englishman as if shot.

* * *

FRANKIE NEIL, Californian, who held the American bantam title, went to London to win the world championship but came out second best to Joe Bowker. They clashed on October 17, 1904, over the twenty-round route. Bowker, who recently came here as boss of the English Golden Gloves team which defeated our lads, was a great fighter in his day.

England showed us many great boxers among them Freddie Welsh, Owen Moran, Jem Driscoll, Ted (Kid) Lewis, and later on Jackie (Kid) Berg. Welsh defeated Willie Ritchie for the lightweight championship. Driscoll, peer of all scientific exponents of the manly art, gave Abe Attell a boxing lesson. Lewis held the welter title several years.

Moran was a rough, tough boy, believe me. Wish we had a few Morans in the ring today. Berg held the junior welter crown but in all his battles here he gave the fans many, many thrills. Not forgetting the little iron man Jimmy Wilde. He was almost through when the late, lamented Pancho Villa knocked him out.

* * *

IF his achievements in American rings is any criterion of his ability Lazer should experience little or no difficulty bowling over the best heavies across the big pond. He was born of Jewish parents in Paterson, the big silk manufacturing city in Jersey which years ago produced such great stars as the Handler brothers, Ad Stone, Nina Gorman, Tommy Tuohey and Battling Hurley. He recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday. He stands 6 feet 1 inch tall. His fighting weight is 200 pounds. He has had 38 professional scraps.

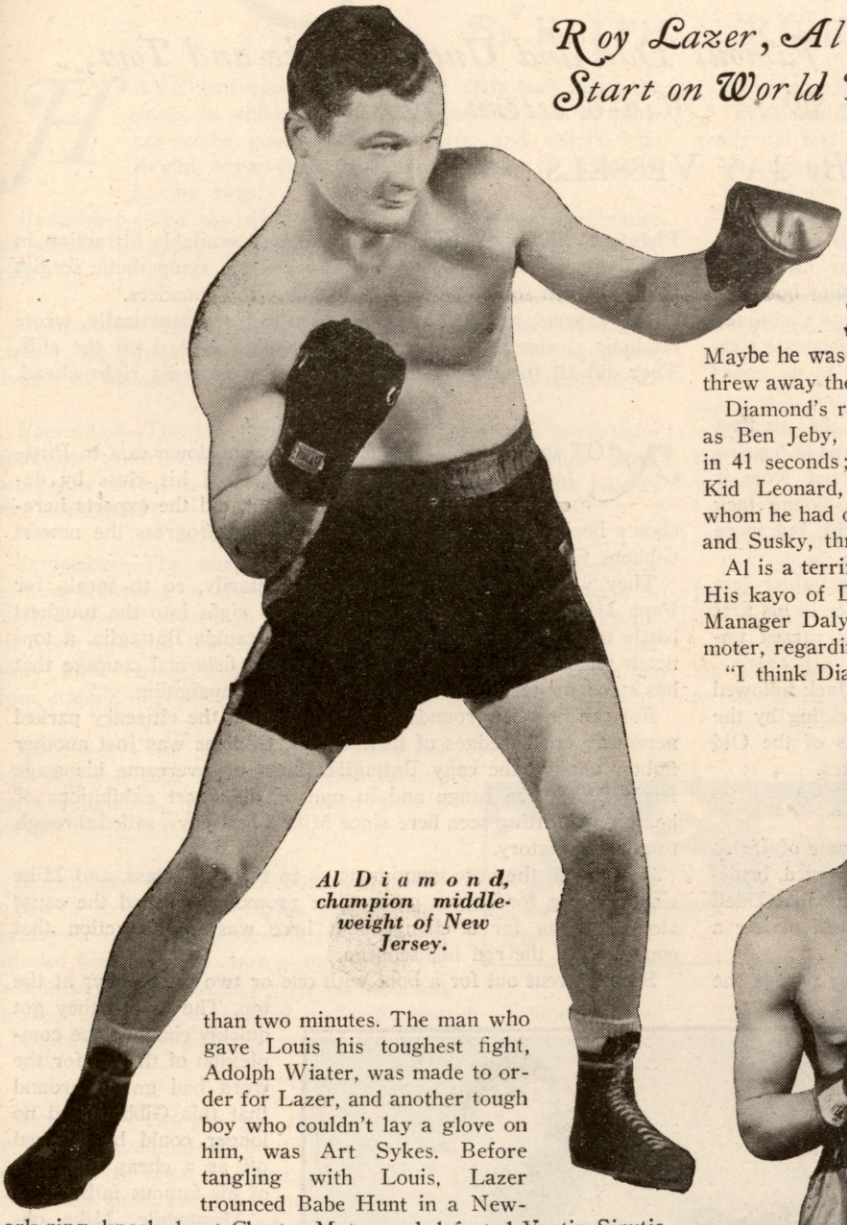
Roy was undefeated until he met up with Joe Louis and the Brown Bomber stopped him in four rounds. Daly wisely threw in the towel in token of defeat because of a bad eye cut. The bout drew $47,000 at the Chicago Stadium.

Lazer was not discouraged, in fact he went on to turn in a smashing victory over Dutch Weimer in Detroit. Weimer was the lad who had previously beaten Bob Olin. Lazer stopped Jack Nipper in one heat and then knocked the skids from under the legs of Tom Patrick in less

ENGLAND

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Roy Lazer, Al Diamond and Jackie Wilson Start on World Tour—Will Visit Australia



Al Diamond, champion middleweight of New Jersey.

than two minutes. The man who gave Louis his toughest fight, Adolph Wiater, was made to order for Lazer, and another tough boy who couldn't lay a glove on him, was Art Sykes. Before tangling with Louis, Lazer trounced Babe Hunt in a Newark ring, knocked out Chester Matan and defeated Yustin Sirutis.

We saw him fight the giant Hunt. In that scrap, we were impressed with Roy's boxing wizardry and hard punching. Hunt was bent on knocking him out but Lazer made him look like the proverbial palooka punching him all over the place.

"After Roy cleans up the best British heavies I will make an attempt to match him with Schmeling," promised Daly before he sailed on the steamship Georgic. "I know Lazer can lick the German. He'll have youth and the punch to win. I think we used good judgment getting away from our homeland because of the dearth of matches in New York.

"I don't think I pulled a bone in the Louis match. Roy, as it happens, did better than King Levinsky for he was giving the Bomber a hard fight of it until he cut one of his eyes. No use destroying a good prospect so I did the next best thing and called a halt. I may sound crazy and all that but I still believe Roy has a chance to ascend the top rung of the heavyweight ladder."

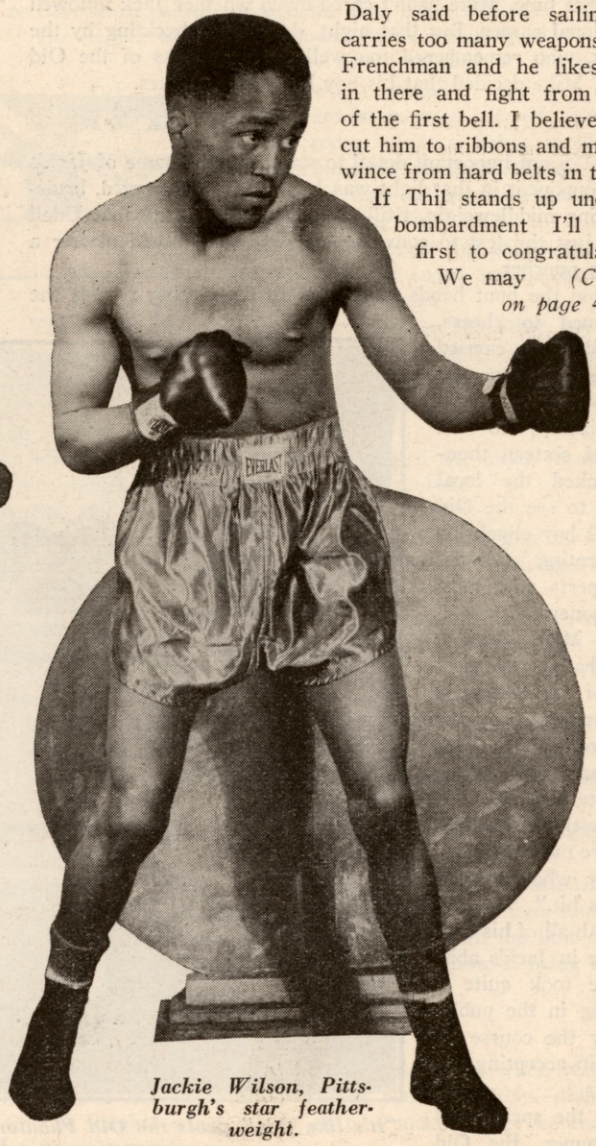
Of the three boys who went to England, Daly thinks Diamond will make the fans sit up and howl in glee when Al starts winging. He weighs 160 pounds and has been fighting three years. He is married and the father of two children, a boy and a girl. He is of Italian descent.

Originally he worked in his father's barber shop lathering the customers. His greatest effort was against Vince Dundee for the middleweight championship in May, 1934, fifteen rounds. He allowed the titleholder to get too much of a lead on him so although he closed the stronger of the two in the last four or five rounds Dundee was awarded the decision. Maybe he was afraid of the route, whatever the cause he foolishly threw away the title by getting off to a slow start.

Diamond's record is studded with victories over such good boys as Ben Jeby, Paul Pirrone, Solly Dukelsky whom he flattened in 41 seconds; held Babe Risko to a draw, and then on to beat Kid Leonard, Gene Stanley, Johnny O'Keefe, Jackie Aldare whom he had on the floor, and Pete Suskey. He flattened O'Keefe and Susky, three and five rounds, respectively.

Al is a terrific puncher and can take it till the cows come home. His kayo of Dukelsky made him a big card in the Windy City. Manager Daly has been in touch with Jeff Dixon, Parisian promoter, regarding a match with Thil.

"I think Diamond is the kind of a fighter who can whip Thil," Daly said before sailing. "He carries too many weapons for the Frenchman and he likes to get in there and fight from the tap of the first bell. I believe Al will cut him to ribbons and make him wince from hard belts in the body. If Thil stands up under Al's bombardment I'll be the first to congratulate him. We may *(Continued on page 49)*



Jackie Wilson, Pittsburgh's star featherweight.

CHIP *off the* OLD BLOCK

Young Jack Gibbons, Like Famous Dad and Uncle, Mike and Tom, A Favorite With Mid-Western Fans

By JAY VESSELS

TOMMY, fat and forty, is a gun totin' sheriff, and Mike, not so plump, is approaching the fifty-year mark, but the Gibbons family still is in the fist fighting business.

It may never again approach the successes attained by the famous St. Paul brothers, yet this boy Jack Gibbons stands a good chance on the basis of his spectacular career to do something Papa Mike and Uncle Tommy could never do.

Although remembered by fight fans as two of the greatest figures in the history of the ring, Mike and Tommy never boasted a championship, though Mike claimed the welter crown. Now, if you take the word of the fight-conscious home folks, Young Jack is heading for the heights, possibly as a middleweight, but more likely as a light-heavyweight.

For a chap who was just an obscure preliminary fighter less than a year ago, this is quite a climb, particularly since in his first big home fight in January, 1935, Young Jack was razzed unmercifully.

Up to that time, Mike hadn't cared much whether Jack followed a professional career. But that night, despite the heckling by the customers, who remembered too well the ring class of the Old Phantom, Mike decided that his boy had what it takes.

* * *

IT'S not important detail to state that the name of Jack's opponent in that fight was Larry Udell, a rugged, bruising middleweight. Still, it's pertinent to state that Udell provided just the test to convince him that Jack could master a dangerous puncher.

Jack won the bout hands down and in the closing rounds the jeers turned to cheers, for the kid simply carried class. Then, before the summer was over, the local citizenry, to the number of sixteen thousand, packed the local ball park to see the Old Phantom's boy clinch his right to rating with the glove experts who fight for big money.

When Mike decided that he had a prospect worthy of his name, he quickly realized that lanky, loose-limbed Jack was a lucky lad; lucky in that the rank and file of middleweights, as Mike put it, "are made to order for a boy who can box as well as hit."

Yet, with all of his own confidence in Jack's ability, Mike took quite a shellacking in the public prints for the course he followed in accepting engagements.

During the spring and early summer, the Old Phantom, whose boy had become the best available attraction in Twin City and Northwest rings, shocked the sympathetic scribes by picking on some of the very toughest 160-pounders.

The experts, at first kindly and then rather sarcastically, wrote fatalistic stories about how Jack was being pushed off the cliff. They did all the worrying, though, and Mike went right ahead.

* * *

NOT until the Gibbons entourage went down east to Pittsburgh, where Young Jack asserted his class by decisively beating Jimmy Belmont, did the experts hereabouts begin to show signs of enjoying the progress the newest Gibbons fistic flash was making.

They were able to relax only momentarily, so to speak, for Papa Mike came back home and walked right into the toughest battle of them all—a ten-rounder with Frankie Battaglia, a top-notch middleweight with a wallop in both fists and courage that has stood the test in seven hard years of campaigning.

For the first few rounds that night, while the citizenry parked nervously on the edges of their chairs, Gibbons was just another fighter against the cagy Battaglia. Then he overcame his stage fright, found the range and in one of the finest exhibitions of boxing and hitting seen here since Mike's best days, sailed through to an easy victory.

That made the vote unanimous as to the kid's class, and Mike went looking for bigger game. The promoters pushed the cause along, finding for a change that here was an attraction that counteracted the red ink scourge.

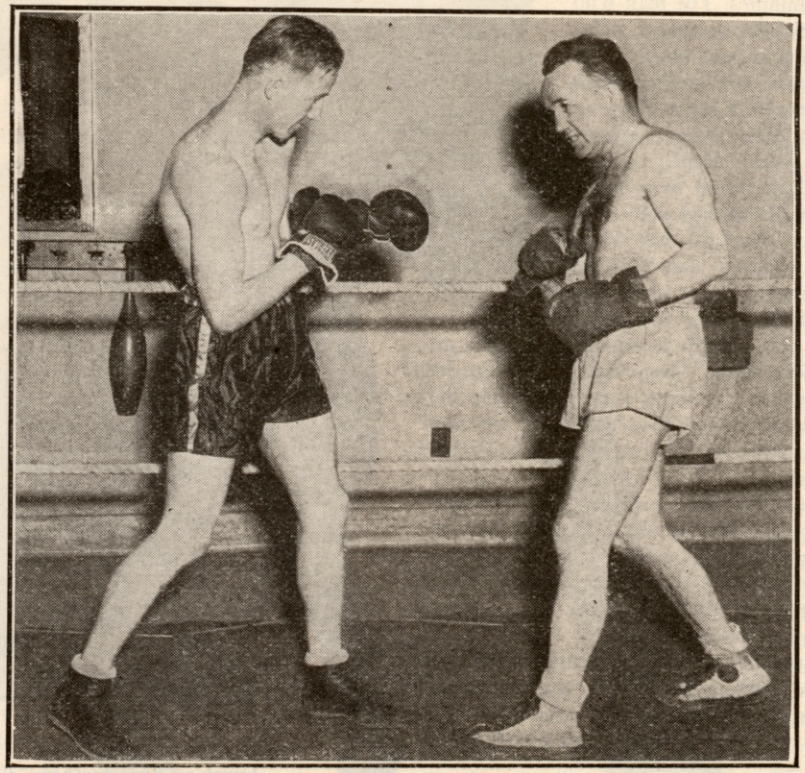
So bids went out for a bout with one or two of the boys at the top. The replies they got quickly changed the complexion of things, for the word had gotten around that this Gibbons lad no longer could be laughed off as a cheap imitation of his famous father.

Meanwhile, Mike observed the growing tendencies of his boy and decided that it would be bad policy to longer try to crowd Jack into the 160-pound division since he had trouble making the weight for the Battaglia fight.

That automatically set the Gibbons' sights on the light-heavyweight division, and there is where the heavy campaigning probably will be done during the winter months ahead.

When you get around to talking about Jack it's quickly evident that that is Papa Mike's favorite subject. And he likes to

(Continued on page 46)



"It's like this," pants the Old Phantom as he paces son Jack, latest fistic sensation, in a brisk workout.

Looking Back

By RALPH A. RIDLEY

HAVE you ever let your mind drift back over the years, in which time you handled hundreds of fighters—some good, some just fair, and others who should never have had the privilege of seeing a boxing ring?

Remember—The boy who lost fight after fight simply because he wanted to appear nonchalant and graceful out there in the ring?

* * *

Remember—The "Right-Hand-Crazy" fighter, who heaved over twenty right-hand wallops to one left, leaving the southpaw dangle at his side most of the time, like some extra appendage?

Remember—The kids who apparently thought it a grave misdemeanor to strike an opponent below the Adam's Apple—never being able to realize that seventy-five per cent of the other fellows live downstairs?

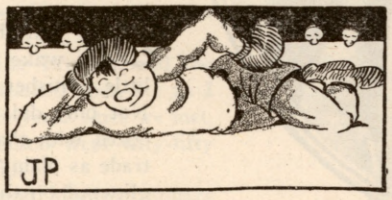
* * *

Remember—The guy who did everything backwards—doing nothing according to Hoyle—never got to bed before midnight in his life; played around in the gym like a happy puppy; led with his right or with his chin; stepped into straight punchers and away from swingers—yet, was the most consistent winner in your stable?

* * *

Remember—The conscientious youngster who followed your instructions and training rules religiously, yet very seldom won a scrap?

* * *



Remember—The bird who borrowed money a day or so after each of his ring engagements—never had an extra dime in his pocket, chiseled his way into shows—never had the cash to pay for his meals or buy his tape and bandage; but, when he retired, he bought himself a beautiful home, a luxurious automobile, and opened the finest restaurant in town?

* * *

Remember—The guy who thought he was pulling a good joke on you when, supposedly on the road, he sat in a pool hall, playing rummy—then, when he figured that enough time had elapsed, he doused his head under a water faucet and sprinted back to the training camp, panting and wheezing, and fairly reeling from fatigue?

* * *

Remember—The fellow who had taken a boxing course by correspondence? How he pleaded with you for several months to get him a fight—until, at last, you figured that you would take the fight game out of his system once and for all; so you got him a match with a fairly tough boy? How the gang stood by on fight night ready to give the kid the Royal Razz—on his way out of the game? How, at the first bell, he walked out fearlessly, counted one, two, three, very deliberately measured his foe, threw over a perfect hook, and bowled the guy over for a clean K.O.?

* * *

Remember—The boxer who fought no harder than was absolutely necessary—boxed draws with the palookas and boxed draws with the best of them?

* * *

Remember—The kid who craved more attention than a prima donna?

The guy who couldn't remember to duck until the other fellow's punch had arrived?

The boy who, when asked how he felt, replied, "Terrible"?

The kid who answered, "Fine, thanks!" regardless of how he really did feel?

The fighter who had an alibi ready for every occasion?

The lad who retired every time he lost a fight?

The lad who claimed a foul when badly hurt from a body blow?

The fellow who closed his eyes every time an opponent feinted at him?

The boy, who, because he owned a good strong chin, allowed his sparring mates to whale punches into it to their hearts' content?

The kid who raised his knee to protect his stomach?

The guy who graduated from poverty into the big money overnight, then high-hatted everybody, including his own wife?

The boy who complained and fretted over a small bruise or cut, but, when he got into the ring, was the gamest guy in the world?

The kid who signed two contracts with other managers besides your own?

The fellow who was the toughest egg that ever laced on the padded gloves—until the first bell rang, then displayed the timidity of a lamb?

The boxer, who, on fight night, brought his brothers, sisters, his father and a few cousins with him, expecting you to arrange to have them passed through the gate free of charge?

The fighter who fouled himself out of tough spots?

The boy who was game to the core; but couldn't take a punch?

The kid who worried himself sick in the dressing room before a fight; in fact, was so scared he could barely crawl into the ring—but, when that old gong clanged, he was a vicious fighting fool?

The boy who began his career as a sparring partner, and ended his boxing life as a—Sparring Partner?

The boxer who incessantly preached to the other boys ways and means of saving money—he was so tight he wouldn't give you the right time—then he sank every dime that he possessed into a gold mine which didn't exist, and ended his career holding an empty bag?

The guy who criticized and instructed the other members of your stable—yet couldn't fight a lick himself?

The kid who smiled when he was hurt?

The boy who decided that he wasn't going to give up a cut to a manager; got himself a fight, took a lacing, then came meekly back to the fold?

The lad who listened to everybody from the petty gymnasium advisers to the "Tin Horn" managers, then came back to you, crying that you were over-matching him, that he wasn't being trained properly, that his purses were too small?

The fighter who owned the physique of a young Hercules, but couldn't knock off your hat with his punches?

The frail, sickly-looking youngster who hit with the force of a pile-driver?

The boy who invariably swallowed the water you gave him in the corner?

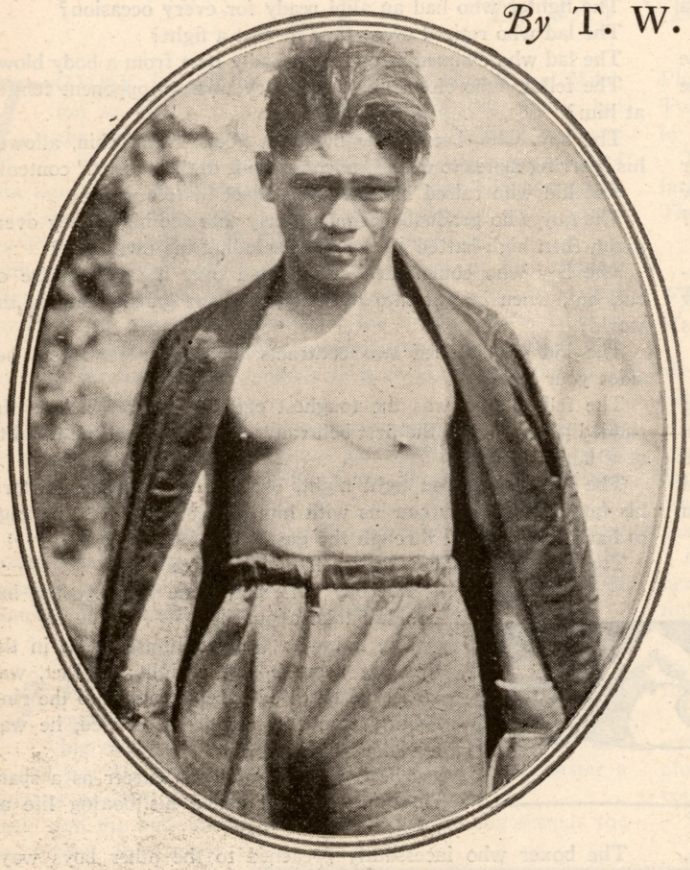
The poor-conditioned fighter, who put up a sensational battle every time he went to the post; then, when you took him under your wing, trained him properly, and gave him the best of care, he performed so miserably that your reputation of being a great conditioner of fighters was almost ruined?

* * *

Remember—How grand and glorious it was when you found a boy who had everything—trusted you completely—didn't care who he fought—when, where, or how much money he received?

Will the Little Men Come Back?

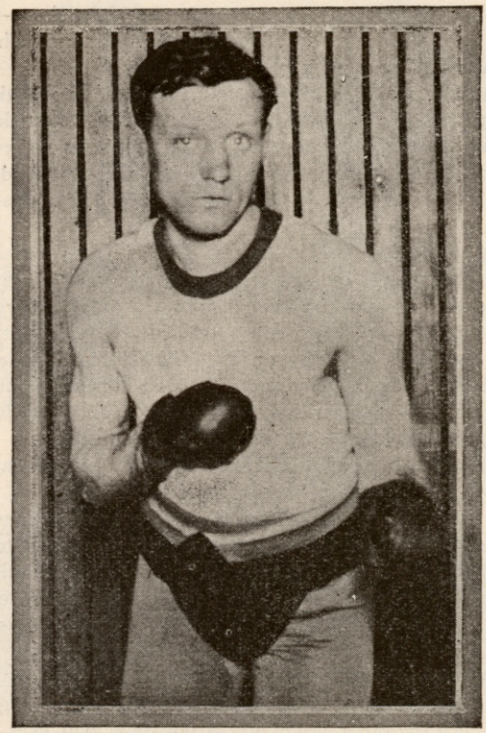
By T. W. McNIEL



Pancho Villa, classy and colorful successor to Wilde on the flyweight throne.

NOW that Henry Ford's esteemed fellow citizen, Joe Louis, has instilled a world of enthusiasm in the ranks of the heavyweight class through the medium of his coma-producing wallop, what boxing needs to complete a regular old-fashioned revival is for the little fellows to come out with a youngster capable of laying his fellow little men among the daisies a-la Popeye fashion. By "little men" I mean the fly, the bantam and the featherweight classes.

Punchers have been conspicuous by their absence in those one-time popular divisions for the past decade. Without a walloping leader, no division prospers; with a slam-bang, swash-buckling title-holder, any division prospers. Take the middleweight class for instance, though practically passe nowadays, so far as popular appeal is concerned, we can recall back to the palmy days of Stanley Ketchel and Billy Papke and there was no more popular division than the 158-pounders.



Jimmy Wilde, the Mighty Atom of the flyweights.

Coming down to later years, we had the spectacle of Paul Berlenbach and Jack Delaney combining their respective dynamic wallops to make the light-heavy class second only to the heavyweight roost in the matter of both box-office and popular appeal. And only the fact that Jack Dempsey himself was king-pin of the mitt wielders during their heyday of fistic glory kept the light-heavy class from heading the list.

Nowadays, finding the "little men" classes floundering around in the doldrums, it is easy to put a finger on the reason—few fighters in the bunch who can fight their way out of a paper sack.

There certainly is a scarcity of young fighters who can compare with such savage little battlers as Pancho Villa and Jimmy Wilde of a few years back. Not only do the smaller classes lack walloping sockers, but they lack "color" as well. Without either a dynamiting or colorful leader, naturally the little pugs have witnessed the decline of their divisions to the point where the public has about decided they went out along with the "Old Order," gold coins and foreign exports.

* * *

MEMORY recalls the enthusiasm that followed in the wake of skinny little Jimmy Wilde when the sterling little Britisher came to this country immediately after the war. Not only did tiny James pack a savage punch, but he fairly oozed with that invaluable box-office attraction known to the trade as plain "color." Result—the flyweight class sparkled and glittered on the fistic puddle. Finally, with Wilde about to go to seed from lack of opposition, Frank Churchill reached across the broad Pacific and picked up a little brown man in the Philippines and brought him to this country.

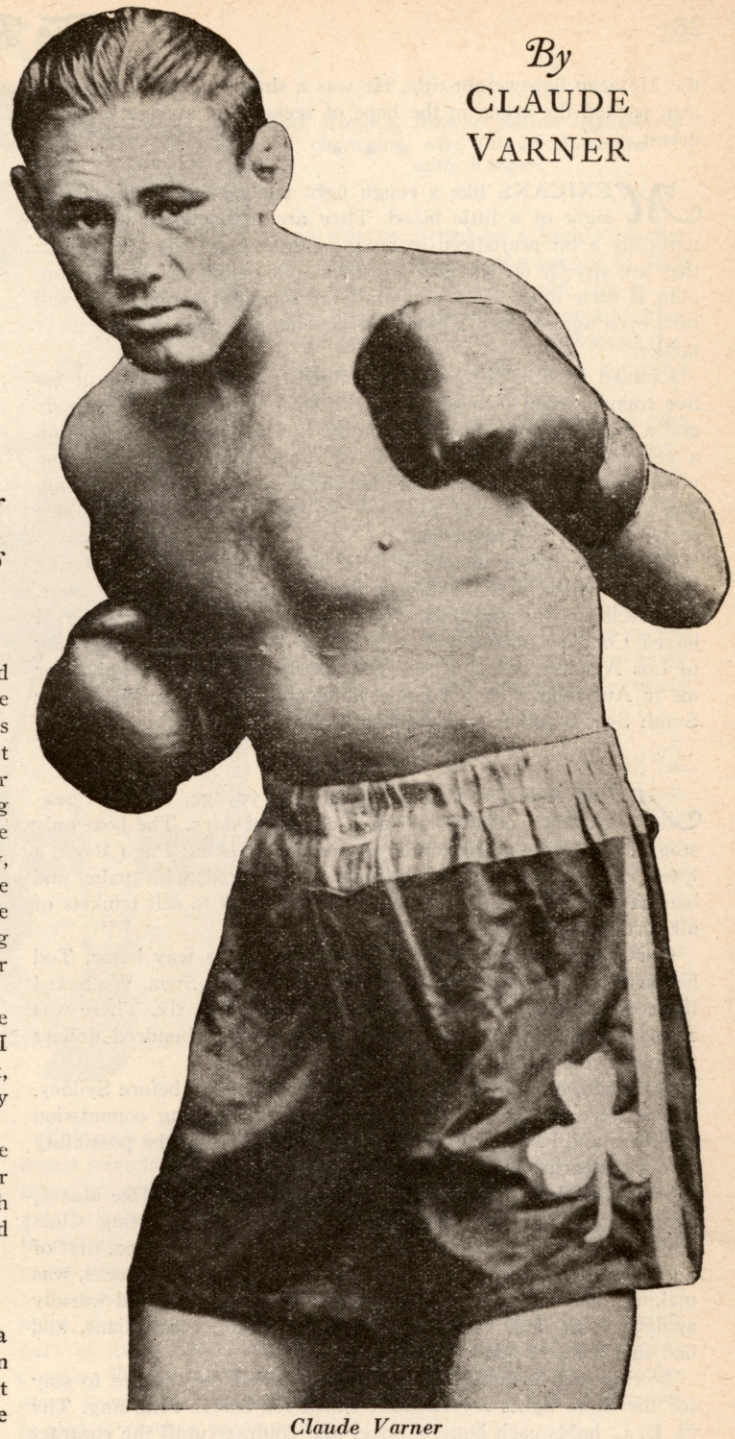
Answering to the name of Francisco Guilledo, he adopted the monicker of Pancho Villa and overnight he became a sensation. Strange enough, the apple of Churchill's eye was another Filipino, Elino Flores. Churchill thought he had a world-beater in Flores and brought little Pancho along to keep him company as much as anything else. Flores proved only a fair performer and soon returned to Manila-land. But little Pancho improved with every start and, when finally he crossed mitts with Wilde for the flyweight title, the pair of brilliant little gamesters wrote one of the brightest paragraphs in fistic history.

Villa knocked out the heretofore impregnable Wilde in seven rounds and went on to prove himself the very greatest 112-pounder that laced on a boxing glove in recent years. Under his leadership, the flyweight class reached its dizziest heights of popularity. Then came Villa's unfortunate battle with Jimmy McLarnin, then a bantam. Villa was suffering from a jaw infection and the bout aggravated the case and poor Pancho died a few days *(Continued on page 46)*

My World Tour

Claude Varner, Back From Long Trip Through Australia, Recounts His Experiences for Ring Readers

By CLAUDE VARNER



Claude Varner

WHEN one has been sailing from port to port and jumping from one burg to another all around the universe for a period of exactly one year, five months and eleven days, it's reasonable to conclude that he's pretty well had his fill of sight-seeing for a while. But after he's run the entire gamut of surprises, there's one sight remaining that never fails to give him the BIGGEST thrill of all—when he gets his first glimpse of his native land in returning. Anyway, that's the way I felt when, having started from California on the Pacific Ocean, February 7, 1934, the 24th of July, 1935, saw me sailing into New York Harbor and waving a wanderer's greeting to the Statue of Liberty, with Gotham's magnificent skyline for a background.

I had cabled Charley Harvey when leaving London, and the familiar smile of the dean of all managers beamed upon me as I stepped ashore. It was a matter of nearly three years since we met, and the old gentleman's pleasure in our reunion went fifty-fifty in sincerity and vigor of our handshaking grip.

On the following day, after a breeze around Madison Square Garden to "meet the boys," as Mr. Harvey phrased it, my manager took me around to THE RING magazine office for a chat with Editor Nat Fleischer, whose famous publication sets the standard for boxing the wide world over.

* * *

THE chat developed into a conversation that lasted for a couple of hours. I was really being interviewed, and by an expert at the business, at that, for Nat Fleischer is a wizard at extracting the last nugget of information he happens to want. We went into minute detail regarding my adventures in that protracted flight around the universe, and in the finale, he asked me to write an article for him concerning flights, fighters, and the game's progress in all the countries I visited.

Writing for publication is a new experience for me, but I judge that the best start I can make is to go back to the latter part of 1932. At that time I was just recovering from a spell of sickness caused by blood-poisoning, accidentally contracted while training to fight Kid Francis. I underwent successfully a series of operations for infected throat and tonsils, and later for my nose. Being considerably run down and under weight, I made a trip to Canada, for health's sake, in April of that year.

A month in the mountain air, hunting, fishing and hiking around put new life in me, and I began to feel fighting-fit once more. Tod Morgan, ex-junior lightweight champ, was promoting boxing shows in Vancouver, so I went there, signed up to meet the local champ, Harry Marshall, and stopped him in five rounds. The following week I kayoed Tommy O'Connel in one heat. I had good luck around Vancouver, flattened Ross Domaguilas in less than three minutes, and continued to bowl over local feathers and lightweights successfully until the Fourth of July.

MEANWHILE, Tod had been corresponding with Australian promoters and had me interested in making a trip to the other side of the world. Transportation was sent to us for a journey to the Antipodes, so Tod staged a farewell show in the ball park and put me on with Roy Goodman, the only fighter who had lasted six rounds with me in Canada. I knocked him out in five this time, before the largest house of the year.

I fully intended to accompany Tod to Australia, but he sailed alone for Sydney on July 19, as I was forced to go to Los Angeles, where, on arrival, I was informed that a series of fights had been arranged for me in Mexico City.

I left for Mexico City, August 4, and arrived there in time to see Baby Cassanova kayo Young Tommy. The Filipino complained of suffering from the high altitude, as did most of the imported boxers, for Mexico City is a mile above sea level. I saw Mayer Grace go down in similar fashion before Kid Azteca, and the former also attributed his setback to the altitude.

Yet the altitude did not bother me either in training or when I whipped Joe Condie, Mexico's feather champ, in my initial battle. Two weeks after the Condie affair, I met Pancho Villa, holder of

the Mexican lightweight title. He was a slugger, and his countrymen packed the arena in the hope of seeing him avenge Condie's defeat.

* * *

MEXICANS like a rough fight and go fairly mad at the sight of a little blood. They are enthusiastic, and quite naturally a bit prejudiced in favor of their local boys. However, they are strictly for the give-and-take style of milling, hard scrapping is their dish. They don't fall for scientific boxing, and will turn even against any Mexican who relies too much on defensive tactics.

I mixed it with Villa, with not much to choose between us for five rounds, when I caught him with two good hooks to the body and a right cross to the chin, sending him down. He was out, but a yell of foul went up, the referee stopped counting and began talking to me. I had to call an interpreter to get what he was saying. Anyway, Villa was awarded the verdict on a foul, and the crowd howled in disapproval.

The Commission members ordered Villa to take a rest and continue, which he did, and was given the decision. Just the same, that decision was unpopular right in his own bailiwick. Later, I boxed Condie a draw, and beat Barago Torris before returning to Los Angeles. I had wired Tod Morgan to arrange fights for me in Australia. Tod got home January 1, and we sailed for the South Seas together on February 7, 1934.

* * *

ALTHOUGH it was my first long voyage, I wasn't seasick, but Tod was laid up a couple of days. The boat only stopped ten hours at Honolulu, the next port being Pago Pago, a lovely island, just across the equator, covered with palm and banana trees, where the natives came in droves to sell trinkets of all sorts to the passengers.

Our next stop was Suva, Fiji Island. On his way home, Tod had arranged for an exhibition bout between us at Suva. We boxed there during the noon hour, as the boat sailed at six. There was a good crowd in attendance, and we were one hundred dollars richer for our exertions.

Auckland, New Zealand, was the last port of call before Sydney. There were no shows there, but we met the boxing commission members and had lunch with them, after discussing the possibility of our appearing for them on the homeward trip.

We reached Sydney, February 25, and were met by Mike Maree, managing director of the National Boxing and Sporting Club. This was Monday, the big Sydney fight night. Star Frisco, first of a group of American boxers brought there by Charley Lucas, was making his debut. We were introduced from the ring and warmly applauded, as Tod was very popular with the Australians, and had said a lot of good things about me.

Boxing was booming, and all looked well. I only meant to stay for the three fights my contract called for before returning. The N. B. C. holds each boxer's ticket and contract until the contract is up. The Australians are wonderfully friendly and hospitable, and make visitors feel right at home.

* * *

CHARLEY LUCAS, who had arrived a few weeks before us with eight boxers under his control, was the new managing director of the N. B. C. Four of the eight were matched to box the same men I was supposed to date up with. So it was a month before I was matched, and another before I went into action. That was okay, as I wanted to get thoroughly acclimated, and spent gorgeous days on the beautiful, sunny beaches, playing golf and riding.

I love horses. I was born on a Texas ranch and am never without riding clothes. My free style of Western riding earned me the sobriquet of "The Texas Cowboy," as they are not used to our way of forking a horse.

My opening date was with Lew Edwards, feather champ of Australia, and undefeated for four years. A master of science, he was the only man to beat Nels Tarleton when the English top-notcher visited Australia in 1933. Morgan drew with Tarleton. Only one boxing writer out of dozens picked me to beat Edwards. That probably was because the recent visiting fighters, with the exception of Wesley Ramey and Joe Ghnouly, hadn't done so well, four of them being beaten or kayoed in their first or second starts, and shipped back home.

Jack Dunlevey and Ike Kutner helped condition me for the Edwards mill. Tod boxed with me for a while, but unfortunately injured an elbow and had to undergo an operation on it, an accident which deprived me of my best sparring partner.

American luck held good against Edwards, as I gave him an elegant shellacking, taking twelve out of fifteen rounds. He must have been pretty badly bunged up, as I heard he went to hospital for a spell and, what is certain, is that he retired and surrendered his title.

Defeating Edwards boosted my stock sky-high and there was considerable demand by press and public that I fight Joe Ghnouly, who had just beaten Kelso, the lightweight champion. We were both willing, but the powers-that-be decided that I must fight Millings. I had already beaten Millings back home, and in our second meeting, I took fourteen out of fifteen frames, according to the papers.

I was sorry Lucas insisted on the match, as I knew it wouldn't draw, for Millings had lost to Bishop in his first Australian start. It wasn't a good fight, for Millings made a hugging match of it, and after the third round, I couldn't tear myself out of the clinches long enough to land a decisive punch.

* * *

I SPENT most of my time at the beaches, having an idle spell of four months, as my contract didn't specify any time limit on my three scraps and I couldn't have left unless I wanted to pay my own fare home. A beach carnival is great stuff. The surf and beach teams train as seriously as do boxers, so as to be in good form to go to the aid of any of the many thousands who frequent the beaches over the week-end.

Rescuing drowning folks is the least of their troubles. The worst peril at the beach-bathing resorts is the raids made by man-eating sharks. I saw one tragedy that I'll never forget. It was the blood-stained water and the terrifying yells, as surf-club swimmers made desperate attempts at a rescue. Sharks were so numerous at that time that airplanes went on patrol and gave signals to the beach guards when the monsters were sighted. Then the shark bell was rung and the swimmers made for shore in a hurry. Yet in half an hour, the surf would swarm with swimming figures again. Seems like the Australians just get used to that sort of thing, but it never would suit yours truly!

Actors, artists, performers of all kinds donate their services to exhibitions in aid of shark victims' relatives. I appeared at the Stadium four times for the cause and sparred for other charities as well. Wirth's Circus gives a benefit show annually for the Royal Prince Albert Hospital, and this year Morgan and I were requested to give an exhibition in the Lion's Den, with the lions present as spectators.

That idea didn't register so well with us, until Wirth explained that the lions were very tame, and that he would personally see that the animals were given a good, heavy meal right before the exhibition. So we said okay, and inwardly prayed that the beasts might all over-eat themselves on the great occasion.

* * *

THE circus was jammed that night. We boxed three lively rounds, with three big lions sitting there, taking it all in as solemn as owls. But we skipped the minute's rest in between, as action was needed to keep the temperature up, and honestly, I never took off a pair of gloves with greater pleasure. Fox made a newsreel of the affair and it was shown all over the commonwealth.

Tod came home one August afternoon to inform me that the directors of the N. B. C. had consented to both of us appearing in Brisbane, for the Stadiums, Ltd. I went up first, and knocked out the local star, Bobby Lee. Promoter Delaney was so pleased that he outbid the N. B. C. for the services of the new feather champion, Teddy Maroney. I stopped Maroney, and seconded Tod the week following, when he got a draw with Reg Hickey.

When we returned to Sydney, Tod lost to Jack Carroll, but was immediately matched with Herb Bishop, who had just kayoed Kelso for the lightweight title. Morgan and Bishop entered the ring a week before my match with Blandon. It was stopped and declared "no contest" in the fifth round.

I thought the ruling absurd, and it was denounced by press and public, but the upshot of it was that the N. B. C. insisted that Morgan should meet Bishop again, as Tod was the one accused of not trying, and they held back his money. Morgan finally agreed to box ten rounds, but again was declared loser.

* * *

IN my fight with Blandon, the newspapers credited me with winning eleven out of fifteen frames, and the bookmakers laid fifteen to one on me in the last round, but Blandon was proclaimed victor. I was then matched with Bishop for the big Boxing Night show the day after Christmas, which has been an annual event since the Stadium was built at Rushcutters Bay for the Johnson-Burns fight in 1908.

We fought at the lightweight limit before a big crowd. I beat Bishop decisively, but not easily. He is a tough bird, as game as a pebble, doesn't know when he is licked, and never stops throwing leather for all he is worth. The papers praised the battle as the best of the year, and as attractions were pretty scarce, the promoters wanted to use me every week.

On New Year's night, I defeated Joe Hall, who had just won the featherweight title by knocking out Maroney. This marked up two champions to my credit in five days and my third feather champion victim to date. In a return match, I stopped Hall in five rounds. Morgan lost to Willard Brown in another poor decision, left for home, and I was the only one of the first invading crowd remaining down-under!

* * *

AL LIPPE arrived with a squad of battlers and that gave me a resting spell. I went to Paramatta, where I stopped Ray O'Brien at a show run by Freddie Burr, one of Australia's best promoters. In a bout with Cormier, I was declared loser on a foul in nine rounds. Something of a mystery, that, as we were fighting under the "no foul" rule, which has been operative there for over a year, and the newspapers indulged in a good deal of sarcastic criticism over the affair.

My next match was with a youngster named Mickey Miller, who had outgrown the bantam division and knocked out quite a number of featherweights. It was not a particularly attractive proposition, but I took it, as I had arranged to go to England.

I stopped Miller and made my last appearance under the banner of my good pal, Burr, by stopping Joe Hall for the second time. My boat was due to sail for London the following day. I caught it at Melbourne and, in the fog and mists of an April morning, said goodbye to as fine a bunch of sports and friends as ever lived, and headed out to sea.

* * *

THE Australians are a great race! They support all kinds of athletics, are always well represented in international competitions at every game, are born gamblers, always manage to bet a little coin on the favorite every Saturday, and simply won't patronize any form of sport unless they can put a wager down on the result.

Shortly before I left, Lucas resigned his post with the N. B. C. and was succeeded by a highly popular and capable chap in the person of Jack Munroe. Some day I would like to return and fight for Munroe, or any other good promoter, for I am convinced that Australia is ace-high as a sporting country.

Tod Morgan, former junior lightweight champion, who toured Australia with Varner.

Two of the best fighters in the Antipodes are Ambrose Palmer, heavyweight champion, and Jack Carroll, cock of the welter roost, who beat Morgan. Both are missing big opportunities by staying home, for the fact is that Australia can't support properly the kind of battles either one can put up in his class. I don't mind going on record as saying that Carroll and Palmer rate as likely contenders in their divisions for world championships.

* * *

NORTH we sailed across the Indian Ocean and steered for Ceylon and Colombo. It was a long and somewhat tiresome trip of ten days before we saw land. Colombo was interesting from the color standpoint, with its striking native costumes and scenery, but we left there the day of our arrival and reached Bombay forty-eight hours later, to find the weather so uncomfortable as to spoil all thoughts of sight-seeing. In due course of time we came in view of the African coast and steamed along the Suez Canal for a day.

This was a singularly beautiful portion of the voyage, with the desert stretching away on both sides, as far as the eye could penetrate, an endless expanse of sand, here and there spotted by a green oasis, camels recumbent in groups, traveling swiftly, or limned in shadowy silhouettes against backgrounds of blue and crimson horizon.

Port Said, Malta, etc., were sites visited and departed from by night, the Rock of Gibraltar frowned upon us with its yawning tiers of guns, and Tangier, Morocco, was the last stop before crossing the Bay of Biscay for London. And believe me, if you've never been forty-two days aboard ship, you can take it that one is glad to reach a permanent port.

The last days of the great Jubilee Celebration was in progress when I arrived in London, and certainly the Britons were enjoying themselves to the limit. The King and Queen were making daily appearances, and I saw them both several times. One morning in Hyde Park, I was astride a horse, when King George rode past. And it amused me to note that, after the king, my Western outfit, surmounted by a huge hat, was the most interesting thing in sight for the crowd, who cheered their loved monarch.

* * *

I FOUND the fight game surroundings somewhat amateurish in England, compared with the facilities our boys enjoy. The gyms mostly had cement floors and the sand bags in use were hard as stone. I did all my training for the one fight I had in England at the Star and Garter Hotel.

This is a training spot in Windsor, where Walter Neusel was getting ready for his battle with Jack Peterson. Wembley and the Royal Albert Hall were closing for the summer, so I went to Liverpool and boxed for the Stadium Club, defeating Cuthbert Taylor in twelve rounds. I won easily, although I took on the fight on extremely short notice, and had not really trained since departing from Australia.

(Continued on page 49)

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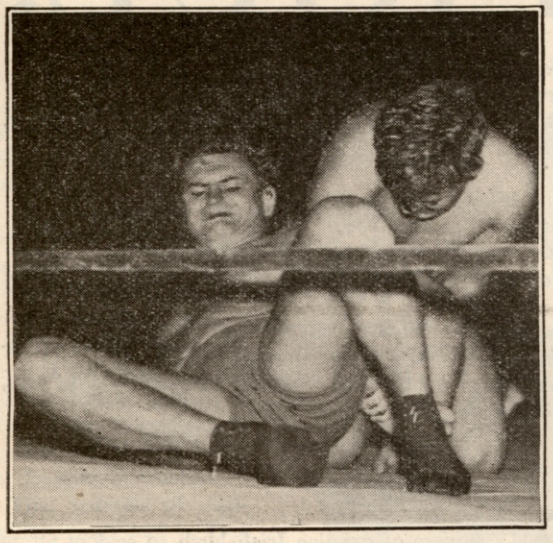
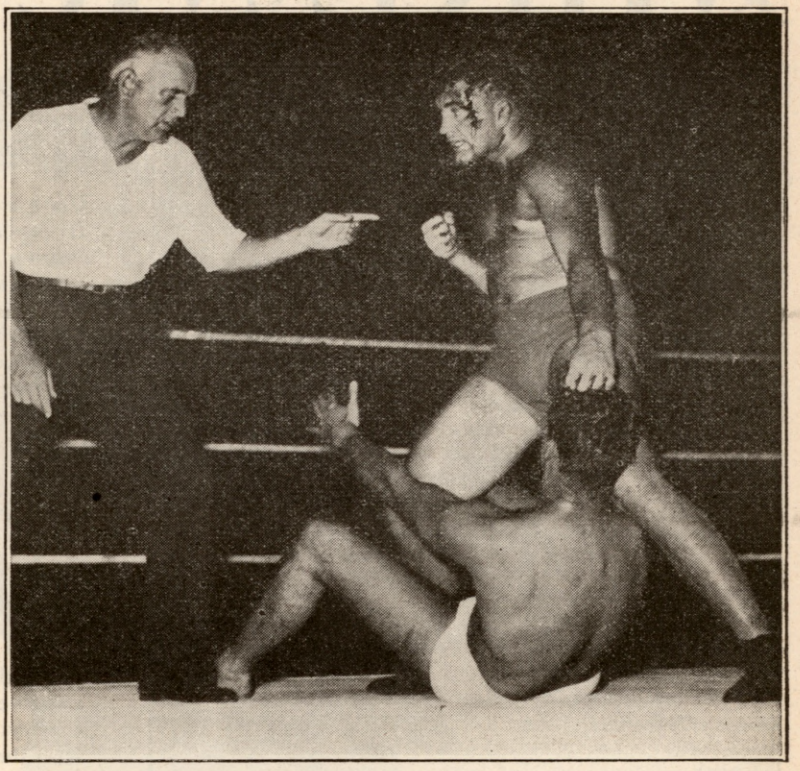
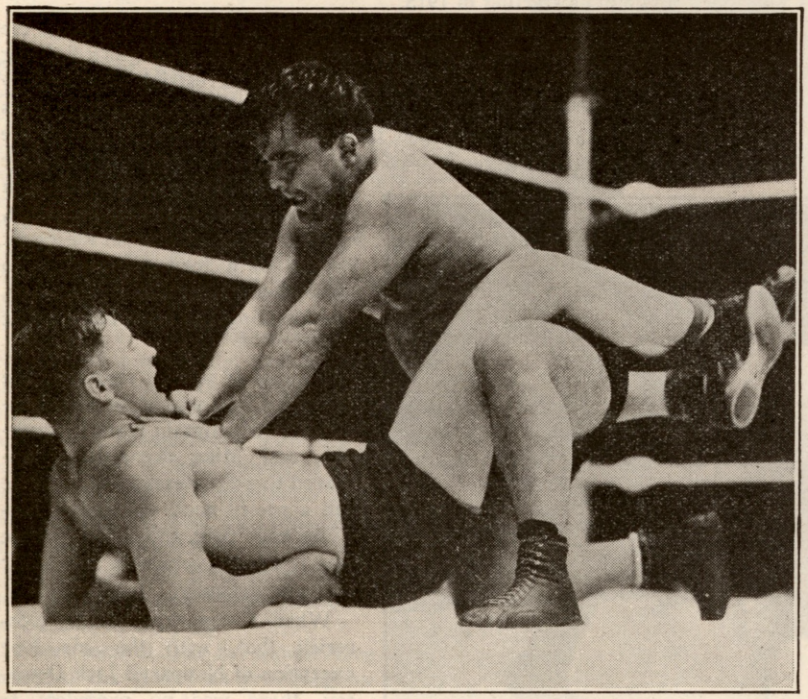


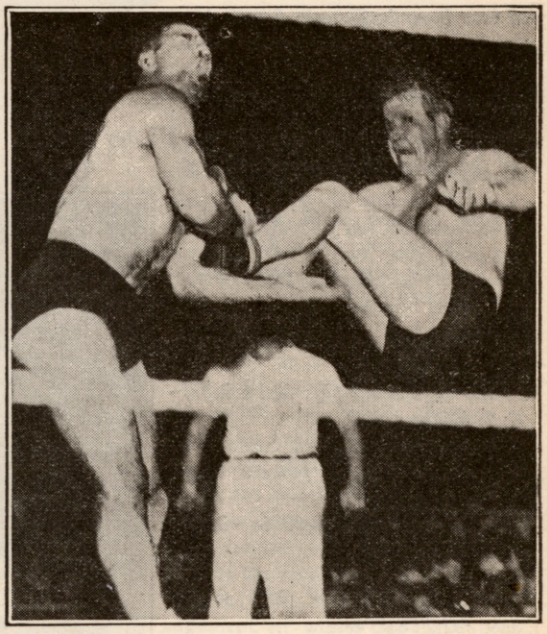
A scene in the Ed Don George-Danno O'Mahony match in Boston in which Danno clinched his claim to undisputed king of the heavyweights. George is here seen in agony as Danno twists his wrist in a combination wrist lock and hammerlock.



And this, according to our fair Texas correspondent, Bernice Sandboe, is how they do it in Texas. Karl Davis, standing, and Laverne Baxter, depict the typical bar-room brawl of wrestling—a usual performance down South. We are indebted to "Nig" Miller, of the Houston Press, for the photo. Barney Meyers is the referee who is being threatened by Davis for threatening to interfere.



When O'Mahony successfully defended his title in New York against Chief Little Wolf in 28 minutes and 23 seconds. Here the "Indian" is making it uncomfortable for the Irishman.



Joe Savoldi, former Notre Dame football star, gets a dose of his own medicine. Here is Joe with the wind knocked out of him as Irish Jack Donovan leaps into his stomach, feet first, during their bout at Griffith Stadium in Washington, D. C.

MIKE McTIGUE,

Lightweight championship fight between Battling Siki and Mike McTigue.

He was born in County Clare, Mickey boy,
And 'tis men that they make there, Mickey boy,
Bein' Irish to the core, if a scrap was to the fore,
Why, he always wanted more, Mickey boy!

He could punch and take it, too, Mickey boy,
And the older that he grew, Mickey boy,
From mornin' until night, he was looking for a fight,
An' he bate 'em left and right, Mickey boy!

The McTigues were Celtic kings, Mickey boy,
(In the days whin pigs had wings, Mickey boy)
They was rulers av th' State, an' their sluggin' powers was great,
Though they didn't fight in rings, Mickey boy!

So, no wonder that you said, Mickey boy,
"Me ancestors which are dead, Mickey boy,
Got gold as well as fame, whin they played th' battlin' game,
Sure, why can't yez do th' same, Mickey boy?"

Thin he sailed across th' sea, Mickey boy,
A brave boxer for to be, Mickey boy,
An' beneath th' stars and stripes he faced and fought, be cripes,
All colors, races, types, Mickey boy!

Until one day, behold, Mickey boy,
It wasn't only gold, Mickey boy,
But a crown they handed you as your pugilistic due,
Like your forefathers av old, Mickey boy!

The light-heavyweight brigade, Mickey boy,
Knew you boss of all their grade, Mickey boy,
'Twas a proud hour for the clan, whin you whipped th' Siki man,
May your glory never fade, Mickey boy!

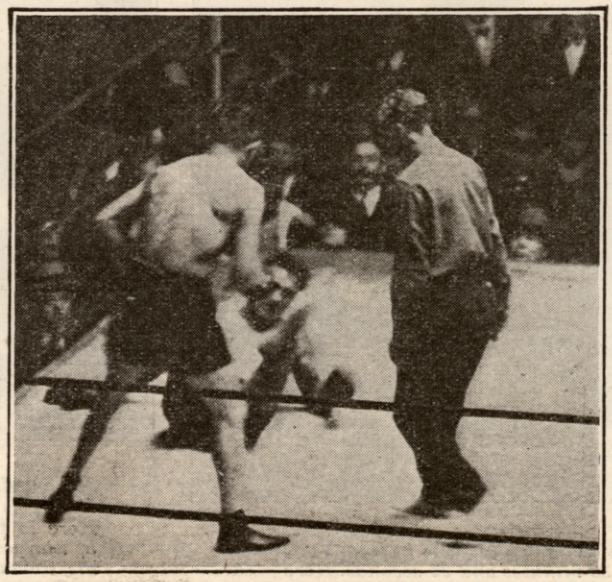
GEORGE T. PARDY.

* * *

WHY boxers of genuine Irish birth so seldom attain championship honors in any class is a problem of long standing over which ring chroniclers have racked their brains without reaching any reasonable solution. Take a look at the ring records dating back as far as the beginning of the Queensberry era and padded gloves, and note how few kings of the arena can claim green Erin as the country in which they first saw the light of day. Of second-crop Irish there is a respectable showing, the names of John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Jack McAuliffe, Jimmy Barry, Joe Lynch and others figuring among world title-holders.

But, as regards the real natives of the old sod, what have you? Among the old-timers only one—Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, middleweight idol of his time; in more recent years, Mike McTigue, who won the light-heavyweight crown; and today—Jimmy McLarnin, present monarch of the welters. McLarnin is still in active service. McTigue retired in 1929, after a ring career which began in 1909 by his own admission, although the record books list him as starting in 1915.

You can ask Charlie Dosserick about that; he's about the only man who could clear up the mystery of McTigue's fighting age and actual number of years on this terrestrial sphere—provided that he wanted to. Charlie and Tom O'Rourke were partners in the fight-promoting and managerial game, with offices in the old Putnam Building, located where the present Paramount Theatre now stands. It was in their sanctum that the writer first met McTigue, in 1913. George Munroe, the crack bantam of a former period, who passed away about four years ago, was handling the Irishman at that time.



Berlenbach knocked down by McTigue in fourth.

O'Rourke was running the Pioneer Club, where he and Dosserick still maintain training quarters, and Mike occasionally appeared there professionally. Charlie had a pretty good opinion of McTigue even then, and believed there was a bright future in store for him pugilistically.

When I remarked to Mr. Dosserick that, with the one lone exception of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, there was no precedent to justify faith in a native Celt as a coming champ, Charlie merely snorted scornfully.

the Methuselah of the Ring

Son of the Old Sod, Who Won World's Light-Heavyweight Crown, Saw Active Service Until He Was Forty-One

By
GEORGE T. PARDY

(This is the fifth of a series of stories of famous fighters)

"To hell with precedent," he retorted gaily. "Ain't it the unexpected that puts pep in life, as well as the box-fight game? And this Mick is one of the unexpected things. He'll do well. Not all at once, maybe, but just watch his smoke!"

As it turned out, Charlie Doesserick had the right idea, nothing extraordinary in his case, as both he and O'Rourke possess an uncanny gift of correct prophecy with regard to "future greats" in the slugging line. McTigue had one big advantage in his favor. When working around the New York Athletic Club he was fortunate enough to attract the favorable attention of Dan Hickey, the boxing instructor.

That veteran of Australian rings had a keen eye for likely scrapping material, and, as his judgment was very properly respected in local fight circles, his okay of Mike's boxing abilities went far toward establishing the latter in the good graces of the promoters.

Michael Francis McTigue, to give him his full baptismal cognomen, was born on a small farm in Killmonaugh Parish, County Clare Island. He was the fourth of thirteen children, and was wont to comment that "he came just outside the money," referring to the turf expression which means that a horse finishes fourth. Yet Mike was destined to be the big-shot money-maker of the McTigue entourage.

* * *

WHEN he was twelve years old, Mike became a blacksmith's helper at the same trade that developed Bob Fitzsimmons into one of the ring's greatest hitters. Wielding the sledge put steel into his muscles, and soon he became known as a lad who could hold his own with the best of them in a go-as-you-please scrap, for he was ever ready to oblige when a local fistic terror felt in need of a turnup with the knuckles.

The lure of the great country across the sea claimed him finally, and he set sail for America. On his arrival here he obtained a job as a beef-handler in a packing house. On Sundays he foregathered with his Irish colleagues in the athletic games at Celtic Park. He soon worked up a reputation as a sprinter and high-jumper, and was considered an ace at the mimic war of "hurling," a sport second to none in point of sheer savagery and development of the combative instinct.

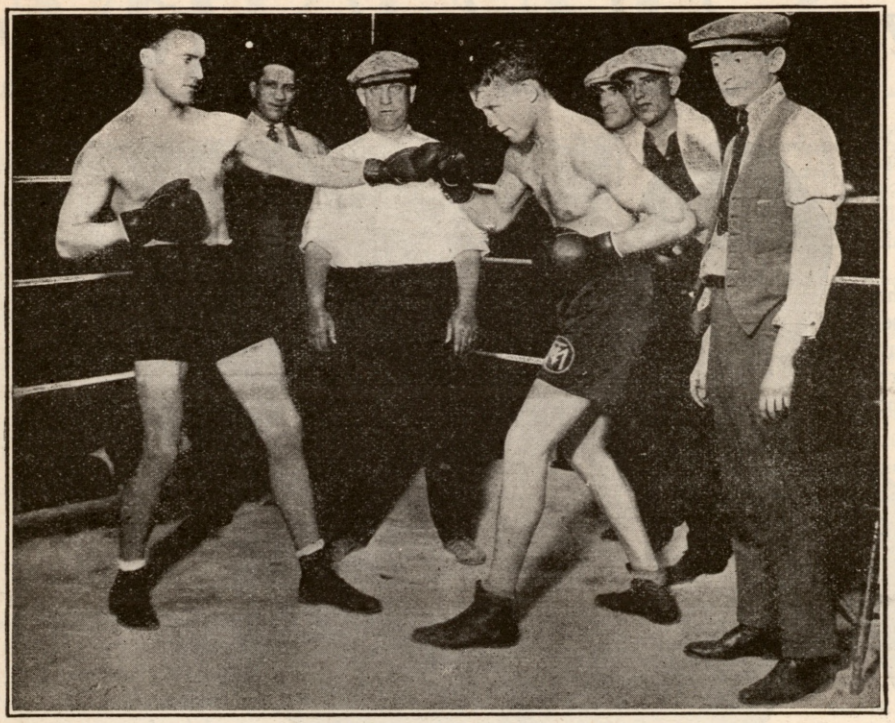
It was natural that he should have turned to the gloves as providing an outlet for his superfluous energy, and an introduction to Dan Hickey served to stimulate further his ambition to shine as a ring attraction. As stated before, Hickey took Mike in tow, taught him much of the finer points of the fistic science, and later utilized him as an assistant instructor in the New York Athletic Club.

Mike had been fighting around the local clubs for a matter of five years before he broke into the record books in 1915, and the victories he scored during that period were never listed. From 1915 to 1922 he participated in eighty bouts, out of which he lost but two decisions, one to Jeff Smith, the other to Young Fisher. It is worthy of note, however, that he also scored decisions over both these men. But by actual count, his ring engagements probably passed the hundred mark in number.

From the foregoing it will be observed that McTigue developed slowly as a factor in the boxing situation. He was reliable, had more than an average share of cleverness, was hard to hurt and not disposed to take dangerous chances when in action, although now and then he put his men away for the full count with punches that were as accurate as they were unexpected. However, the ring sharps by this time had begun to mark him as a fighter to be reckoned with, so much so, indeed, that the astute Joe Jacobs thought it worth his while to assume control of Mike's affairs.

But the match that made Mike's feathers plume like a peacock's, and boosted him up among the élite of the ring was not of Jacob's making. This was the eventful engagement in which McTigue beat Siki, the formidable Senegalese, who had created a fistic panic in Paris by knocking out the national idol, Georges Carpentier.

McTigue engineered that bit of business himself, and did it in a



When McTigue and Tommy Loughran faced each other for their eight-round no-decision bout in Philadelphia.

way which spoke volumes for the Irishman's sagacity. Mike was visiting on the old sod, Jacobs was at home in the United States, when McTigue decided that it was about time his countrymen should be given the privilege of seeing him in action. It is a tribute to his gameness that he never thought of picking an easy mark for his boxing début in the old country. On the contrary, he boldly issued a challenge to Siki, a gorillalike personality that white European scrappers were just then engaged in carefully keeping away from, especially since the downfall of the celebrated Carpentier before the colored man. Mike cannily laid stress on the fact that he was only a middleweight, with Siki ranking a class higher, a come-on bait eagerly swallowed by the latter.

Siki accepted the defi, the match was made and took place in Dublin on March 17, 1923, under decidedly melodramatic conditions. It was a period of political unrest and unlimited gunplay in the Emerald Isle, and Dublin, especially, boiled over with seething discontent, which frequently culminated in bitter street-fighting and the free use of dynamite by the opposing parties.

* * *

ON the day of battle, just as the fighters entered the ring in the Scala Theatre, a bomb exploded in Moor Lane, close to the arena. Its effects were severe, several people being wounded and all the windows shattered for blocks around. One would naturally have expected a mad stampede for the doors by a wild-eyed crowd of panic-stricken spectators. Yet nothing of the kind happened. An exploding bomb was a more or less every-day occurrence in Dublin then, but a bred and born Irishman, fighting for the light-heavyweight championship of the world, was a rare and welcome spectacle, not to be missed even if grim Death was sulkily snooping around. So the Scala fight fans stayed in their seats, some two thousand of them, content and imperturbed, their eyes glued on the movements of the gladiators.

There has been a vast deal of nonsense written and dished up for public consumption regarding the McTigue-Siki encounter. Great emphasis has been laid by would-be humorists on the utter futility of a colored man engaging in battle with an Irishman, before an Irish crowd, on Saint Patrick's Day. Mike's father has been pictured as approaching the referee at the close of the conflict with a gun bulging in his pocket, and enquiring of that agitated official, as his hand rested on the lethal weapon—"Did me bye win?"

All of which was rank balderdash invented by that type of writer who always considers an Irish pug a fair mark for forced comic comment, and is one of the breed notorious for dispensing stale jokes regarding close-fisted Scotchmen and cheating Jews.

The Irish sports are enthusiastic, clannish in their likes and dislikes, hot-headed to the extreme, if you will. But the spirit of fair play is inherent in their nature, and nowhere does a visiting athlete obtain a better break than when fulfilling a professional engagement in Ireland.

The Siki-McTigue battle was scheduled over the twenty-round route. No attempt was made either by the promoters or the McTigue faction to induce the colored man to risk his title over a shorter distance. Despite the pride of the Celts in their representative, McTigue was on the short end of the betting, which registered Siki as favorite at 8 to 5. From first to last, the combatants fought fast and viciously, and altogether on their merits. The verdict awarding the world's title to McTigue was rendered by a close margin, but an undeniable one. It was simply a case of brains and science against bulk and savagery, and the scientific artist completed his task satisfactorily and received his just reward.

Siki knew but one method of milling. That was to hurl himself on an opponent and, after hammering down his guard with a succession of fiercely-driven wallops, administer the *coup-de-grace* with a final right to the chin. That method sufficed with Georges Carpentier, but it wasn't good enough to down McTigue. The latter fought a cool, heady battle. He fractured a bone in his right thumb in the fourth round, but carried on so effectually with his highly educated left, that the sharp, constant jabbing neutralized the desperate, rushing assaults of the ferocious Senegalese.

But Mike had to fight every inch of the way to hold the lead he obtained with his cleverness in the early rounds, for Siki fought with the fury of a wild panther, and when he did get home with one of his heavy rights or lefts to body or head, the impact rocked the Celt like a skiff in a storm. McTigue scored a clean knockdown in the twelfth round, and scored it with his damaged right mitt, at that; in fact, it was much to the victor's credit that at no stage did he make a runaway fight of it, but mixed matters occasionally, and had the better of the slugging now and then. He finished up with a fireworks display in the last round, punching Siki dizzy and forcing him into clinch after clinch just before the bell rang.

His dad was at the ringside and congratulated his son, as in duty bound, and as any proud father would have done under like circumstances. He did not approach the referee, as the jokesters would have it, either with threats or blandishments. The judgment of the third man in the ring was rendered and received with rapturous acclaim by the assembled Irishry, without any pre-consultation with the elder McTigue, something which would not have been allowed anyway. For the Dublin sporting authorities are every whit as precise in enforcing the rules which govern athletic contests of every description, as the most ardent American stickler for discipline could desire.

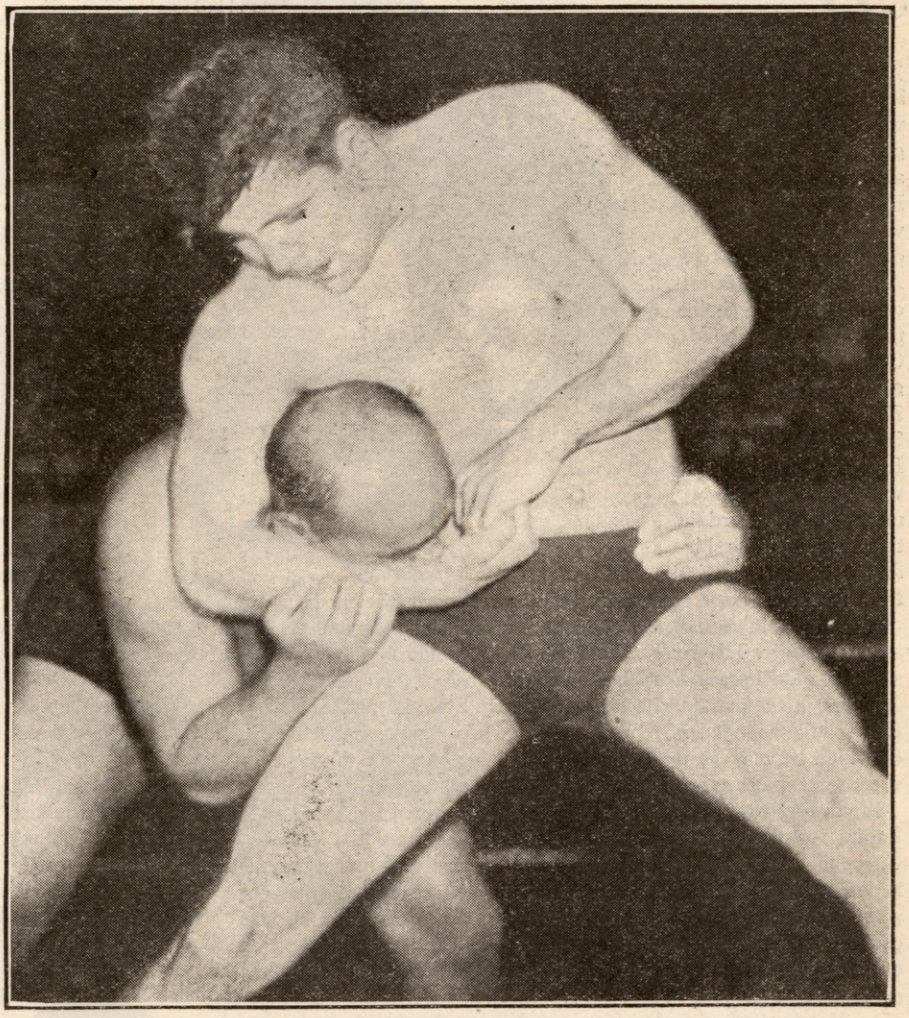
Well, the deed was done, and for the first time in a couple of generations a bred-in-the-bone Mick was "monarch of all he surveyed," so far as the light-heavyweight division of leather-throwers was concerned. And back to Uncle Sam's domain went Michael McTigue, bearing his new honors blushingly. Incidentally, it might be mentioned that Mike's defeat of Siki marked the retrogression of the Senegalese as a first-class fighting man. He came to America, but failed utterly to live up to the reputation he made by whipping Carpentier.

Kid Norfolk defeated him, as did *(Continued on page 42)*

The IRISH *in* HIM

Meet Ernest Kelley, one of the Most Promising of the Younger Southern Mat Stars

By
BERNICE SANDBOE



Ernest Kelley, Southern wrestling prospect.

THE name is Kelley, folks, and he's Irish. Or did you guess? And he's the pride and joy of Knoxville, Tennessee. Kelley is a young man who knows precisely what he wants, and that is to keep the wrestling championship for the Irish, begorra.

Yessiree, if young Ernest Kelley has his way about it, the next champion will also be an Irishman. As these Irish lads are a determined lot, once they set their mind on a thing, I advise you to keep a close watch on Kelley.

Wrestling, according to this handsome young Irishman, is just entering a new cycle. From here on, the Irish boys, according to Kelley, are going to keep the situation well in hand and somebody just try and stop them!

* * *

KELLEY hasn't started out as though he will be easily stopped. Since he first entered the pro game in 1931, he has been one of the outstanding Southern wrestlers and fans all over the Dixieland sing his praises. He belongs to that clean, fast-working and scientific circle of wrestlers who please the fans not only because they always give a fine performance, but because of their eagerness to get ahead in the game.

Ernest built a firm foundation for himself before he entered professional wrestling. Since he was a kid, he has liked wrestling. He practiced holds with the neighborhood gang and when he was older, he joined the "Y" and soon became famous in his home town, Knoxville, as an amateur wrestler.

For five years he grappled as a Simon-pure and held the Southern Amateur heavyweight championship for two years. So you see, he came to the professional game well equipped with both wrestling knowledge and plenty of practical experience.

He started out professionally in Birmingham, Alabama in 1931 and since then he has been campaigning throughout Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Louisianna, Florida and Texas. He hasn't as yet invaded the east, but when he does I predict a great success for this clever young fellow.

* * *

KELLEY attended the University of Tennessee at Knoxville where he took an electrical engineering course. But then along came the depression, that breaker and maker of careers, and gave Ernie a big shove out of college and into wrestling, where he could make money. So as a consequence, the world is minus an electrical engineer, but in his stead, has a darn good wrestler.

Kelley is elaborate in his praise of champion Danno O'Mahony. According to him, the new title-holder is a symbol of what wrestlers should be—clean, scientific, and clever. He's as proud as Paddy's pig that an Irishman has the title, but that doesn't change his idea of taking the championship away from that Irishman. No sir, Ernie is set on being the next champ and nothing is going to swerve his ambition.

He's a handsome young fellow, this Irish lad. He is typically Irish, with dark skin and hair and a winning smile. The only way he differs from most of his countrymen is that he doesn't warble Irish ditties in a rich tenor voice. In fact, Ernie doesn't even croon, but don't hold that against him.

He has a fine physique, and weighs in at 212.

* * *

BESIDES being a capable wrestler, Kelley has proven to be one of the most competent referees in this part of the country. Frequently, when he isn't scheduled to wrestle, he is asked to referee some of the bouts and always handles them efficiently. He has no trouble in making the wrestlers keep in line and adhere to the rules.

He's a likeable, good-natured young fellow, out of the ring, and is popular among his fellow wrestlers. When he isn't busy on the mat, he likes to go off somewhere and fish or hunt, and he's an excellent swimmer.

But best news of all, gals, he isn't married!

Kelley may not be a world beater, but he's there as a wrestler and will make good among the topnotchers. Jack Curley has been watching this boy and expects to bring him up north for the winter campaign. He's a comer.

From MILO to LONDOS

As an artist sees Jim Londos.

BEFORE we go into details about some of the leading matches in which Jim Londos engaged as a champion after his defeat of Jim Browning, we will review his life. The career of the Greek Adonis parallels in excitement and in thrills that of Hackenschmidt, Gotch, Jenkins, Strangler Lewis, the elder Zbyszko and other famed stars of the mat. In fact, if we take the word of Londos, we must go on record in this story of the history of wrestling, with the remark that not more than four wrestlers in the modern era of the sport have had as many thrills and exciting experiences as has Jemmy. The Greek idol declares that only Gotch, Hackenschmidt and Zbyszko excel him in the number of thrilling exploits, and that in the matter of competition, only Zbyszko and Strangler Lewis have engaged in more contests. Thus Jemmy has a record of which he may justly feel proud, and if you don't think he is, you've got another guess coming.

According to Londos, when the midwife trudged the stony road leading to the little house of mud and straw on the farm of Theophelo Theophelus, near Knopodt, Mycenae County, in the little kingdom of Afamemnom, Greece, she left at the hut a fifteen-pound boy. The lad was the thirteenth in the family and he was christened Chris Theophelo, better known to the present generation of wrestling fans as Jim Londos. Eleven sons and one daughter preceded the arrival of "Jemmy," who was born the day after New Year's, 1897, a lucky day, according to the Greeks.

* * *

IN his youth, the lad proved the strongest in the family and his father made good use of the boy's exceptional strength by having him lead ten sheep and five goats to the pasture daily. He also helped his dad pick olives and figs and worked around the vineyard. That outdoor life proved its value to Jemmy when he later turned to his present vocation. He engaged in bare-back riding for the sport of it and there were few in his locality who could beat him.

He milked the cows and goats and soon became the family handy man, even though he was only a boy. When he went to school in Argos, he walked daily about five miles to and from the place of learning. It was at school that he first learned about America and he yearned to come to our land. His father, a militarist at heart, thought otherwise. He pictured Chris in the uniform of his army, but the mother pictured her boy in the garb of a Greek priest. Neither appealed to Jemmy, and he continued for some time to tend the sheep and goats, until the yearning for America grew stronger and stronger.

According to Londos, "Always I pictured to myself a large boat on which I was a stowaway. I saw myself as a sailor before the mast; as a worker on the ship, and the boat headed for America.

"I never dreamed of a career as an athlete until one day when I saw my father, who was a powerful man, wrestle with a two-hundred-pound youth. The youth provoked the match and my father said: 'I am an old man, and it will do you no good to beat me, but if I beat you, it will be bad for you.' My father threw him twice.

"Soon after that I saw him grab a full grown man, who had mistreated a child, seize him by the wrist, swing him around, and give him a tanning with a stick. My admiration for father soon changed to a determination to emulate him.

"At eleven years I began to rebel at home life. I was too much like my father, a fact we both recognized, and once when he whipped me, I cried and then ran away from home and went to relatives in Argos, but later returned. My father argued with me and said I should go to school and then join the army. By the time I was twelve I could think of nothing but America, and finally it was agreed I could go with Chris Jekas, now a resident of San Francisco."

* * *

LONDOS then went on to tell of his early days in this country. Let him continue his story:

"I was fortunate to be engaged as a strong man in a vaudeville act and this led to my employment as bottom man in a tumbling act and later I became one of the brothers in the act.

"Tiring of this, I quit, to seek laurels as a wrestler, and was booked in a burlesque house and paid three dollars for my work. Then I returned to vaudeville again as a bottom man and strong man in a tumbling act. I saved a few dollars, heard of an opportunity for a wrestler on a card at Santa Cruz, went there, wrestled, didn't get paid and went hungry for three days—nine meals—after which I bumped into a friend, who bought me a dinner and loaned me money to get back to 'Frisco.

"I had a few matches around San Francisco after this and after winning several was offered five hundred dollars and expenses to go to Portland, Ore., and wrestle a man named Berson. I beat him, was paid, and I felt like I had opened a gold mine. That was in 1916 or 1917.

"About this time I decided to change my name because it was too long. For hours I debated the value of names. Jack London was a popular hero, especially in California. I thought of the name London. But I was Greek, so finally I took the 'n' out of London and inserted an 's' and became Jimmie Londos. It sounded Greek, even if it wasn't.

"I got a match in Hepner, Ore., another in Butte, Mont., and while waiting for something to turn up, spent all my money. Offered a match at The Dalles, Wash., I beat my way there on a freight train, defeated my man in an hour and fifty-six minutes and was paid seventy-five cents. I hoboed my way all over the West, wrestled when I could, went hungry, spent nights around the jungle camp fires with the hoboes and, late in 1917, beat across the country to Chicago.

"I failed to get a match in Chicago, and was in a bad way for money when I was offered a chance to wrestle the famous Dr. B. F. Roller in Canton, Ohio. Dr.

The perfect athlete—Londos, the Greek Adonis.

to O'MAHONY

By A. D. PHILLIPS
(World's oldest active sports writer)

CHAPTER XXXVII

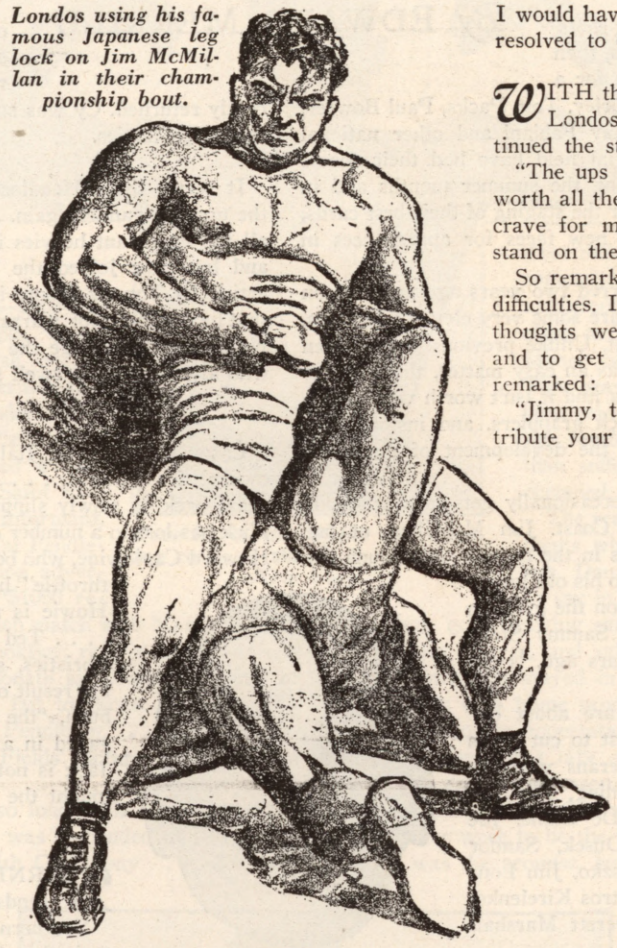
Roller's own brother loaned me the railroad fare to go to Canton, where I beat Roller and won a small purse. After the match Roller said to me: 'I wish I were your age; I would like to wrestle you again.' Roller was through; that was one of his last matches.

* * *

"I ARRIVED in New York in November, 1910, and was supposed to go to the home of my brother in Providence, R. I., but I did not go to Providence. I knew America as the land of the free, a place where one could do as he pleased, and I was afraid that if I went to the home of my brother I would again fall under the stern discipline of Greece, so, using what money I had left, I went across the country to San Francisco and lived with Jekas and another family.

"My first job was that of errand boy for a grocer on Sacramento Street, on the edge of Chinatown. I was paid five dollars a week. My next job was up in the mountains with a construction gang, where I worked as a water boy and lived in a freight car.

"At fifteen I saw my first professional wrestling match between Zbyszko and Demetral, the Greek, and I paid twenty-five cents for a ticket and sat high up in the bleachers. Zbyszko looked like a whale, with a chest as big as a beer barrel. I wanted to see him at close quarters, and after the match followed him to the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco.



Londos using his famous Japanese leg lock on Jim McMillan in their championship bout.

"I was so impressed with what I had seen that I decided to quit my job in the mountains and strive to be a wrestler. I got a job in a San Francisco grocery store and joined the Y. M. C. A. I weighed 149 pounds and was relieved of much of my ego when a little boy of 120 pounds pinned my shoulders to the mat. I worked on a milk wagon, in a department store, and with construction gangs, but every night returned to the 'Y.'

"I began winning amateur titles at the 'Y' in 1914 and, in 1915, having won the heavyweight championship, decided to embark upon a professional career. A boy told me I could earn fifty cents wrestling someone at the Majestic Theater in San Francisco, and I went there, and wrestled a man after the show. There was no mat, just a carpet, and I won and was paid fifty cents.

"I quit my job and soon found I had nothing to eat. Someone told me I could earn some money posing for art students at the University of California in Berkeley, and I went over there and found a job at thirty cents an hour. It lasted several weeks and then I returned across the bay to San Francisco, broke again. Once more I experienced the pangs of hunger.

"I went next to Norfolk, Va., where I defeated Ivan Linow, and after several months, during which I was alternately broke and hungry, I arrived in New York, where I begged promoters to give me a chance. After wrestling twice for nothing I was booked to meet William Demetral, the Greek champion—the man I had seen wrestle Zbyszko in San Francisco. I defeated him, and was declared the Greek champion, upon which occasion I wrote my father telling him the news.

"He had been opposed to my athletic efforts, but now he softened and wrote me that the Greek championship was not enough, I would have to win the world's title and so I resolved to do just that."

* * *

WITH that part of his narrative completed, Londos sighed, then laughed as he continued the story of his life.

"The ups and downs of life. An experience worth all the money in the world. One day we crave for mere subsistence and the next we stand on the pedestal."

So remarked Londos as he told of his early difficulties. I could see in Londos's eyes what thoughts were travelling through his brains, and to get to the depths of his thoughts, I remarked:

"Jimmy, to what, or to whom, do you attribute your success?"

"To my manager," he replied without hesitation. "You see, a good manager can make a man and a bad one can break him, but in my case, I fortunately picked out a real live wire, and though we have had our differences in recent months, I must candidly admit that, if it were not for Ed White, who handled my affairs when I was the world champion, I wouldn't have made the success I attained."

It was White who rescued Londos at the time he was hungry and discouraged and wanted to toss up the sponge. Ed nursed Jemmy along, added weight to his frame, put his mind in a state of rest and then trained him to acquire the finer points of the sport. It was not until 1929 that their partnership, which lasted four years, was formed, and prior to that, Londos had undergone many trying experiences.

Londos had won the Greek championship in New York in 1920, but it was a hollow title. He scaled only 178 pounds at the time. Among his victims in those days were Charley Cutler, Jess Westergaard, Joe Stecher, Hussane the Turk, Earl Caddock and other stars in the period between the end of the World War and 1922, and even at that time he was considered a topnotch wrestler.

* * *

THEN he became afflicted with trachoma and all the money he had saved was used to cure the ailment. The following year, finding himself without funds, he went to St. Louis and there he was matched with the man whom he has always regarded as his idol—the elder Zbyszko—who had agreed to toss both Londos and another opponent within the hour. He succeeded in turning the trick on the first opponent, but he failed to pin Londos' shoulders. That made Londos popular in St. Louis, where to this day he still is their wrestling idol. Jemmy performed in that city, Chicago, Kansas City, Cincinnati and New York and had considerable success.

Twice in the St. Louis Coliseum he met Strangler Lewis and he dropped both matches, but it must be remembered that Londos was only a light-heavyweight at the time and Lewis was two hundred pounds or more. Lewis defeated Jemmy twelve other times, and in later years, when the enmity between the pair was bitter and the rivalry was exceptionally keen, Lewis and his ballyhoo artists always harped on those fourteen defeats of Londos, but until 1935, Lewis would never give Londos a chance to meet him when the Strangler held the title and Londos asserted that the reason for the refusal was because *(Continued on page 43)*

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDWARD MERRILL

IF the activity among the big shots in wrestling is any criterion, then the mat sport should be in for a good indoor season. Jack Curley, Tom Packs, Paul Bowser, Lou Daro, the Conte brothers, Ray Fabiani and other national figures in the wrestling promotorial field have had their scouts looking over fertile territory during the summer months and in addition to picking out the spots for the staging of their best cards, the promoters have signed many new faces for appearances in all parts of the circuit.

Some of the older boys who starred two years ago are now on the reserve list, and in their place are some very clever collegians, with a smattering of foreign talent. Unlike previous years, when the importation of foreign stars was an easy matter, there are so few abroad now that the promoters find it isn't worth while sending to Europe or to Asia for such grapplers, and instead they have been devoting their time to the development of American boys.

Ed Strangler Lewis, who still occasionally gets into action, is managing Vincent Lopez on the Coast. Jim McMillen, at one time one of the best drawing cards in the country, has found the going too tough and has returned to his old love—football. He will be seen in action on the gridiron with the Chicago Bears this fall. Sammy Stein, another good attraction of two years ago, is out with an eye affliction.

There are several others who are about due to quit the roped square or at least to cut down on their activity. Among the veterans who are still going strong are Jim Browning, Ed Don George, Gus Sonnenberg, Henri De Glane, Joe Malcewicz, Dick Shikat, Rudy Dusek, Sandor Szabo, George Calza, Wladek Zbyszko, Jim Londos, Abie Coleman, Ray Steele, Matros Kirelenko, Mike Romano, Tiny Roebuck, Everett Marshall and George Zaharias.

* * *

Rudy Dusek, a veteran who can take it and give it.

FROM the Pacific Coast Wrestling Notes, Charles (Spider) Mascall sends the following:

If O'Mahony will defeat Vincent Lopez and Everett Marshall, he will undoubtedly save what looms as another championship muddle. Marshall, boosted by Jack Reynolds and due to appear on the latter's Coast circuit, has come forward with the age-old ballyhoo of offering to post so many thousands to any charity if Lopez will meet him. Lopez is appearing on the rival circuit.

* * *

A new heavyweight has aroused the interest of the fans in San Francisco. The handsome wrestler who has pleased all with excellent bone twisting is Count Hugo De Collelmo from sunny Italy. He is appearing on Jack Ganson's wrestling offerings. Dear little Hugo is undefeated in these parts. He uses the hammerlock as a specialty.

* * *

In Portland, Del Runkel of Salt Lake City won the Pacific Coast middleweight wrestling title by tossing Danny McShane of Hollywood in straight falls.

* * *

Stacey Hall, Earl McCann, Dude Chick, Doug Henderson, Al Karasick, Dave Reynolds, Frankie Peck, Tetsuro Tsato, Al Stecher, Billy Hassin, Jerry Markus, Les Wolfe, and Mar Allah are some of the lighter men playing on the Reynolds circuit in California.

* * *

George Zaharias arrived in California with his young brother, Babe, in tow. Babe has the makings of a good wrestler. Washburn, Paul Boesch, "Long" Bill Longson, and Wee Willie Davis are all on the Coast. Cy Williams, who left these shores a few months ago as a second-rate grappler for the Antipodes, has recently returned. Cy was suspended in New Zealand and Australia for rough tactics.

* * *

It seems that "Headlock" Al Karasick has been attacked by the urge to wander again. Al, who is really a light-heavy, has met all the important heavies in the Northwest in the last few years and has now joined the light-heavy circuit in California. The article by Tommy Moore in the June RING gave Al all the credit that he deserves, for Karasick is truly the master of ring showmen. No matter how large the crowd is, Al Karasick is one wrestler who always gives a swell show.

* * *

Casey Colombo, an Italian from Santa Monica, is the proud owner of a garage . . . . Nick Lutze, the boy wonder of a few years back, is slowly slipping from the ranks of the topnotchers. Nick has lost to a number of lesser lights in the past month . . . . Howard Cantowine, who became famous when he started the "rope throttle" hold, is now campaigning in the East. Howie is an ex-logger from the Oregon woods . . . . Ted Christie, the youngest of the Sunland Christies, sports a nice pair of cauliflower ears, the result of a year's wrestling . . . . Jack Washburn, "the Boston Bully," says that he once engaged in a bout with the famous Jack Dempsey. Jack is not the only wrestler that claims to have fought the famous Jack.

* * *

BERNICE SANDBOE, Texas correspondent, sends in the following "Dixie Doin's":

Southern mat fans turned out en masse for their first look at Champ Dan O'Mahony. Daniel arrived in town, attended a swanky luncheon in his honor, gave a radio interview, and then sauntered down to the town hall to meet Karl O'Sarpolis in a wrestling engagement.

Although possessing none of the picturesque color and dignity of the former champion, and conducting himself more like a scared and bashful kid than a monarch of matdom, O'Mahony gave a fair show, taking Sarpolis in two straight falls, but not until Doc Karl had punished him considerably and had him heading for the ropes more than once.

* * *

To the Dixie fans, who are accustomed to action and spectacular showmanship, the match fell a little short. Sarpolis gave his usual sterling performance, proving that he is among the aristocracy of wrestling, and exhibiting no respect for the young champ. But little more can be said of the match. It was simply an exhibition, and a dull one, of how to get and break holds. And down here we demand much more than that of our 'rasslers. The first fall lasted only twenty-four minutes, with Danno winning with his flying scissors. The second fall went only nine minutes. Danno, paving the way with short arms to the head that had Karl groggy, grabbed Doc's feet and swung him around with a merry-go-round hold. In all, it was just a wrestling match. And a mediocre one, at that.

* * *

However, the sleepy-eyed young champ seemed to wake up a bit in his second match in Houston. No doubt he felt (if he didn't, he should have) that it was necessary to prove to the public that he could really get into action. He put up a good defensive battle against Paul Jones, skilled scissors star, but at no time did he prove that he is such a "boy-wonder."

To substantiate my statement, I quote from a local paper:

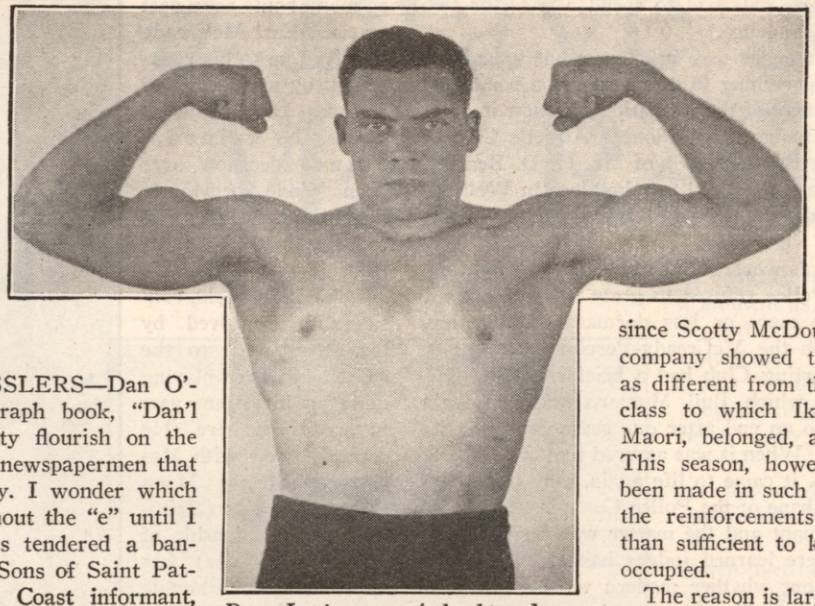
"Danno O'Mahony, the most colorless wrestler that ever held the heavyweight wrestling title, lucked his way to a two-fall win over Houston's Paul Jones, Friday night at the City Auditorium. The bout did nothing to prove to fans that O'Mahony is the logical successor to Jim Londos."

So that's that.

* * *

RAMBLIN'S ON RASSLERS—Dan O'Mahony signed my autograph book, "Dan'l O'Mahoney" with a mighty flourish on the "y," yet in Boston he told newspapermen that he spells his name Mahony. I wonder which is correct? I'll spell it without the "e" until I get word . . . . Danno was tendered a banquet here by the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick . . . . from my West Coast informant, Peter Backos, comes the news that Nat Pendleton, film player, inserted the following advertisement in a Los Angeles paper: "$1000 reward to anyone securing for me a finish match with Man Mountain Dean, formerly Frank Levitt of Brooklyn; referee and conditions to be mutually acceptable. I will donate an additional $1000 to the motion picture relief fund if I fail to throw him ten (10) times in one hour. (Signed) Nat Pendleton." . . . Incidentally, the Man Mountain plays in W. C. Fields' picture, "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

Sammy Stein, who has suffered so long with afflicted eyes, is greatly improved . . . . Joe Savoldi was suspended in Illinois for failure to show up for his match with O'Mahony . . . . Joe says he has evidence that he was unable to appear because of an injury . . . . Jim McMillen is giving up wrestling for a while to play with the Chicago Bears, professional footballers . . . . Jim is replacing Link Lyman, tackle, who returns to his alma mater, Nebraska, this year to coach . . . . Bronko Nagurski is also on the Bears' team . . . . the new coach at Haskell, John Levi, was a classmate of Tiny Roebuck's . . . . Paul Jones is back in Houston after a West Coast tour . . . . Paul's real name is Andrew . . . . the soprano fans swamp Paul and Rudy Strongberg with fan mail . . . . Dr. John Sarpolis, M.D., a Pennsylvania obstetrical specialist, was in Houston several days visiting his brother, Doc Karl . . . . when someone asked Jack McGrath, the champ's manager, how to pronounce O'Mahony, he said that lately people had been calling it "Oh My Honey" . . . . a local scribe called Mahony "the baby-faced champ" . . . . Tom Packs, St. Louis impresario, was among the celebs here for the Mahony-Sarpolis match . . . . Bill Sledge, local wrestler, is barnstorming in Florida . . . . Ray Steele forgot his dignity and thumbed his nose at Rudy Strongberg during their match . . . . tch, Ray.



Dave Levin, one of the best drawing cards in the Pfeffer stable in New York.

HERE'S some news from F. W. Bosher, of the Wellington, New Zealand *Evening Post*:

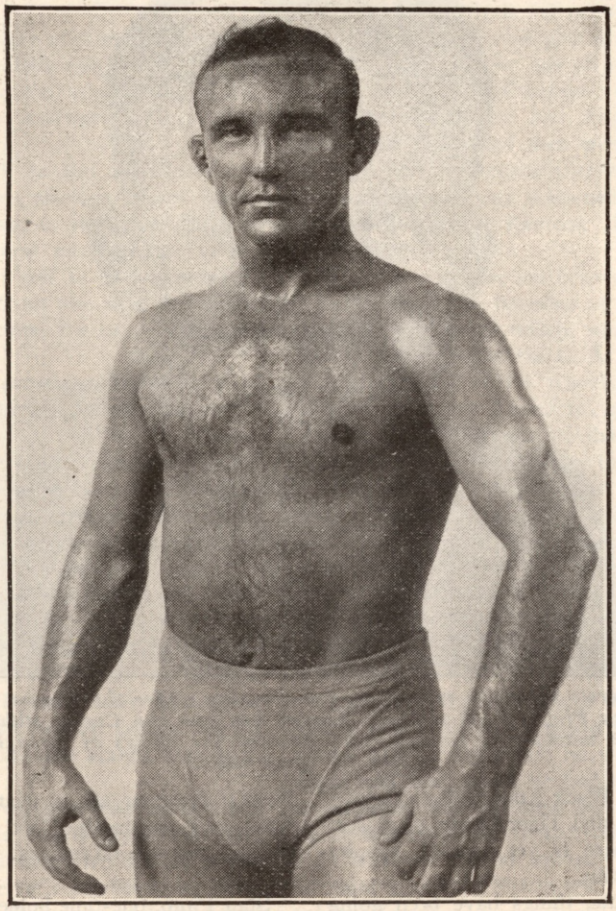
New Zealand, in its small way, has served as a happy hunting ground for troupes of American wrestlers during the northern summer for some years now, ever since Scotty McDougall and Abe Coleman and company showed that modern wrestling was as different from the ponderous efforts of the class to which Ike Robin, the mountainous Maori, belonged, as was chalk from cheese. This season, however, the invasion has not been made in such large numbers as usual and the reinforcements have scarcely been more than sufficient to keep the four main centers occupied.

The reason is largely to be found in developments which occurred at the end of last season. Dan Koloff, who had more than a little to say in the arranging of matches, had in his team some good drawing cards in Gus Sonnenberg, Dean Detton, Dr. Freddy Meyer, and others, with the ex-Canadian, George Walker, who has stayed in the country long enough to be regarded now as a home product, only too willing to practise his back slams on the importations. Big things were promised at one stage and there was talk of open-air stadiums being necessary toward the end of the season to accommodate the crowds that were going to crash in on the matches in which Koloff, Sonnenberg and Walker were to be the big draws.

That was the promise, but the realization made the proverbial pancake look like a piece of puff pastry. After one meeting between Walker and Koloff had packed the Wellington Town Hall to capacity the pair did not meet again, while Sonnenberg, when he made a belated arrival after a visit to Australia, failed to tempt a jaded public's appetite by a series of matches from which Walker and Koloff were conspicuously absent. The final showdown came when the Sonnenberg-Mamos bout at Auckland was ruled "no contest" by Referee Charley Pollard.

Outside the ring there was another development, the ultimate effects of which it is not easy at the moment to foretell. Mr. H. D. Bennett, who had been at the head of the New Zealand Wrestling Union's affairs since the inception of the body, had his connection with it severed, and the union finished the season with a new managing secretary.

Such was the state of affairs when the 1934 season came to an untimely end. The summer passed and in due course arrived May and the beginning of the current season. Near the end of April, Al Pereira, Hardy Kruskamp, Cy Williams and Leo Narberes had landed in Auckland. In previous seasons the arrival of the invading forces had been the signal for immediate action



Marshall Carter, a middleweight wrestler of note, who hails from Centralia, Missouri.

but this time Pereira and his pals had to spend a week or two waiting for operations to commence.

Eventually the season got under way in earnest but it had not gone far when there came something in the nature of a bombshell in the form of an announcement of the formation of a new importing organization under the name of the Pioneer Athletic Club of New Zealand (Inc.) under the presidency of Mr. H. D. Bennett. At the same time a bout was advertised to take place in Wellington between Earl McCready, then inward bound from 'Frisco, and Pereira.

The New Zealand Union, however, decided to go down fighting, and the Commissioner of Police refused to grant a permit to the National Sporting Club, a more or less dormant organization, under the auspices of which the McCready-Pereira bout was to have been staged. The Sporting Club had a brief reign in 1932, handling a small team in which Bull Montana was the main figure, its actions coming to an end after one season through its inability to secure wrestlers. When it was assured that the Pioneer Club would supply the men, it came to life again, only to run up against a brick wall in the shape of the Police Commissioner.

The latter remained adamant and the matter was finally taken to the Supreme Court, where learned judges hastily swotted up newspaper reports to find out whether modern wrestling was a form of prize-fighting, a vaudeville show, or just what it was. Opposing counsel (who included the chairman of the Wrestling Union, Mr. J. D. Willis, himself an amateur wrestler of no mean ability) delved into England's ancient history in their efforts to convince Their Honors one way or the other, and finally the Bench decided to masticate what they had heard and read at their leisure. At the time of writing, the results of their study have yet to be announced and, in the meantime, the Union continues to be the only organization offering men to the affiliated associations.

The challenge to the Union's control was one challenge but since it was issued there have been enough gauntlets thrown down to fit out a whole army of knights. The majority of them have fallen at the feet of George Walker, while the latter has, until recently, sat in state as the proprietor of a provincial hotel with the much-disputed Empire championship crown resting uneasily on his head. Walter Miller and his charge, Earl McCready, after a fruitless trip to Australia, have hoisted their standards outside the Walker camp and dared Walker to come out and decide by battle whether McCready's broad seat is on the Empire wrestling throne or whether he is the pretender and Walker the rightful monarch.

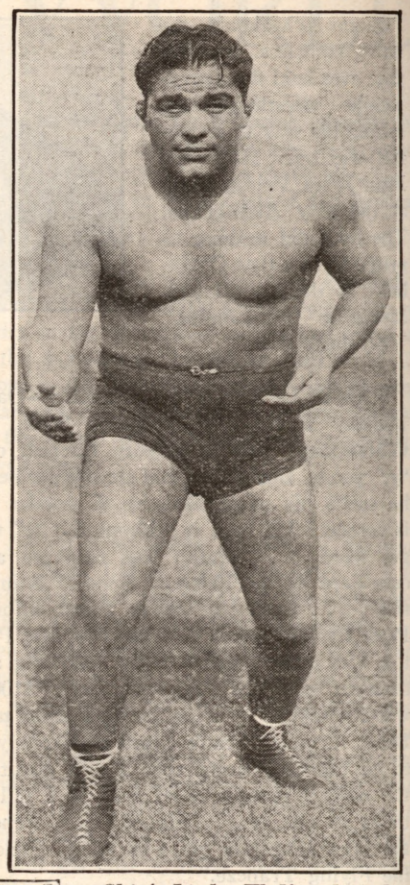
Then there has come a new knight, one Peter Venter, fresh from the South African veldt, who claims to become top-dog among the Britons by reason of his conquests in the land of the Boers. Walter Miller regards his challenge with so little seriousness that he has offered to take him on himself while McCready waits for Walker to move. Also there are some Black Knights from India—Jaget Singh, pupil of the Great Gama, and Tiger Duala, at present campaigning in Australia, where there is yet another Empire challenger in the person of Billy Meeske.

Apart from the Empire title dispute, things have been going along much as usual, except, perhaps, that there have not been as many bouts as in past seasons. Earl McCready has lived up to his reputation by defeating all comers. In his latest success he gained a points decision over Glen Wade, previously undefeated, before a capacity house at Dunedin.

Lefty Bloomfield, considerably improved by his recent visit to the States, has been playing quite an important part in wrestling here. He recently drew with McCready. Strong Man George Hopkins (claiming the championship of the British Isles) has exhibited considerable brawn without the necessary cooperation from his headpiece to bring the desired results.

* * *

SEEN AND HEARD AT THE RINGSIDE—The veteran middleweight, Joe Parelli, has a new stunt for ringsiders. He enters the roped circle with his toenails painted . . . . We are sorry to hear that blindness has terminated the splendid career of that fine Jewish laddie, Sammy Stein . . . . Ernie Dusek is one of the roughest gentlemen to show in Los Angeles . . . . Jagat Singh, the thigh-slapping Hindu matman, who has met the best in America, is en route to the wrestling fields of Australia . . . . Lefty Bloomfield represented Australia at the recent tournament in Los Angeles.



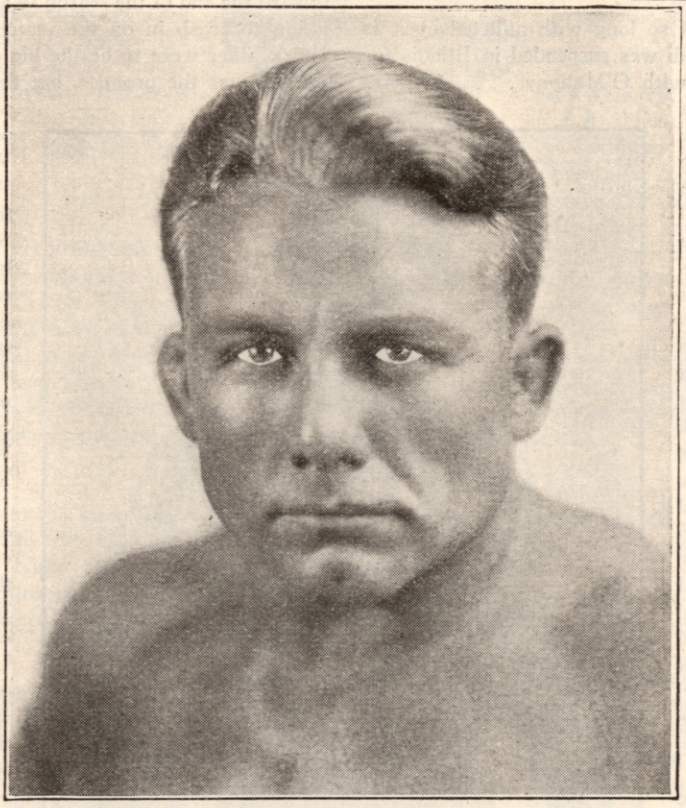
Chief Little Wolf, who, despite his defeat at the hands of O'Mahony, remains a headliner around New York.

* * *

Sheik Mar Allah, the welterweight, has been seen in action around San Francisco. Recently Mar Allah met the welterweight champion, Jack Reynolds, and just before the bout, the Sheik announced that he was sure that it was a man in the Reynolds outfit that stabbed him in the back in the Benton Harbour affray nearly two years ago. You can imagine what Jack did to the "Son of Persia," as the Sheik calls himself, for that unkind remark.

* * *

Stan Pinto, one-time holder of Australian titles, was eliminated from the recent tourney for non-ability. *(Continued on page 48)*



Everett Marshall, who is now performing under the banner of Jack Pfeffer in New York. Everett has quit the Curley stable. His manager is Sandow, who handled the affairs of Strangler Lewis for many years.

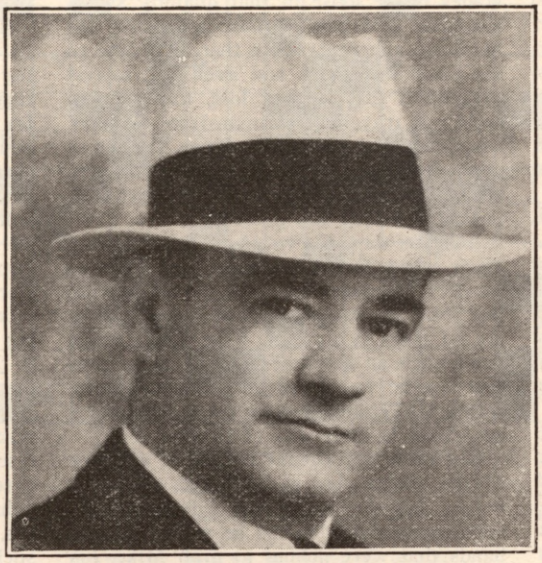
Takes *a* Brave Man *to be a* Mat Referee

By ED. W. SMITH

IT takes a mighty brave man to get into the ring with a couple of these present-day wrestlers and go through all of their antics with them—and then have mental balance enough at the finish to make an intelligent decision.

Maybe that's why they are getting the Jack Dempseys and the Max Baers and the Jess Willards and other courageous sachems of the prize ring to become refereeing buffers for the "beeg, strung fellers." It is no spot for a weakling, no place for the namby-pamby. You've got to be as tough and as rough as they are, and that's plenty these days.

One night in Los Angeles I saw a handsome gent struggling with a couple of hardy behemoths and he was having a whale of a time. His bald pate was bobbing and weaving right along with them in the thick of the fray and in a short time he looked as if he had been dropped off one of the ocean piers and had suddenly been rescued and dumped into the middle of the shambles. He was that moist.



Dan McDonald, scrappy California referee.

Jim Browning and George Zaharias were at it might and main and, if you know your Greeks, and especially this Zaharias chap, you know how rough they can get. And that night George was doing his utmost to take Browning apart and spread him around the arena in rather small portions.

Presently George got a front headlock on Jim and the referee inserted his own arm into the lock to see whether or not it was a strangle. As he did so, George switched to the other arm and locked the referee's wrist into the general mix-up. Just at the same moment Browning made a violent roll to one side to get away—and bang!!! That referee's head hit the mat, Browning flopped on top of him and above all came the crashing frame of the 230-pound Greek.

When the referee's head hit, he lay prostrate, and on top of him there heaped up some 450 pounds of sweaty, struggling rassling talent!

This mix-up was over in a few seconds. The wrestlers struggled free, arose to their feet and continued the combat as if nothing had happened. But the referee lay there, completely out, dead to the world. Around and around the ring went the wrestlers, now on the ropes, fighting and gouging and slamming away, seemingly entirely unmindful of what had happened to the hapless judge of play.

The crowd was screaming with joy to see the mishap and to realize that the arbiter had been put down for several counts. Funny, isn't it, that spectators generally are vastly amused at seeing an official hurt? When a baseball umpire gets a painful crack on the shins with a foul tip, don't the stands just rock with amusement and satisfaction?

So it was on this occasion. The referee, in a deep, mental fog and not seeming to know where he was, finally rolled over and got to his knees. That huge crowd had forgotten all about the wrestlers in their keen enjoyment of the ref's predicament. They howled with pleasure and offered him all sorts of advice, most of it of a sarcastic and comedy nature. But he was game, for he clenched his fists and it looked for a moment as if he were going to take a good punch at one or both of the contestants.

But he didn't. Slowly and quite groggily he got to his feet, shook his head hazily and went on with the routine of his business as if nothing had happened. And that crowd, sorry apparently that he had not been carried out on a stretcher, took up the match itself again and forgot the third man in the ring.

Later I got to know this referee, Don McDonald, well and found him a quite unusual young man. He's thirty-nine now and, in the eighteen years he's been at the game, has acted in something around five thousand contests under all sorts of conditions and in many different settings. He was born on a Tennessee farm with a strong background of horses and dogs and always retained his tremendous inborn love of these animals.

At his home in Long Beach, Calif., he raises setters, pointers and police dogs, but never went in for it commercially. It is his proud boast that he never sold a dog in his life, his greatest pleasure being in giving them to friends and the many pals he has all over southern California.

Don moved into Riverside, Calif., when quite young and got early training at the Los Angeles Military Academy. He was there four years and then went to the University of California at Berkeley, graduating just when the war was starting. Later he enlisted and was stationed with the ground school in the aviation service at Rantoul, Ill. He also took a course at the University of Illinois.

He became a flyer but later never pursued it as an occupation. Returning to Los Angeles at the close of hostilities, he again took up wrestling, which was his favorite school sport, and became a member of the L. A. A. C. team at 160 pounds.

In the course of his travels he became well acquainted with Earl Caddock of Anita, Ia., and saw a lot of service in the various training camps of that sterling man of the mat. And McDonald thinks to this day that there never was and may never again be such a finished and thoroughly skilled performer as was this product of the Corn Belt.

All of this time Don was making a living selling bonds and securities but that love of the mat game prevailed and for a time he became manager of Chris Jordan and toured much with that excellent middleweight. This naturally gave this natively bright young man a keen insight into the grappling game and, when he returned to Los Angeles, he couldn't be denied.

One day in the club offices he chanced to meet a good looking young man who was begging for work on one of the oncoming cards. The stranger said he was a recent graduate of Michigan State and that, while he had done a lot of athletics in college, he admitted that he knew but little of wrestling as promulgated by he leading artists of the day.

"I was just a good amateur, but I think I've got the physique to stand it, and I'd like to try," he told McDonald over a luncheon table.

"My name's Ed George, but they *(Continued on page 45)*

Mike McTigue, the Methuselah of the Ring

(Continued from page 34)

Jack Taylor, Tut Jackson, and others of less renown. Here and there he scored a win over some mediocre performer. But Siki was never civilized, in the true sense of the word. The savage in him dominated all else, and he knew no restraint in the satisfying of his animal appetites. Promoters never could depend upon his keeping an engagement—he was as likely to get blind drunk on the eve of battle as not. His finish was no surprise to those that knew him, he had gravitated naturally to the underworld, and when his lifeless body was found, shattered with bullets, on a dark New York street corner in the early hours of morning, the general verdict was that he had "gone West" exactly as everyone expected him to do.

McTigue was in the big money now, and soon after his return to the United States, he picked up a couple of nice purses in no-decision bouts with Tommy Loughran, of eight and twelve rounds respectively. It was at this juncture that Joe Jacobs accepted an offer for Mike to box Young Stribling at Columbus, Georgia, and the pair met on October 4, 1923.

Now, let it be clearly understood that the same Mr. Joe Jacobs is nobody's fool. His skill in piloting the fortunes of fighters has earned him the reputation of a past-master in the art of seeing that he doesn't get the worst of it. To have Joe for his mentor meant a whole lot to a glove-slinger. The mitt-man could always check his worries with the manager and forget about them; all he had to do was battle, and leave the rest to Jacobs.

Joe Jacobs was well aware that Stribling was the petted pugilistic darling of the South. From 1921 up to the date of his meeting with McTigue, Willy had engaged in eighty-seven contests, a goodly number of which he won via the kayo route, and lost only three point verdicts. However, as most of these contests took place in the "sticks," and there were no big names among the men he whipped, Joe Jacobs had good reason for concluding that Mike would whale the Pride of Georgia and do it handily, at that!

At the same time, Joe wasn't taking any chances. Even though Mike's title was not at stake, it would be a great feather in Willy Stribling's hat to beat the holder of the world's light-heavyweight title, and if a Southern referee were to officiate as third man in the ring, there was no telling what might happen. And so it befell that Jacobs, with a laudable interest in his fighter's well-being, informed the Georgia promoter that there would be no scrap unless a referee was selected from the outside. McTigue's manager named Harry Ertle of Jersey City as an arbiter of fistic fate in whom he had confidence, and this choice was okayed by the Southern fistic impresario.

It merely goes to show there's no such thing in this world as "making absolutely sure." Beyond stationing an armed body-guard in Mike's corner with instructions to shoot if any funny tricks were pulled by the opposition, Joe Jacobs couldn't have gone any further than he did in trying to protect his man's interests. There were, of course, reasons why he couldn't put over the covering gunman idea, but one would suppose that having his own referee ought to have provided gilt-edged security.

Well, it just didn't, that's all! The bout was fairly close, with Mike having something of a shade on points, enough, anyway, to induce Referee Harry Ertle to declare McTigue the winner. And then Hades broke loose in that quaintly sweet, romantic Southern atmosphere. For the Stribling adherents were there in force to see their man win, and even the merest suggestion that he had lost, made by an indiscreet traveling salesman from Gotham, who had dropped in to witness the slamming festivities, resulted in that salesman being rough-housed alarmingly, beaten to a pulp, and tossed into outer darkness.

Imagine, then, the wrath of the Southern gents when the referee had the crust to actually announce that a bog-trotter from the Emerald Isle had kicked the stuffing out of their Willy! Or, if he didn't really make such an announcement in those precise words, he hinted as much, when he raised McTigue's glove in token of victory, according to their way of looking at it.

Out came a gorgeous muster of artillery of the six-shooter variety, and, as if by magic, culled from Lord knows where, ropes appeared, clutched in willing hands, hands that were aching to grab Mike, his manager, and referee, and string them up to a convenient lamp post or telegraph pole, there to hang as an abiding lesson in manners for brash invaders from the North.

Ertle started to make a hurry-up exit from the ring, but the threatening faces that confronted him made the inside of the ropes seem safer, though not too safe, and he returned. The hubbub was at its height when the promoter of the show acted on a fortunate inspiration. Leaping to Stribling's side, he grabbed Willy's right arm, held it up in the air, and in thunderous tones declared Georgia's Pride the victor.

But there was to be yet a third chapter in this weird tale of mixed verdicts, for Ertle had no sooner witnessed the calming of the storm and reached a place where he was secure from the outbreak of the mob's primitive emotions, than he delivered a final decision to the effect that the bout was a draw, and it was as an even-steven proposition that it at last found listing in official records.

While Mike's combat with Siki resulted ultimately in a slide downhill to disaster for the Senegalese, that with Stribling proved of great benefit to the Southern boxer. For, prior to his affair with McTigue, Stribling's reputation was rather local than national. But, apart from the fact that he held his own with Siki's conqueror and wearer of the world's light-heavyweight crown, the somewhat humorous circumstances attending the Columbus battle came in for considerable lively comment by sport-writers from coast to coast, and from then on Willy's widely advertised name became of value on any showman's card.

McTigue remained champion of his class for a little over two years, when he lost the title to Paul Berlenbach in fifteen rounds of hard milling on May 30, 1925. Jack Delaney, then at the zenith of his dazzling, if rather limited, career, was the first boxer to score a knockout over Mike. This occurred on March 15, 1926, and McTigue, though thoroughly defeated, was not counted out, as Referee Patsy Haley called a halt in the fourth round, when Mike was practically helpless on the ropes.

The boxing critics one and all proceeded to chant requiems over the pugilistic passing of McTigue. In nine cases out of ten they would have been justified in so doing, for Mike was a fairly ancient bird to be pouncing around fight rings even then. But there were many good scraps in his carcass yet, and, much to the astonishment of the somewhat chagrined prophets, he executed an extraordinary comeback in 1927 and knocked out his former conqueror, Paul Berlenbach, in four rounds.

Mike had come under the jurisdiction of the exceedingly subtle and far-seeing James J. Johnston, then, as now, a potent force in the glove game. After McTigue was stopped by Delaney he had a heart-to-heart talk with Johnston, who persuaded him to discard his clever defensive tactics to some extent in favor of going in to give and take. Johnston believed in Mike's punching powers, especially with the right mawley, and such was the psychological effect of James J.'s arguments that the Irishman did as he was asked, and prior to the second Berlenbach episode, scored knockouts over King Solomon and Billy Vidabeck, besides giving sturdy Johnny Risko of Cleveland a terrific mauling.

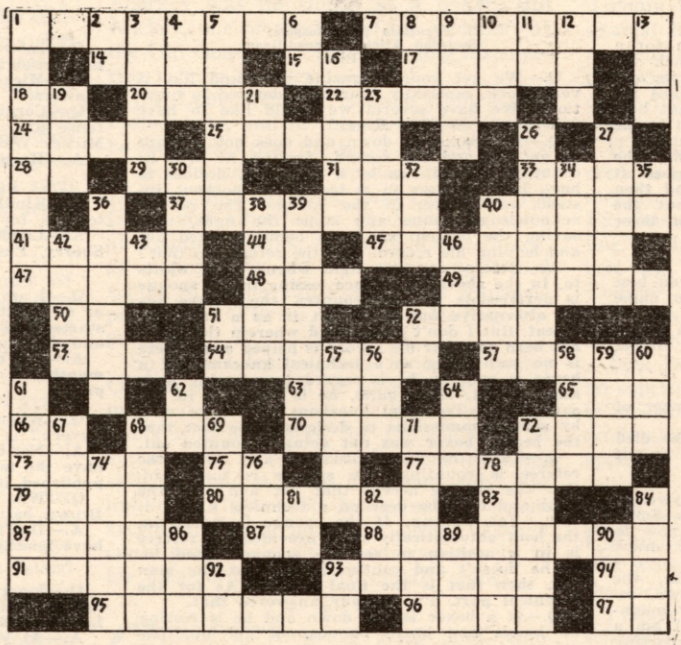
One of the greatest battles fought by McTigue ended in defeat, when Jack Sharkey, then a leading contender for the heavyweight title, won from him in the twelfth round of a fiercely contested bout at Madison Square Garden on March 3, 1927. The bout was stopped by Referee McPartland when one of Sharkey's punches broke a pivot tooth loose in his opponent's mouth, severing an artery in an upper gum, and causing the blood to flow freely. At that particular time McTigue was actually leading on points. The spectators were thrilled to see a man of Mike's advanced years outpunching a youth who outweighed him by nineteen pounds, and it was for McTigue, instead of the lucky winner, that the crowd rocked the building with cheers, as they streamed forth into the night.

It was late in 1927 when Jack Delaney vacated the light-heavyweight throne to campaign among the big fellows, and the Boxing Commission gave back McTigue his old title, with the proviso that he must battle Tommy Loughran, leading contender for the honor. Loughran got the decision, though Mike was fighting back hard at the finish. It was evident that the toll of the years was beginning to prove a bit heavy for McTigue.

Yet he kept on milling, but the losing side of his record was gradually mounting higher, with decisions dropped to Leo Lomski, Tony Marullo, and others, while Mickey Walker, Tuffy Griffith, Jack Gagnon and George Hoffman scored knockouts over the ex-champion.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?



HORIZONTAL

1. Referee Lou .....
7. New champ of the Heavyweight wrestlers.
14. Pertaining to air.
15. Initials of lightweight whose real name was Mandello.
17. By one's self.
18. Refusal.
20. Punjab wrestler who threw Zbyszko in record time.
22. A fruit.
24. Runners who are fast are compared to this animal.
25. Portuguese fighter who is taller than Carnera.
29. Hans Stienke; The German .....
31. To sob.
33. Single.
37. Lightweight champ in 1912.
40. Vapor of water.
41. Capital of Tibet.
44. All Over (abbr.).
45. Wrestler who specialized with body scissors.
47. Ernest Thompson ..... American naturalist.
48. To annoy.
49. Birthplace of Phil Scott.
50. Against.
51. Outstanding Mexican Boxers.
52. Tiny person.
53. To work at a trade.
54. He took the Welter crown from Dundee on a foul in 1929.
57. To go over the same clue.
63. England's favorite afternoon drink.
65. Glass container.
66. Short for Adolf.
68. Intense with heat.
70. Two times.
72. A sport.
73. To approach.
75. Pronoun.
77. The "Herkimer Hurricane."
79. Not written.
80. The "Durable Dane."
83. Behold.
85. Gnaws at
87. Symbol for nickel.
88. Yellow birds boxers listen to when Kayoed.
91. Picturesque.
93. Losing color.
94. His last name is Singer.
95. Rosenbloom's favorite "Workout."
96. On the lee side.
97. Ring Enigma.

VERTICAL

1. He won title from Kansas in 1926 (Poss.).
2. Southern state (Abbr.).
3. Langford, Wills, and Wolcott were great ..... fighters.
4. Girl's name.
5. The "Aberdeen Assassin."
6. Like.
8. A chart.
9. To unite by treaty.
10. Garden tool.
11. Not off.
12. Just on the market.
13. Mountain goat.
16. Wrestling encounter.
19. Over (Poetic).
21. All Amateurs.
23. City in France.
26. Famous lightweight wrestler who held title for 20 years.
27. Clear (Sp.).
30. A Green bard (Myth.).
32. In addition.
34. In want.
35. Young Men (Abbr.).
36. A fight.
38. Girl's name.
39. Pompadour Jim.
40. English heavy whose real name was Shuffling.
42. A pile.
43. Like that.
46. Nickname for Yale.
51. A preposition.
52. Initials of a German heavyweight boxer.
55. The Strangler.
56. Dollings was his last name.
58. Partly open as a door.
59. Bars that keep wheels on motion.
60. Before long (Not Huey!).
61. Manager of Schmeling.
62. To set foot.
64. Mace was his last name.
67. Plainest of Greek architecture.
68. Capital of Montana.
69. A metal.
71. Country where Delaney started life.
72. He was dethroned by O'Mahoney last month.
74. Paired.
76. Average fight goes this many rounds.
78. Tattered.
81. Chinese measure.
82. South American tuber.
84. Small island.
86. Moral depravity.
89. Nothing. 90. A cauliflower.
92. Cross country.
93. Foreign Gladiator's (Abbr.).

(Answers on page 45)

It was after losing to Hoffman on the night of May 27, 1929, that Mike McTigue decided that his day was over as an active pugilist and later he formally announced his permanent retirement from the ring in a statement made to the press at large. Of particular interest to the fight fans was Mike's admission by the statement in question that he was nearly forty-five years old.

Mike's real age had long been one of the dark secrets of the ring. When approached on the subject by some inquisitive reporter he usually explained that his exact age was unknown, because the birth records of the village he lived in were all destroyed during a fire that started when the Black and Tans were conducting a raid in County Clare.

But age never bothered Michael. His chief concern was his right hand, which was liable to break rather easily when he landed a stiff punch on an opponent's head. Curiously enough, this right auctioneer was in better shape toward the end of his scrapping career than ever before. As previously mentioned, he broke his right thumb on Siki's hard skull, and it is a matter of record that he fought a majority of his battles with only one good mitt.

In his fight down South with Stribling, the right hand was in such poor shape that novocaine had to be injected around the base of the wrist to deaden the pain sufficiently to allow of his entering the ring. Finally a clever surgeon, Dr. Fralick of New York, operated on the injured member, removing part of the brittle bone, and inserting a platinum plate, after which Mike had no further trouble with the fist with which he had dealt out so many sleep-producers, even in its crippled state.

Unlike too many of his predecessors in the slugging game, Mike McTigue always put away something for the proverbial rainy day, but lost his savings in the crash of 1930. When he retired his three daughters and their mother rejoiced because daddy was through with the heroic striving and risks of the squared circle.

"The public has had him long enough, now it's our turn!" was Mrs. McTigue's comment when a sports writer asked her how she felt regarding her husband's exit from the ranks of fistiana. And if ever a gladiator was entitled to a long rest amid congenial surroundings that man is Mike McTigue.

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 37)

Lewis feared to be licked by the Greek after he had become a full-fledged heavyweight. At any rate, when Lewis finally did give Londos the chance, the Greek won and of that match we shall have more to say in a subsequent issue.

* * *

IN 1928, after Lewis had repeatedly attacked Londos in the press, Jemmy went to France with the avowed purpose of forcing Lewis, then the title-holder, into a match, but on the day that Londos arrived in Paris, Lewis left for England. Londos then went on to Greece, where the Greek government sponsored a match with Karol Zbyszko which drew a throng of seventy thousand. Jemmy's father escorted the son into the ring—an ancient custom. Londos had donated his services for the war orphans' charity and the match brought in two hundred thousand dollars to the fund. After a sojourn of several months, Londos returned to the States, where he resumed his attacks on Lewis in an effort to force him to accept his challenge for a titular bout. It was just about this time that he met White and formed the partnership that brought to him fame and fortune.

Londos is an all-around athlete. He is a splendid horseman, swims, boxes, plays handball and tennis and likes to fish. He attributes his splendid health and strength to the drinking of pure olive oil. Jemmy confided to me that ever since he was a kid he has taken olive oil as a health diet.

"Everyone who wants to be strong and healthy should drink at least half a cup of olive oil daily," said Londos, as he concluded his life story.

In the next chapter we will discuss the more important of Londos' bouts after he had won the championship.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

George Steffens, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—I have just taken an examination for a civil service job and find myself ½ inch too short for the requirements. I am 5 ft. 3½ in. and am 22 years old. Would your book, "Height Increase Exercises" enable me to gain that half inch within the next three months which is the time limit for my next physical examination?

A.—Yes, that should be easy. If you follow the exercises diligently, taking twelve exercises at a time until you complete the course and then select those exercises which bring about the greatest amount of stretching and harp on those as often as you can during the day.

Frank Walling, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—In your opinion, who were the seven best negro fighters? I do not expect you to name them in order.

A.—I would name—Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Peter Jackson, Joe Gans, George Dixon, Joe Walcott and Joe Louis.

Charles Sevito, Providence, R. I.

Q.—What was the name of the manager of Tiger Flowers and of what did he die?

A.—His name was Walk Miller, and he died of a pistol shot said by the authorities to be self inflicted.

George Selgrat, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—What has caused the deplorable flyweight situation in the United States? Why is Small Montana the only worthwhile flyweight now in American rings? Why have the other crack boys gone to Europe for their bouts?

Q.—Why has not Balcascar Sanchelli, the Spaniard, who defeated Panama Al Brown, received some recognition, outside of your magazine, as wearer of the bantam crown? I am a fairly consistent reader of Chicago sporting pages, but am pretty sure that Sanchelli did not get a line of space for his triumph.

Q.—Isn't it about time that some flyweight warrior be elevated into the champion throne? It is revolting to see the space under flyweight champion vacant month after month in Eddie Borden's ratings. Of course, it is not Eddie's fault. To my way of thinking every class should have an accepted title holder to promote more wholehearted competition. Can't the European boxing federations or somebody do something about the matter?

Q.—Who is the American middleweight champion at present? Why doesn't this individual and Marcel Thil get together some place or the other and settle the question as to world supremacy. It is irritating to see your magazine list Thil as world's champion and other periodicals not even mention him. Personally, I think you are right in naming Thil as the ace man, but why does the French boxer not come to this country and tackle some of our good men instead of beating far inferior men abroad?

Q.—What about these rumors that are floating about to the effect that Londos will soundly trounce O'Mahony some time this fall, thus leaving the impression on the average fan that the first bout was a fixed affair? To my way of thinking, this situation is not aiding wrestling any whatsoever and something or the other should be done.

A.—The only answer we can give you is that the flyweights of this country are not as good as they used to be and as this class is far more popular abroad, the good boys would rather fight in Europe or the Philippines. The situation of which you speak, was caused by Wolgast who didn't want to fight in England when he had the chance to at a big price. He also gained weight so rapidly that he outgrew the class thus leaving the title vacant.

As for Sanchelli, although we recognized him as the world title holder, boxing commissions of this country have taken it upon themselves to make champions by dethroning the real kings and putting in their place local idols or boys who have some push. Salica, by getting the decision over Escobar, is now the American title holder only. The Ring belt was not for the world title.

The American middleweight king is Teddy Yarosz. He has made several offers to Thil but Thil won't come here and Yarosz refuses to fight Marcel abroad. Thil is the legitimate world title holder, as is Sanchelli. Thil is not fighting inferior men. He has whipped every topnotcher worth while from all parts of the world, including this country.

We don't know anything about the Londos rumors.

G. B., Ontario, Canada

Q.—Has Max Baer a brother named Len? I was reading a hand bill in a nearby city between Len Baer and another fighter. The bill said that Len was a brother of the famous Max. Is this true?

A.—No. He has no brother Len.

Q.—Would you please advise me whether or not the Stebbing System of Height Increase is a reliable one to follow?

A.—Yes. It is O.K.

Fransisco Soto Respete,
Sociedad Atletica Aguadilliana.
Port Rivo.

Q.—We get your magazine here and like it very much, especially your page devoted to questions. We have several we would like to have you answer in "The Ring."

Q.—If a boxer is down and does not attempt to get up and his second, fearing he will be counted out and lose by a knockout, decides to have his boy lose on a technical knockout instead, and tosses in the sponge. The referee acknowledges same and stops the fight, thus saving the beaten boy from being counted out and helping his record. Can the referee do that?

A.—Referee can stop fight whenever he wants to. In the above case, since tossing in the sponge is permissible in your country, the referee has no alternative but to accept it as a token of defeat. But I don't understand wherein the boxer has been saved or his record is helped any. There is no such thing as a technical knockout. If a boxer is stopped, he is regarded as having been knocked out. If he quits, he is regarded in the same light. Technical knockout is a term used by some commissions to designate the fact that the beaten boxer was not actually counted out.

Q.—Take the same situation and while the referee is counting, the sponge is tossed in. Can the referee accept that act and stop the fight and call the decision a technical k.o.?

A.—Yes, he can. If the sponge is tossed in, the bout automatically stops provided the referee is in a position to see the sponge tossed in. If he doesn't and continues to count the man out, then that is the final verdict. As for the technical part, I've already answered that.

Q.—If a boxer is put down and he is resting on hands and knees but cannot get up. The referee, instead of counting, waves to the other boy to get to his corner and calls the fallen man out. He announces that he has given the bout to the other fellow by a T.K.O. Is that a correct decision? Can he do that instead of counting?

A.—Yes, he can do that. He can stop a fight any time he thinks a fighter is helpless or in danger of being badly hurt. But again, I say the verdict there is a knockout, and not a T.K.O.

I would advise you to get a copy of "How to Referee and to Judge a Fight." You'll find all you want to know about refereeing in that fine book.

Arthur Shappung, Montreal, Canada.

Q.—Is the Foul-Proof Taylor Cup and Head Guard worth getting. Would you recommend it? If not, what cup would you suggest?

A.—By all means. It is the finest cup and headguard on the market. I have just arranged for "Foulproof" to permit all readers of The Ring to take twenty percent off his regular price of $8.50, the same as we get for our readers from the Everlast Sports Goods Co. on all merchandise which our readers purchase through us.

Alexander J. Hellers, Dannemora, N. Y.

Q.—Please tell me the receipts for the following fights: The three McLarnin-Ross battles; Canzoneri vs. Singer; Canzoneri vs. Chocolate; Singer vs. Mandell and Singer vs. Battalino.

A.—The Ross-McLarnin fights, in order, drew, $194,329.67; $138,902.62 and $140,480.

The Chocolate-Canzoneri fights drew—1931—$83,408.45 and 1933—$27,777. Sorry I can't locate the others.

Don Carmichael, Stony Plain, Alta.

Q.—I am about to start amateur boxing. What books would you recommend from the following list—Training for Boxers, How to Box, How to Second a Boxer and How to Referee? Does your Universal course cover all these?

A.—I would suggest the Universal course if you can buy it. It covers all that is in How to Box and Training for Boxers, and quite a lot more of interest. If you can't get this, then get only Training for Boxers and How to Box.

Angelo Morro

Q.—What would you suggest as good treatment for bad knuckles? They sprain easily while boxing or hand ball playing.

A.—I would suggest exercises that will strengthen them. Rowing is a good exercise. Also clasp a handball and tighten the fist. Do your road work with that, opening and closing fist from time to time. Massage the knuckles. Make a fist and then place the palm of the other hand over the knuckles and press hard down. Do this as often as possible. Chinning the bar will strengthen wrist and knuckles. Wood chopping is very good, also spading.

Q.—What nationality is Ed Don George and Savoldi?

A.—George is of American parentage and Savoldi of Italian.

Q.—Who was the greatest Italian boxer and wrestler of all time?

A.—I don't know. Matter of opinion.

Q.—Was Luis Firpo of Italian or Spanish descent?

A.—Born in Argentine of Italian parents.

G. Brown, Gustine, Texas

Q.—In your opinion who are the three best middleweights since 1920?

A.—Mickey Walker, Harry Greb, Tiger Flowers.

Q.—Considering cleverness, hitting power, defense and speed, which of these do you think Mickey Walker possessed?

A.—He possessed hitting power.

Douglas Webb, Long Beach, Calif.

Q.—Kindly name the six leading wrestling contenders for O'Mahony's throne.

A.—Londos, Browning, George, Marshall, Sherry, Peset.

Ben Edwards, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—I am 21 years old. Am I too old to start as an amateur? Would it be o.k. for me to get started and remain as an amateur for six months and then turn pro?

A.—Not too old. O.K., get started and after six months, if you feel you are good enough, turn pro.

Larry Wuinn, New York City

Q.—Where can I get the life story of McGovern? Is there a book for sale?

A.—No, there is not. I wrote his life story but have the manuscript in my office. I have never published it.

Q.—Who would have won a McGovern-Al Brown battle?

A.—Don't make me laugh. McGovern would have knocked Brown out in one minute.

Christy Christensen

Q.—I am 15 years old and am 5 feet 9 inches tall. I do five miles road work every two days. Is that sufficient?

A.—At your age, too much. Take a mile each way twice a week. That is sufficient.

Q.—Have you photos of all the old India wrestlers?

A.—No, only a few. You can buy Singh, Khan, Abuy Khan. The price is $1.00 each, size 8 by 10 inches.

Charles Curtis, Norfolk, Mass.

Q.—Where can I go in Boston to take up amateur boxing?

A.—Write to Doc Almy, Boston Post. He'll tell you.

Q.—How can one best strengthen the legs.

A.—Do road work, hill climbing, plenty of walking, rowing, swimming.

Fred Kulhaney, West New York, N. J.

Q.—A and B have a wager, in which A says that every time a heavyweight champion enters the ring either in an exhibition or a real fight, his title is at stake and if ko'ed, he loses title. B says he cannot lose crown in an exhibition. Who is correct?

A.—Both—depending on state where fight is staged. In some states, like in New York and Illinois, if a fellow enters the ring as heavyweight champion, his title is at stake because there is no such thing as an exhibition or over-the-weight affair so far as the heavyweight championship is concerned. In other states, they allow such exhibitions. If Braddock fought an exhibition in New York, if he received permission for same, which he would not, then his title would be at stake because the New York ruling is that a heavyweight champion risks his crown every time he engages in a fight.

John McNulty, Salem, Mass.

Q.—I love to box but have a very weak stomach. The slightest jab or hook to the stomach hurts and puts me in distress. What will I do to strengthen my stomach?

A.—Did it ever occur to you to see a doctor and find out exactly what is wrong with you? Your symptoms indicate that there might be some ailment which requires sound medical attention, hence I won't give you any exercises to do until you tell me that your doctor has found nothing wrong other than a weak stomach.

Q.—In moving some furniture I sprained my wrist and it swelled and never went back. I swing a shoemaker's hammer all day at my work and that keeps it sore continuously. Can you tell me how to strengthen the wrist and do away with that soreness?

A.—You didn't treat the sprain properly from the start. You probably injured a ligament that has never healed. You'll have to have it attended to by a doctor.

Owen Johnson, Moline, Ill.

Q.—If a fellow is knocked down in second round as bell rings and he is carried to his corner and is unable to come out for the third round, in what round was he knocked out?

A.—If he fails to come out after the bell has summoned him to fight in the third round, the knockout is recorded as in the third. If he or his seconds inform the referee during the second round intermission that he cannot continue and wants you to quit, then it is a two round knockout. You'll find that and many other interesting points answered in my book, "How to Referee and to Judge a Fight."

Takes a Brave Man

(Continued from page 41)

always called me Don in college," he continued in outlining his past. So it was that McDonald became interested in the Michigan State graduate. They went into a gymnasium, Don showed him a lot of the tricky as well as the straight stuff as used at the present time, and then got the promoters interested in him. That wasn't such a hard task as the search for new faces and "hot" material in the line of the unusual is constant and tireless.

So it was that along in the winter of 1930 and '31, Ed Don George got his first match at the Olympic in Los Angeles and was an almost instantaneous success. He "caught on" rapidly and went forward with such a rush that inside of a couple of years he had dethroned Gus Sonnenberg as champion and became holder of that portion of the title.

It is something in the nature of irony of fate that Don McDonald, the man who first recognized his possibilities and got him his first big match, should have raised George's hand in token of victory over Sonnenberg and not so long after to be referee also of the match in Los Angeles in which Ed "Strangler" Lewis snatched back the title from George before a huge crowd at Wrigley Field in the southern California metropolis.

"Rules now are broader and more elastic than ever," McDonald says in speaking of the present-day style of going at it. "There must be plenty of action and, whereas it used to be possible for a contestant to flatten out on his belly and stay there for an hour while the other fellow tugged at him, that wouldn't be tolerated in this age. 'Action' is the cry and that's what must be furnished.

"As for refereeing, lots of folks think the official should be clad in a suit of armor. Not a bad idea at that, but it's fact that he should be athletic and in good physical shape all the time. There is nothing to fear and, if you love the game as I do, there are few chances of getting hurt. But it takes an alert mind. A wrestler has to watch only his opponent. A referee has to watch both of them."

This from a man who long associated with such great stars as Ernest Kartye, Henry Erslinger, Wainon Kaitonen, Henry Gehring, the late Pet Brown of Texas, Jack Harbeson and Mike Yokel.

And outside of Earl Caddock he thinks Katoinen, the Finn, was one of the greatest, "the grapevine king," and with the speed of a demon.

Science Again to the Fore

(Continued from page 18)

as not only Palmer, but many another crack performer discovered to his cost.

It was his "tricks of the trade" that enabled Mickey Walker to wage successful warfare against heavyweights who possessed tremendous advantages of weight, height and reach over him. When Mickey held Jack Sharkey to a draw, it will be remembered that the former's rapid feinting and head-slipping puzzled the ex-seaman greatly and offset the physical handicap under which the smaller man labored. Yet Sharkey was no slouch as a boxer. But Mickey, one of the last of the scientists of the Old Guard, was immeasurably his superior in ring strategy.

Joe Louis' feinting is done from a flat-footed pose, and in this connection it may be mentioned that the great colored cracks, as a rule, adopted a similar stance. Peter Jackson, Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Joe Gans, and other stars of their race were all feinting adepts, and fought flat-footed, as opposed to the springing, agile-toed school of whom Jim Corbett and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien were the leading exponents.

So far as feinting and footwork went, O'Brien admits that he took Corbett for a model at an early stage of his career. Veterans who have seen the Philadelphian in action will recollect with what dazzling skill he could feint his opponents silly. But unlike Corbett, who to a certain extent sacrificed hitting power to speed, O'Brien could put over a sleep-producing punch, as his long, brilliant record clearly shows.

* * *

CORBETT'S great rival and conqueror, Bob Fitzsimmons, belonged to the flat-footed brigade and looked actually clumsy in action, as he shuffled slouchily around a ring. But the man was deception itself when it came to feinting, a sort of human thundercloud from which a lightning bolt would suddenly strike with terrific effect. In the fourteenth round of the Carson City fray, Fitz feinted for the head, drew back, shifted his right foot forward, and ripped in the famous punch to Corbett's stomach that made the Australian champion of the world.

During a chat with Jim Corbett a year or so before he passed away, the veteran ex-king of the heavies commented as follows on the art of feinting:

"I consider that there are three objects in feinting; the first, that of confusing an opponent until he is uncertain as to what is going to happen. This makes him shift his guard uncertainly, leaving an opening, from time to time, for the blow. Another is that of inducing a man to lead. It is natural for a boxer to counter, and when the feint starts him to lead, believing a blow is intended, it has accomplished all that can be asked of it.

"When a man counters at nothing, he is in a bad position. He is moving, first of all, and has his guard placed to receive the blow the feint suggested. It is absolutely impossible to alter the guard as suddenly as the counter comes home. The man who has made the mistake of trying to counter a feint is not only rattled, but unsteady on his feet. The feint may have placed him completely at his opponent's mercy, and a straight, accurate jolt often ends a fight.

"My object in feinting was to bewilder a man from the moment we got into action until the end of a round. I kept him keyed up by this continuous system, for he never knew what to expect. That sort of strain on one's nervous system after a few rounds is mighty painful.

"Joe Choynski was a great feinter. He had a way of rubbing his nose. Often, while Joe did this, an opponent would be induced to try a lead, and invariably Joe's hand would jolt right to the jaw. Benny Leonard had a similar trick, but Benny, instead of rubbing his nose, would part his hair. Tommy Ryan would double his glove up against his thigh, and when his opponent momentarily dropped his guard—out would go Tommy's punch, straight and true. I often dropped my hands as if I were tired, and that trick worked oftener than it failed."

It is worth noting that Corbett considered Loughran the finest feinting artist of modern fighters, and Tommy Ryan and Fitzsimmons the best of their day in that line. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien gave Corbett the palm, and, on the other hand, Tommy Ryan named Philadelphia Jack as a boxer whose feinting skill was unsurpassable.

Jack Johnson, in the writer's opinion, had no superior in the art of feinting with deadly efficiency, and there isn't a shadow of a doubt that a worthy successor to Jack has appeared in the person of Joe Louis.

* * *

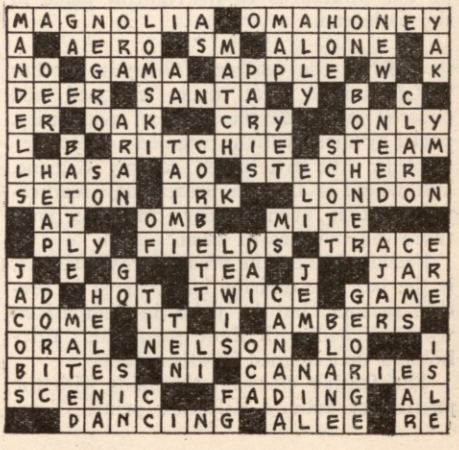
OF late I have noticed something of a trend in fighting circles toward scientific work, and away from the crudities of the mere slugging bees.

I have had hundreds of letters from schoolboys and college lads from all over the world asking for information on methods of defense. I have watched boys in the big city gymnasiums in training and have noticed the lack of knowledge those lads possess in-re the science of the sport.

It was with the aim of acquainting them with the finer points—the use of the feet and the arms and head as well as the fists—that I have just published my latest addition to the Ring Athletic Library, "Scientific Blocking and Hitting, and Other Methods of Defense." Every fighter and every manager and trainer of boxers, every instructor of the sport, should have a copy.

What Loughran, Canzoneri, McLarnin, Louis, Davey Day, Al Roth and several others of the present could master, every boxer with the least bit of intelligence should have no difficulty in learning. It's the fellow who knows his science, and at the same time possesses the punch, who is making the big money in boxing, and that should be the aim of every professional. As for the amateurs, that same combination is what brings them into the championship class, hence they, too, should develop it.

Answers to Cross-Word Puzzle from page 43



Will the Little Men Come Back?

(Continued from page 26)

later. When he was laid to rest in Manila, they practically buried the flyweight class in the coffin with him.

True, various and sundry have held and claimed the title since, but not a single performer as yet has approached within hailing distance of either Wilde's or Villa's ability. As one sports writer once remarked: "A fellow could be plenty good, and still have no business in the same building with Villa."

Perhaps that takes care of the present-day crop. No doubt the current crop is fair, maybe good, but compared to England's "Mighty Atom" and the little "Brown Panther," they appear sorry in comparison.

* * *

NOT only has the flyweight class been retarded by lack of an outstanding champion, but the banties have suffered the like fate. With the passing of Joe Lynch and unfortunate Pete Herman, days of adversity set in. The class that once boasted such rip-snorting title-holders as "Kid" Williams, Johnny Coulon and Terry McGovern, passed into comparative oblivion. Today, the class hasn't an outstanding performer. And when long, lanky Al Brown dropped what was left of the bantam title to Balcascar Sanchelli over in Spain, few noted the result, and less cared.

How different from the halcyon day of bantamweight glory when "Kid" Williams fouled Johnny Ertle a score of years ago, but was allowed to keep the title! Remember the riot that almost occurred! Remember the interest and furor that occurred when Pete Herman uncrowned Williams in a hectic twenty-round battle down in sunny New Orleans back in 1917!

Those were the days that bantams meant something in the land of swat!

And the day that Terry McGovern planted a haymaker on Pedlar Palmer's jaw to win the undisputed title back in 1899! That bout attracted interest along with those hectic frays of Jeffries', Corbett's and Sharkey's. Yes, sir, the bantam class didn't play second fiddle to any of the boys in that day and time.

But of late years, the class has been battered and pushed around, at times, to the point of extinction. Today finds the bantamweight division groggy and battered, waiting the appearance of another Dixon, McGovern or Herman to lead it back out of the wilderness to its rightful place in the fistic sun.

* * *

AND the feathers. There is another division that once whooped and cheered and rode the crest of popularity, paced by such brilliant ringmen as "Young" Corbett, Abe Attell and Johnny Kilbane. But where is there a present-day featherweight that even faintly compares with those old masters of swat?

Freddie Miller, the present crown-bearer, is the best the division has boasted in several seasons, but he pales in comparison when aligned with those pugnacious title-holders that reigned in other days.

The feather class hit the skids with the passing of Johnny Kilbane's prime. True, the little Clevelander held on to the crown several years after he passed his peak, but during the latter years of his reign, he defended his title only as the mood struck him. All told, Kilbane held the title the longest period of any ringman under the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

From February 22, 1912, until June 2, 1923, the name of Kilbane headed the featherweight division. More than eleven years a world's champion!

Where in the annals of modern ring warfare is there a brighter feat? By a strange quirk of fate, the man that defeated Kilbane held the championship the shortest length of time of any title-holder. Eugene Criqui, the hero of Verdun, beat Kilbane on June 2, 1923, and lost the crown in his first defense of it to Johnny Dundee, fifty-four days later.

Since Kilbane's passing, the feather class has produced some creditable performers, men like Johnny Dundee, "Kid" Kaplan and Bat Battalino have managed to keep the class in circulation. And now, Miller is endeavoring to put it back on its once lofty plane. But somehow, the Cincinnati lad seems to lack the sparkle and dash that made Abe Attell and "Young" Corbett fistic landmarks in days gone by. He lacks the marvelous polish that made Kilbane the peer of them all. But at any rate, he is the best of none too good a lot.

* * *

WHAT a revival these "little men" classes would stage if some angel of luck would drop down and present them all another Pancho Villa, George Dixon and Johnny Kilbane! Wouldn't they prosper?

There is an old axiom, "It's a long road that never turns," who knows but what there is a corner just ahead? Certainly these little classes have had their day of adversity, perhaps they are standing on the threshold of greater fame than ever. Who knows but what another Terry McGovern, another Abe Attell, another Jimmy Wilde or another Pancho Villa is already edging onto the fistic horizon?

Time alone can tell.

"Australian" Billy Murphy Reads His Obituary

Like Mark Twain, the death of "Australian" Billy Murphy was "grossly exaggerated." Through an error in the report of the death of Billy Murphy in a New Zealand hospital at the same time that "Australian" Billy was at the same institution suffering from a fractured skull caused by a motorcycle accident, the New Zealand papers broadcasted the death of the famous fighter a few weeks ago, only to learn, two weeks later, that it was another Murphy and not "Australian" Billy.

"The Ring," in its eagerness to do homage to a great fighter, carried his obituary in the last issue, and now that the error has been corrected both by us and in the Australian and New Zealand papers, we wish long life to this stalwart fighter of many years ago.

Chip off the Old Block

(Continued from page 24)

tell about the kid as a rather puny child and his knack for things competitive.

Mike recalls how Jack always liked to be testing himself in action. As a youngster, it was checkers. Then, as he overcame his rather frail health, Jack went in for skating. He became the Northwest champion.

He hung around the boys' clubs and got into handball. He was in order St. Paul city champion, Northwest champion, school champion at Detroit University and Detroit city champion while living in the Michigan city.

Meanwhile Jack had been getting into the bodily contact field and in high school was a crack halfback at football and an all-state center at basketball.

All this time, the kid had been assuring all comers that some day he would be a boxer "like father."

Out of college, Jack began talking about boxing in a big way and dabbled in the amateur shows. Mike decided that he should let nature take its course and that a good licking or two would be just dandy.

But Jack roared through the city and Northwest amateur championships and there was nothing for Mike to do but pray for the best.

Finally, the Old Phantom reasoned that some of the hard hitters down Chicago way could do the trick. Six weeks later the kid came home with his belt packed with fistic scalps. Then Papa Mike gave up and got on the bandwagon. And if anybody thinks the kid can't fight now, well, don't tell Mike.

Wesley Ramey Rises to Challenger's Post

(Continued from page 13)

of THE RING, Ramey took young, strong Buckey Keyes, another Jersey battler, over the hurdles in the same ring.

As this is being written, Ramey is preparing to leave for Grand Rapids to appear in a boxing exhibition for a charity affair. Sweet charity is something Ramey never overlooks. It is just another one of his outstanding virtues, about which neither he nor his manager ever boasts.

Tony Canzoneri, the world lightweight titlist, is being haunted by Al Roth, Lou Ambers, Frankie Klick and Cleto Locatelli. Ramey is eager to meet any one of this quartet to prove that he is the cream of the lot, but Roth, Ambers, Klick and Locatelli have not displayed any desire to meet Wesley in an elimination.

It seems to me that the solemn solons, noted for their fair play, would force the issue and give Ramey the opportunity he so richly has earned. After all, boxing is presumed to be a sport, and a man's sport, and in sport, every competitor deserves to have a fair chance.

In one hundred and thirteen professional ring encounters, Ramey has won all but nine battles. Some of his defeats were lost on mighty close decisions. But Ramey isn't saying anything at all about those decisions. He leaves that all to Pete Reilly, called the "Silver Fox."

Pete made Jack Delaney light-heavyweight champion of the world, and Andre Routis, Batt Battalino and Freddie Miller world featherweight champions. It may be that Pete may yet make Ramey lightweight champion. There is little doubt in the minds of true lovers of boxing that Wesley Ramey would be a real champion.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL McCOY, latest light-heavy sensation, is rapidly becoming an idol with Montreal ring fandom, and his performances under the promotorial banner of Jules Racicot, popular young Montreal impresario, whose earnest efforts are now bringing in their fruity rewards, have convinced the fans and experts locally, as well as the Montreal Commission, that the French-Canadian sharpshooter, whose real name is Florian LeBrasseur, is a potential world's champion. After dusting off Bud Migneault, Sammy Slaughter and Doc Conrad in short order, the classy McCoy took on Billy Jones, tough Philly Negro, and Joe Knight, Georgia's southpaw ace, in bouts that attracted keen interest and good attendance.

McCoy now holds recognition from the Montreal Commission and the Canadian Federation as the champion of the world in his division. His recent displays entitle him to a shot for undisputed recognition or a match with Maxie Rosenbloom, the clowning ex-champ, with the winner to meet Olin. A McCoy-Rosenbloom match would be a pippin. McCoy is a colorful, compelling figure in action, has a neat, showy and businesslike style, packs loads of dyamite in his mitts and loads of color in his displays.

McCoy earned his local titular recognition via a sterling fifteen-round win over Joe Knight, pride of the South, at the Mount Royal Arena before a near-capacity crowd of more than seven thousand. It was a gruelling struggle with either a likely winner up to the last two rounds when McCoy, pressing in consistently, blasted away with both hands in a surging drive that kept the weary Knight on the defensive. In fact, it was such a good battle that a return match would draw an even bigger crowd, but such a development is unlikely.

The supporting card was good and the fans got their money's worth. Harry Gerson, classy local Jewish bantam, took a while to hit his stride in his scheduled eight-round semi-final joust with Skippy Allen of New York. Allen had quite an edge in the action until halfway through the second stanza when Gerson unleashed a short right to the temple that hastened the finish a few seconds later. Maxie Berger and Roland Lauziere, unbeaten local featherweights, staged a peach of a six-rounder that ended in a draw, though it looked like Berger had outpointed his sturdy, rock-chinned rival by a good margin. Battling Henaire, Drummondville, outslugged the ill-conditioned local lightweight, Johnny Keller, in a fiery six-rounder and Johnny Ketchell, New York, kayoed Joe Kemp, Boston light-heavy, in the third heat of the opener after being on the floor in the second himself.

Racicot's previous show was at the Ball Stadium two weeks earlier, with McCoy hammering out a clean-cut win over Billy Jones, shifty and rugged Philly Negro, in the main ten-rounder, before close to seven thousand enthusiasts. Harry Gerson scored over Armando Luciano, Lynn, Mass., in the eight-round semi-final. Luciano subbed for Dave Castolloux, and his stumpiness in contrast with the tall, rangy Gerson made it a "Mutt and Jeff" act.

The prelims were short and sweet. Johnny Conlin won on a foul from Don Petrin, his local flyweight rival, in the third round of the opener. Maxie Berger fiddled around with his darting left for a minute or so then crossed his right and his opponent, Joe Dundee of Quebec, crashed to the floor, bumped his head, and rolled under the ropes and out of the ring to the ground. Another Quebecer set the example of deserting the ring in the previous prelim when Roland Lauziere biffed Buddy Lewis through the ropes at the end of the first round and Lewis barely got back to his corner in time to start the second round. Lauziere resumed his biffing and Lewis soon had to be saved by the referee.

Sherbrooke is getting back into its own as a fairly good center for fights. The Kouri brothers are promoting some good shows there and drawing as many as 2500 and 3000 fans. Paul Junior, Portland, Maine, walloper, is about the best drawing card thereabouts. Plans are in progress to build up several new favorites and the game should come along in the hilly city, where they like hard-hitting action. It is a good sign when the smaller cities start pulling them in.

Ottawa is also on the upturn, with the Montreal Forum being the power behind the promotorial guns. The Forum, with Manager Tommy Gorman and matchmaking advisor Armand Vincent at the helm, have started Ottawa on the comeback trail in the fistic whirl with a Canadian welterweight title bout between Gordon Wallace, the title-holder from Vancouver, and Eddie Carroll, Ottawa's classy prospect. The bout attracted a record crowd for Ottawa and the Forum will stage their shows alternately in Ottawa and Montreal, with Sixto Escobar, the dynamic Puerto Rican who got the "works" from New York "judges" in his bout with Lou Salica, according to reports and local sentiment, heading the Montreal cards.

Wallace retained his Canuck welter title, thumping out an early lead in the first six rounds with a two-fisted close range attack, and withstood Carroll's terrific onslaughts in the final heats. The Vancouverite's greater experience was a big factor in turning back Carroll's bid for the title. Another aspirant for Wallace's title, Sonny Jones, dusky Vancouver flash, displayed his wares effectively when he scored an impressive, clean-cut win over Joe Dunn, Montreal, in the eight-round semi-final. A Wallace-Jones title battle may now be on deck.

STRAY SHOTS—Game booming in Montreal now with two promoters going strong . . . . Racicot, with McCoy as his ace, and the Forum (the Gorman-Vincent team), with Escobar its main magnet . . . . Johnny Keller back from his trip to Europe . . . . Joe Marciente back from Atlantic City, ready for action with 126-132-pounders . . . . Myer Alper, classy lightweight, also back in harness and rarin' to go . . . . Henri Pilotte also in training again with revived spirits . . . . young local talent rich in material this year, which accounts for good prelims on the cards . . . . Harry Gerson likely to get crack at Frankie Martin's Canuck bantam crown shortly.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

DANNO O'MAHONY, world's heavy champ in the grunt and groan game, defeated the former champ, Jim Browning, in their match in Toronto before a crowd of fifteen thousand fans.

We have in our midst now Bearcat Carter, Bobby Orr, Eddie Carroll, Frankie Genovese, Sonny Jones, and two outstanding amateurs in "Spider" Armstrong and Sammy Luftspring, who, 'tis rumored, may turn pros. These outstanding boys will give us some great matches if they are built up intelligently.

Both Bobby Orr and Lou Keiswetter, the Canadian "Teuton Terror," have been offered matches and the challenge issued by Keiswetter through his manager to "Tiger" Warrington for a bout to determine a Canadian heavyweight champion has met with good reception.

The old Mutual St. Arena is to be operated again as a boxing arena. Great battles were staged here in the past.

When asking advice of this column, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address 126 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Canada.

Wrestling still draws crowds in London, Ont., St. Catherines, Ont., and a number of the smaller cities in this great province.

Tommy O'Loughlin, promoter at Sioux City, Ia., has asked me to say that fighters and managers wanting to show their wares at his Riverview Arena should write him. He will be using Keiswetter and Orr on one of his cards. Canadians draw well there.

IN THE POST BAG—A. G. Sherry, New Hampshire: Ad Zachow should do well here.

J. M. Wilson, Windsor, Ont.: Davey Paul would do well in a bout here.

A. G. Fittus, Trail, B. C.: Keiswetter ready to meet anyone in Canada for the heavy title. You stage the show.

F. S. Douglas, Kamloops, B. C.: News-clippings that Sonny Jones has in his possession claims he fought draw with Gordon Wallace. Jones is in our midst. Send your pictures to RING publication.

BOXING THE ROUNDS IN MISSOURI
With MURL BROWN

BOXING is on the upgrade in Missouri, with shows going in Kansas City, St. Louis, Poplar Bluff and Springfield, and with Joplin and St. Joseph getting ready to open. All four towns now open are drawing well. Tommy McHugh is handling Kansas City, Sollie Kesselerh has the go in St. Louis, Billy Siscoe is promoting in Poplar Bluff, and B. C. (Fat) Dent is running in Springfield.

Springfield—Allen Matthews, St. Louis Negro, K.O.'ed Sammy Jackson of Quincy, Ill., in five rounds. Young Simington and Occie Merritt of St. Louis boxed a fast ten-round draw. Jack Rymer upset all dope by his five-round K.O. of Ray Keech, popular local welter.

Poplar Bluff—Al Stillman, St. Louis heavy, K.O.'ed Roy Jeffers of Oklahoma in five rounds. Occie Merritt won from Tom Doizer in eight rounds. Young Doizer won from Tony Viviano in eight.

Kansas City—Sonny Boy Acker won from Pete Alacanter in eight hard rounds. Carl Lautenswager won over Frankie Lee in eight.

Poplar Bluff—Allen Matthews K.O.'ed Benny Payne in five rounds, and Occie Merritt won in eight rounds from Tommy Jones.

Springfield—Young Simington K.O.'ed Phil Vargas in five thrilling rounds.

George Wilseman made a successful tour of Pennsylvania last month with Allen Matthews, Babe Davis and Occie Merritt. Matthews K.O.'ed Marty Simmionds, something that Paul Pirrone and Lou Brouillard had failed to do. W. C. Beam has a good stable of boys. Missouri's best boys this month are Al Stillman, heavyweight; Allen Matthews, middleweight; Sonny Boy Acker, welterweight, and Young Simington, lightweight, with Merl Thompson taking the honors in the featherweight class.

MAINE NOTES
By RAN WEATHERBEE

FEATURE performers of the month in Maine rings were Lee Galarno in the featherweight class, Ted Drew who won another victory along his comeback trail in the lightweight division, Rudy Vastano among the welters, and Irish Jimmy O'Boyne who won the state middleweight title from Dom Labbe in no uncertain manner.

Irish Jimmy O'Boyne lived up to our predictions in last month's RING and demonstrated that he was easily the outstanding performer in Pine Tree State rings today. His battle with Dom Labbe of Lewiston, recognized state middleweight champ, was a classic because both boys were considered to be big time prospects and both had been moving along undefeated, Labbe not having lost a decision in some fifty starts and his brother, Paul Junior had been preparing him for five years and bringing him along with the greatest of care. O'Boyne, who floored Labbe for the count of nine in the second round and then stopped Labbe dead with a right hook in the last minute of the second. O'Boyne proved his right to the state 160 pound title.

During the next weeks, O'Boyne gave Tuffy Taylor a merciless beating in six rounds, whipped Hot Chocolate of New Haven, Conn. soundly in six, and stopped K. O. LaMouche of Waterville in two. Offers came so fast that Walter Johnston was forced to turn down several good shots which is very unusual these dull days.

Right now the Bangor Irishman seems to be the one boy in the state who can pack in a good crowd any time he starts and there is small wonder because he looks to be the hardest hitter of his pounds seen in this state for many a year.

In the other middleweight battle of the month, Dom Labbe, some three weeks after being stopped by O'Boyne, returned to the wars at Bath to fight a six round draw with Vincent Troianno of Portland, former Italian amateur champion.

The welters were active during the month. Rudy Vastanno, soldier welterweight of Portland, slipped over a quick one and stopped the hard hitting Tommy Gafney of Dover, N. H. early in the first round at Fort Williams. The quick victory elevated Vastanno close to the top in his division. K. O. Costello, Mexican welter who summers in Bath, gave Golf-ball Bernard of Portsmouth, N. H. an eight round hammering at Waterville. Hot Chocolate, colored welter from New Haven, Conn., beat Kid Roberts and Red Brown at Waterville and Jimmy McDougal at Lincoln, all in four rounders. McDougal fought an even four rounder with Tommy Reagan of Bangor at Lincoln, and stopped Johnny Ryan at Seal Harbor.

Other interesting bouts saw K. O. LaMouche, Waterville middleweight, get up off the floor to edge Blondy Gayton of Lewiston, at Waterville and Weston Ferguson, Howland lightweight and one of the most popular little men in northern Maine, return after a year's absence to fight the best battle of his career at Lincoln and edge out Battling Querion of Waterville in a thriller.

The featherweight division had seemed to be a dead heat with Pancho Junior of Waterville, Lee Galarno of Waterville, Henry LaGasse of Old Town, Frankie Merrill of Augusta and Buster Carroll of Portland battling back and forth quite evenly. This month Galarno, with previous victories over Carroll and Merrill, stopped the rugged little LaGasse in the fourth round and seemed to be king pin of the class for the time at least. LaGasse and Pancho had previously punched out another of their sensational but even contests.

The flyweight division is almost empty at present, but in Waterville little 100 pound Mark Proctor punched out his 48th and 49th consecutive victories and Peanut McKenny of Lincoln blossomed out as a prospect by stopping Young Philbrook of Bangor in one round and shading Barney Campbell of Brewer in four.

Al McCoy of Winslow, Maine's gift to the light-heavyweight division, swung down into Maine once more to dispose of Eddie Gates, Mohawk Indian who is a councillor at a boy's camp near Biddeford. McCoy battered Gates out in seven heats before his former neighbors at the South End Arena in Waterville, and then returned to Montreal to become recognized throughout Canada as the light-heavyweight champion by winning over Joe Knight.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 40)

The following heavyweights are good coastal prospects—Kimon Kudo, sensational Japanese, who, paired with Man Mountain Dean, drew one of the largest houses that the coast has ever seen. Kudo weighs only 170 lbs.

Handsome Harry Kent of Cornvallis Oregon, who is a pleasing grappler to watch, is an ex-footballer. Harry has beaten Cliff Olson, Jack Washburn, Indian Jules Strongbow, and others during his short career as a wrestler.

Pete Mehringer, who won the Olympic light-heavy title three years ago, is now wrestling as a heavyweight with success around California.

* * *

Known and Unknown Portraits—Bob Kruse of Oswego, Oregon, is the northwest's favorite bad boy. He is a cabbage farmer . . . . Bob was former amateur heavyweight champion of United States . . . . He is at present in South Africa . . . . Kruse was in Australia in 1928 . . . . Bob always packs them in wherever he appears . . . . He has accounted for such grapplers as Karl Sarpolis, Hardy Kruskamp, Howard Cantowine, Jack Donovan, Joe Gotch, Al Karasick, Marvin Westenberg, Ira Dern, Charlie Strack, Bill Demetral.

* * *

DAN O'MAHONY, Irish whip expert, won the heavyweight championship from Jimmy Londos and thereby took first place in the Wrestling Ratings standing of the heavyweight division which Jimmie Amann, Cincinnati representative of THE RING, issues each week. His ratings include 250 wrestlers. Jimmy's address is 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Midget Fischer still reigns as the light-heavyweight leader, Gus Kallio, the veteran Finn, is on top in the middleweight class, while Jack Reynolds is threatened as champion of the welterweights by several challengers, including Johnny Stote, A.F.W. champion, and Lord Lansdowne Finnegan, former N.W.A. mat champion, from whom Reynolds won back the championship.

These ratings which Amann issues are 25 cents in coin and a self-stamped, addressed envelope and can be secured at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O., through the Wrestling Rater.

The Ratings include the leading heavy, light-heavy, middle and welterweight wrestlers all over the world and about eight hundred wrestlers outline the ratings.

Johnny Stote, Schenectady, N. Y., welterweight and leading contender for the world's championship, and in some states recognized as title-holder due to the fact that Reynolds will not give him a title match, is now located in Memphis, Tenn., where Johnny continues to speed through the best welterweights and middleweights in that neck of the woods.

Jimmy Amann, representative of THE RING in southern Ohio, has outlined a wrestling promoters' and matchmakers' list for the benefit of wrestlers who wish to secure connections in certain parts of the country. Amann's list is one sale for twenty-five cents in coin.

Amann also conducts a Wrestling Question Box. Wrestling queries should be sent to Jimmy Amann, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. A self-stamped, addressed envelope will get immediate results.

* * *

JIM MARSHALL sends some interesting news to this column from Nottingham, England. Here is his contribution:

Being a reader of your American sporting magazine, THE RING, also a retired wrestler, and recognized one of the leading "All-In Wrestling" referees in this country, I feel I would like to post you on a little press news for your magazine, regarding "All-In Wrestling" and wrestlers on this side of the Atlantic.

"All-In Wrestling" is still very popular, and the sport is having a good run in the following cities and towns: London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Halifax, Plymouth, Bradford, Hull and Nottingham. Several halls seating from two thousand to six thousand are being filled regularly.

The best three British-born wrestlers in this country in the heavyweight division are Douglas Clark, Bert Assarati and Tony Baer. Clark is the recognized British heavyweight champion. He has never been defeated at "All-In." He also holds the championship for the Cumberland and Westmorland style of wrestling.

Bert Assarati has not been defeated since his return from America and Africa.

The Golden Hawk (ex-Royal Air Force officer), a brilliant heavyweight wrestler, is leaping to the front rank. He wrestled a beautiful contest with Doug Clark before an audience of seven thousand fans at the Olympia Hall, Bradford. Unfortunately, The Hawk had to retire injured in the fourth round.

Carl Pojello, who is still going strong in America, had a good run in this country and won all his contests. Pojello was a very popular wrestler in every city and town he visited. I refereed several of his contests and wish him success in America. He is a gentleman and a most scientific wrestler.

Our one-time popular wrestler, Atholl Oakely, is now near the bottom of our second-grade wrestlers, and his name is not considered as a drawing card by most of our leading promoters.

I am pleased to state we have a few good wrestling promoters who give the public the best goods and the wrestlers a fair deal, hence the packed halls.

Here are a few of the imported wrestlers who are making lots of cash and getting plenty of work in England:

Jim Burnett, Canada; Demitre, Greece; Maurice Litchford and Tiger De Lisle, France; Jack Wentworth, Canada; Estell, Switzerland; Stanley Roberts, U.S.A.; J. Doulas, Turkey; Carl Ferdinand, Germany, and Al Walsh, U.S.A.

I was pleased to see Tom Lurick's photo in your January magazine, also glad he pulled off the Australian championship. Tom was a particular friend of mine out in Australia, 1928, 1929 and 1930.

* * *

AROUND the mat circuits with Jimmie Amann of Ohio—George Logesky, the Canadian middleweight, is located down in Tennessee, where he is going like a house afire . . . . also site of Johnny Stote, ranking contender for welter crown . . . . Stote remains undefeated in his class in over three years' activity . . . . every real fan who knows the welterweight division has been clamoring for a Reynolds-Stote match to settle the five-year-old "championship controversy" between these two mat artists . . . . Sammy Klein, Jewish welterweight from Cincinnati, who holds the tri-state title at 147 pounds, climbed into No. 10 position in my ratings of wrestlers by several clever wins during the past two months . . . . Everett Marshall, the La-Junta, Colorado, heavyweight, is traveling about the mid-West states as the claimant to the heavy title . . . . Marshall's claims have good bearings . . . . Jimmy Braddock, boxing champ, and Dan O'Mahony, mat king, of the heavyweight divisions, appeared in Houston, Texas, within ten days' time . . . . sort of an Irish kingpin parade . . . . George Hortay, a clever Hungarian, is wrestling great guns about Birmingham under the supervision of the Romanoff-Jordan forces . . . . Sailor Parker, the chattering Virginia Gob, recently returned north from a successful jaunt in the southern states . . . . Archie Andrew, Oakland wrestling fan, received this writer's No. 1 form for the best wrestling fan in the country . . . . Andrew had his Wrestling Ratings mailed him while on vacation in New Zealand, Haiti and Hawaii . . . . the docs of the wrestling pad . . . . Karl Sarpolis, Len Hall, Harry Fields, Ralph Wilson and Fred Meyers . . . . Johnny Perkins, former Cincinnati amateur heavyweight champion, took a drop into New York and made a big hit on Jack Pfeffer's cards . . . . Quinto Albonetti, another Cincinnati Simon-pure champ in the middleweights, recently turned pro with huge success . . . . his last win was over Billy Allen, the stalwart Indianapolis star . . . . Jackie Ryan of Toledo returned to mat wars recently after a long layoff . . . . the two rival Alabama schoolboys, Benny Suddarth, the light-heavy, and Bob Stewart, the heavy.

Abe Coleman busted into the ratings on the last release and was fifth, topping two ex-champs, Londos and Browning . . . . Ruby Wright also is listed now in the big ten . . . . the mysterious matsters of the Middle West, Mr. X, Great Mephisto . . . . also a welterweight, the Black Demon . . . . none has yet been unmasked and they have wrestled the leaders . . . . Mephisto is not masked, no one seems to know him . . . . San Francisco, Hollywood and Los Angeles are the welterweights' bees' nest at the present . . . . Lansdowne Finnegan, former 147-pound king, is one of the big drawing cards on the Coast . . . . Johnny Stote is planning an invasion of the Coast soon . . . . Johnny will have to if he expects to step over Reynolds and the title . . . . Stote beat Finnegan last spring in Toledo, shortly after he lost the title back to Reynolds on the Derby card in Louisville . . . . bulletin has it that Claude Swindell, one-time great welter star, is promoting out in Arizona . . . . Charley Grip, who, with Champion Reynolds, drew the largest receipts in the city of Cincinnati, is promoting in New Jersey . . . . Frankie Boehm, Hungarian pretender to the light-heavyweight title, has

been inactive of late, one of the chief reasons the foreigner's stock has dropped in the ratings . . . . boxing has its Baer brother act, and wrestling can point to its Frank, Rudy, Ernie, Joe, and Emil Dusek . . . . Gino and Ralph Garibaldi . . . . Dutch and Jim Heffner . . . . Ray Steele and George Sauer . . . . Stan and Wladek Zbyszko Sailor Parker and Frank Mays . . . . Jackie Adams and Billy Allen.

* * *

One of the most colorful of the wrestlers who have been performing on the Pacific Coast during the summer is Lord Lansdowne, from Barrington, England. He has proved himself a good attraction, especially among the fair sex. The lord is a clever leverage man. He is the grandson of the Duke of Barrington, is twenty-eight years old, and at one time held the welter title in England.

* * *

HERE is a little yarn on Marshall Carter, written by Jimmy Gurnett of Birmingham, Alabama:

A new Lochinvar of the middleweight wrestling division has come out of the Middle West and is hot on the heels of Gus Kallio, present ruler of the middleweight roost. The chap is Marshall Carter, former Centralia, Missouri, plowboy.

Carter has been bowling over all opposition and a title match seems imminent. That is, if Kallio can be bearded in his den at Arcadia, La., and persuaded to meet Carter, with the 160-pound belt at stake. Kallio, to date, has made no reply to challenges issued by the blond Missourian, but public acclaim will force the venerable Finn to face Carter in the squared circle.

Chris Jordan, now promoting in the state of Alabama, was the knight of the padded mat who put the notion of wrestling into the head of Carter. Jordan was training for a match some years back in Centralia and coached the youthful Carter in the finer points of the game. Many of the tricks of Jordan, then middleweight champion, are included in the repertory of Carter. Jordan was known as the trickiest man ever to step on the mat and imparted much of that knowledge to Carter.

Carter, now campaigning in the East, has just left the southland, where he cleaned up the middleweight ranks, defeating the best that Dixie had to offer in 160-pounders.

* * *

MANY hours behind the business end of a plow on the Missouri farm has given the "Show-Me" state wrestler tremendous strength and endurance, and when not wrestling, Carter hies back to the broad open spaces and again enters into strict training. Guiding a plow about the fields is his chief occupation. Carter declares there is no better conditioning exercise than plowing. Leg, shoulder and back muscles benefit materially as well as wind and stamina.

Carter is a great drawing card, especially in the South, where the Dixie fans took his sportsmanship and keen ability to heart and in a very short period, installed the be-spectacled Missourian as their favorite.

British readers of THE RING should get Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course—9 booklets. Address Nat Fleischer, 825 8th Avenue, New York City.

My World Tour

(Continued from page 29)

Nels Tarleton was trying for the second time to relieve Freddy Miller of his title the day I arrived in Liverpool, and again was unsuccessful. Wembley promoted a great show and drew a record gate in the rain. Some sixty-five thousand people sat there in a steady downpour to watch Jack Peterson lose again to Neusel.

Peterson, although he lost, is an attractive kind of fighter. I couldn't for the life of me see why he quit, because he had won every round, and had the German cut up and in such bad shape that Neusel couldn't have lasted much longer. But I understand it's the custom there for a boxer to "retire," as they call it, when he gets very weary.

My second extension had expired. A professional can't stay more than two months on a permit without leaving the country for a short time, before it can be renewed. I had had mine renewed once, and, as there were no big shows in sight, I decided to return to where the Stars and Stripes wave daily in the air. For the present anyway, I had had all I wanted of foreign lands. And, after all, there's nothing so grand in this old world as the welcome awaiting the long-absent traveler at the final stage of the home trail!

Incidentally, while closing, let me say that I never realized until I journeyed to the other side of the world what a tremendous influence THE RING, edited by Nat Fleischer, has on world boxing. In England, South Africa and Australia they swear by THE RING. A boxer who has not had his name printed in that publication, or a wrestler who has not had a good notice in THE RING, might as well remain at home, for he would be wasting his time by going abroad. More power to that publication, and I hope, if I have not done anything else by telling my story, that I have gained for THE RING additional readers to help support that wonderful book.

Louis' Rise Revives an Old Topic

(Continued from page 4)

he stopped Hans Birkie in his next essay they just about voted Louis a wonder, even while admitting that such fighters as he was dumping would have been set aside for future consideration had he been under their care.

It's no wonder that the boxing world in general has accepted Joe Louis as one of those great fighters who come along once in a generation regardless of the outcome of the Baer fight. He seems to embody all the fine qualities of the greatest fighters.

The confidence which he has built by his succession of victories, twenty-three straight, has upset old traditions of the ring, but still the old question, "Does the fighter make the manager or does the manager make the fighter?" remains unanswered.

Joe Louis' record may not be duplicated for a long time, and no doubt the Pians, the Goldmans, the Gibsons and those of that quality of manager would never take the course that did Julian Black and John Roxborough to bring a fighter into the heavy money and the center of the spotlight of boxing popularity.

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 15)

minded hombres who made up the ridiculous Federation last Spring decided that Max Baer was not the real champion, and that Pierre Charles, a stumblebum who had been belted by Max in training sprees, was *le vrai* title-holder. *Ergo*, if Baer was not champion, then Jimmy Braddock could not be the true title winner.

So, at the meeting of striped pants and spats which you glimpse in the film, the International Federation declared Braddock no champion at all, at all, and decided that the combat terrific between Charles the Magnifique, and Godfrey, the aged relic, is for the heavyweight laurels.

Shades of Mitchell and Sullivan! Memories even of that one sided Dempsey-Carpentier match in Jersey City! Gosh, oh gosh. Such silly business. Charles and Godfrey. Why not rake up Willard and Wills. They would make a better fight.

But *les gentilhommes* of the Federation Internationale de Boxe and Silliness must have their say, and their own ridiculous way. So the striped pants and spats drink a bumper of grape and shake hands until they meet again, for another tremendous session at which they will perhaps take the welter title from Ross and give it to Carnera.

Americans Invade England

(Continued from page 23)

bring the world middleweight title back to America."

* * *

DALY searched high and low for a good feather and finally snared Wilson. The Smoky City colored flash is undefeated in 56 engagements. He is 22 years old. He claimed the 126-pound title after defeating Tommy Paul but got nowhere with his demand. Jackie holds one record and that is the defeat of seven southpaws which is considerable undertaking anyway you look at it. He drew with Midget Wolgast. He knocked out Paul and Johnny Mitchell. He defeated Eddie Shea, Mose Butch, Young Rightmire, Johnny Pena and Pete De Grasse.

"Wilson is exceptionally fast," Daly is quoted verbatim. "They all look alike to him. When we come back I'll try to match him with Freddie Miller. He figures to beat Tarleton and Watson easily.

Richard Hughes, British sportsman, is financing the fistic expedition.

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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THERE was plenty of activity in all divisions during the past month and indications point to a general revival, including the flyweight class. Louis Salica came through with a stirrng victory over Sixto Escobar in the bantamweight division; Freddy Miller won over Roger Bernard and Al Hamilton among the featherweights; Tony Canzoneri displayed supremacy over Frankie Klick in the lightweight group; Barney Ross disposed of Baby Joe Gans in two rounds in the welter ranks while Hank Hankinson repeated his victory over Maxey Rosenbloom, who is still considered a light-heavyweight. Young Corbett has announced his retirement from the middleweight ranks. Interest is rising in all divisions of the globe and in a great measure, Joe Louis is responsible. This colored phenom has started discussions on street corners and it is a very good sign when the fans become that much interested in the doings of fistiana.

Among the heavyweights, Hank Hankinson increased his rating through that victory over Maxey Rosenbloom. Tommy Loughran was held to a draw by a promising newcomer, Al Delaney. Buddy Baer stepped into the elite circle with his one round kayo over Jack Doyle. Tony Galento scored over Willie McGee. Unknown Winston disposed of Frank Wyjack in four rounds. Lorenzo Pack finished Al Boros in three rounds. Don Petrin outscored Yustin Sirutis while Eddie Mader whipped Terry Mitchell. Abie Feldman kayoed Mickey McAvoy in two rounds.

Maxey Rosenbloom, still the leading light-heavyweight contender, was held to a draw by Tiger Jack Fox but whipped George Simpson and Harold Murphy. Fox disposed of Frank Rowsey in six sessions. Al McCoy turned in victories over Billy Jones and Joe Knight. Tony Shucco scored over Leo Salvas. Ambrose Palmer whipped Pietro Georgi and Roy De Gans. Al Gainer disposed of Billy Ketchell in six rounds and then defeated him in another conflict. Fred Lenhart whipped Wesley Ketchell. Mickey Walker turned in two round knockouts over Thys Menger and Lou Poster. Leroy Brown won from Cannonball Green and Jack Charvez. Merlo Preciso defeated Adolf Witt in Europe. Steve Carr won over Nathan Mann. Emilio Martinez kayoed Jack Howard in five rounds. Duch Wemer disposed of George Rickard in the third session.

Paul Pirrone heads the active middleweights with a three round kayo over Tiger Joe Randall and a four round triumph over Jimmy Belmont. Teddy Yarosz knocked out Oscar Schmeling in three rounds. Jack Gibbons finished Kid Miller and Jack Hibbard in two rounds and James Slattery in three. Young Stuhley whipped Ray Actis. Ken Overlin won from Tommy Romano, Joe Smallwood and Henry Firpo. Solly Krieger whipped Tony Fisher. Carmen Barth defeated Mike Bazzone. Swede Berglund kayoed Johnny Romero in five rounds. Lou Halper won from Johnny Duca. Fred Apostoli whipped Rudy Mendez. John Anderson scored over Tony Celli but was beaten by Joe Gorman. Gorman was whipped by Jackie Aldare. Al Quaill defeated Ralph Chong. Heinz Lazzek scored over Vittorio Livan. Young Terry won from Jack Ennis while Mark Hough outpointed Buck Tracey.

Barney Ross, welterweight leader, disposed of Baby Joe Gans in two rounds. George Salvatore was beaten by Eddie Kid Wolfe and Erwin Berlier. Jack Carroll whipped Tommy Jones and drew with Jack Portney. Portney stopped Harry Devine in ten rounds. Ceferino Garcia kayoed Sammy Brown in three rounds. Al Manfredo whipped Al Romero. Jimmy Leto scored over Izzy Jannazzo. Teddy Loder kayoed Nick Pastore in two heats. Joe Bernal disposed of Sammy O'Dell in three and Frank Goosby in seven sessions. Werther Arcelli defeated Caspar La Rosa and kayoed Johnny Staolano in six rounds. Willard Brown won from Johnny Condon and Red Maloney. Babe Marino defeated Billy Celebron. Tony Herrera won from Dave Shapiro, kayoed Johnny Higgins in four and was beaten by Chief Paris. Tracey Cox kayoed Mickey Cohen in one round and lost to Chuck Woods. Bobby Pacho disposed of Gene Higgins in three rounds. Frankie Hughes drew with Rufus Miles and lost to Joey Speigal.

Tony Canzoneri, head of the lightweight clan, showed his heels to Frankie Klick in an overweight bout. Wesley Ramey kayoed Jackie Kelly in eight rounds. Leo Rodak whipped Gege Gravante. Charley Gomer scored over Eddie Cool. Young Peter Jackson kayoed Ray Ockley in five rounds. Lew Feldman scored over Joe Doherty, Pete Mascia, Joey Greb but was deprived of the decision with Jimmy Christy in Chicago. Benny Bass whipped Mike Marshall. Al Casimini lost to Eddie Zivic and drew with Steve Haliako. Leonard Del Genio conquered Abie Wasserman. Chino Alvarnez kayoed Manuel Quintero in the first round. Lou Lombardi disposed of Joe Zodda in eight. Holman Williams scored over Lew Massey. Louis Camps won from Johnny Hortsman.

Freddy Miller, featherweight king, whipped Al Hamilton and Roger Bernard in overweight bouts. Mexican Joe Rivers kayoed Jimmy Tramberia in three and Frankie Martin in five rounds. Petey Sarron defeated Joe Temes. Johnny Pena whipped Kid Ray and Gene Espinoza. Vernon Cormier was beaten by Cuthbert Taylor and Benny Sharkey. Phil Zwick turned in knockouts over Boyo Rees in two and Jimmy Mahoney in three rounds. Young Rightmire scored over Dave Barry and Frankie Wolfram. Nick Scalba fought a draw with Varias Milling. Wally Hally kayoed Archie Grant and Eddie Bosch in one round each but was beaten by Little Dempsey. Baby Manuel defeated Henry Hook. Bushy Graham disposed of Tommy Howells in the second round. Nat Litfin kayoed Bucky Burton in five rounds. Tony Chavez disposed of Abie Fisher in five sessions. Ritchie Fontaine scored over Baby Palmore.

Numbered among the high spots is Louis Salica's victory over Sixto Escobar in the bantamweight class. Midget Wolgast whipped Young Gildo, Frankie Covelli and stopped Little Dempsey in nine rounds. Bobby Leyvas scored over Young Tommy. Mickey Miller disposed of Ron Leonard in four rounds. Little Pancho drew with B. De Guzman. Lew Farber triumphed over Chick Delaney. Dick Corbett won over Harry Edwards in England.

Jackie Brown, European flyweight champion, kayoed Jackie Quinn in two and Syd Rose in three rounds. Small Montana whipped Antol Kocsis and kayoed Bobby Olivas in three rounds. Jim Campbell defeated Tommy Pardoe. Phil Milligan won from Jim Warnock and kayoed Ellis Ashurst in five rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Joe Curran, England.
Bantamweight—Harry Shone, Los Angeles, Calif.
Featherweight—Ronnie James, England.
Lightweight—Billy Cahill, Binghamton, N. Y.
Welterweight—Wally Hancock, Australia.
Middleweight—Jackie Flowers, Clinton, N. Y.
Light-Heavyweight—Pat Marinnan, England.
Heavyweight—Porenzo Pack, Detroit, Mich.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

These are my ratings for the month ending September 7:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion Bob Olin	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Baer	Maxey Rosenbloom	Lou Brouillard	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Joe Louis	Al McCoy	Freddy Steele	Bep Van Klaveren
3—Max Schmeling	John Henry Lewis	Paul Pirrone	Kid Azteca
4—Hank Hankinson	Tony Shucco	Babe Risko	Eddie Kid Wolfe
5—Ford Smith	Ambrose Palmer	Teddy Yarosz	Jack Carroll
6—Walter Neusel	Joe Knight	Jack Gibbons	Harry Dublinsky
7—Buddy Baer	Adolf Heuser	Frank Battaglia	Ceferino Garcia
8—Tommy Loughran	Jock McAvoy	Oscar Rankins	Al Manfredo
9—Art Lasky	Al Gainer	Young Stuhley	Jimmy Leto
10—King Levinsky	Ray Actis	Ken Overlin	Teddy Loder

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Balcasar Sanchelli	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Maurice Holtzer	Louis Salica	Benny Lynch
2—Cleto Locatelli	Henry Armstrong	Sixto Escobar	Jackie Brown
3—Wesley Ramey	Young Casanova	Midget Wolgast	Small Montana
4—Frankie Klick	Fillo Echeverria	Bobby Leyvas	Joe Mendiola
5—Tiger Humery	Mexican Joe Rivers	Young Tommy	Maurice Huguenin
6—Charley Burns	Baby Arizmendi	Pablo Dano	Valentin Anglemann
7—Al Roth	Mike Belloise	Indian Quintana	Jim Campbell
8—Joe Ghnouly	Petey Sarron	Speedy Dado	Tommy Pardoe
9—Leo Rodak	Frankie Covelli	Little Pancho	Phil Milligan
10—Charley Gomer	Johnny Pena	Star Frisco	Bobby Magee

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

WILL Champion James J. Braddock draw the color line and refuse to fight Joe Louis?

That was the query on the lips of fans as Louis' heavyweight elimination contest with Max Baer at Yankee Stadium approached. Whether or not it makes much difference now, it is obvious that at the proper time such a contest could be arranged. This despite the fact the champion is under contract to fight exclusively for Madison Square Garden and Poker Face Joe is aligned with the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, the Garden's most active rival.

A glance at rulings made by the New York Boxing Commission, backed by a decision handed down by the attorney general of New York State, and a glimpse into the records of both Louis and Braddock indicate nothing except the colored boxer's failure to continue his winning ways will prevent the match.

Pal Moore, the old Memphis dancing master, contends he would have scored a knockout over Jimmy Wilde in their international tussle at London about fifteen years back if his manager, Nate Lewis, would have given him a sip of whiskey or wine during the rest period between the seventeenth and eighteenth rounds . . . . Ed Purvis, popular Chicago Stadium aid, thirty-three years old, noticed his hair was turning grey when in his teens . . . . Pat Kenneally, manager of the Catholic Youth organization professional department, is a former tile setter . . . . Chuck Wiggins, now weighing 210 pounds, is proprietor of a sheet metal shop in Indianapolis, Ind. . . . Milt Aron, nineteen-year-old Dubuque, Ia., junior welterweight, is one of the most promising boxers now performing here . . . . Jackie Sherman, Detroit welterweight, is another.

Bill Tester, regular usher at the shows promoted by Irving Schoenwald and Jack Begun at Marigold Gardens, is one of the most popular on Head Man Andy Frain's staff . . . . Benny Ray, fight manager; Gene Meany, secretary, and Chairman Joe Triner, both of the Illinois Boxing Commission and Jack Hurley, sports columnist for several newspapers in the Northwest, are a few who picked Max Baer to defeat Joe Louis. . . . The name of the building at 4711 West Madison Street, formerly known as West Side Knights of Columbus Building, has been changed again, this time to the American Athletic Club.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Luis Angel Firpo, Wild Bull of the Pampas, announced his retirement from boxing . . . . Bob Fitzsimmons, son of the former heavyweight champion, and the late Bud Gorman, born Earl M. Lovejoy, fought twelve no decision rounds at Newark, N. J. . . . Basil Galiano, New Orleans, La., lightweight contender, was twenty-four years old . . . . George Godfrey claimed the colored heavyweight championship of the world . . . . Jimmy Goodrich of Buffalo, N. Y., knocked out Stanislaus Loayza of Chile to win the lightweight elimination tournament at New York following Benny Leonard's decision to vacate the throne.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

WHILE I'm still planked down here at the typewriter, tapping off a review of the fistic events in this territory, Freddie Miller, the world's featherweight champion, has just penned down No. 2 straight American win since his return to the States from Europe.

Miller removed all ideas that some fans and critics had been nursing for over three months, that of believing that Al Hamilton, the Cincinnati state lightweight champion, might pull a "Braddock" on Miller, but Freddie won handily. Don't ever get it into your noodles that Hamilton was a soft thing for the champion. Hamilton fought a great fight.

Miller turned in another victory previous to the Hamilton win. At the Northside Ball Park he scored a ten-round decision over Roger Bernard of Flint, Mich. What we would like to see now is Bernard against Hamilton.

I can still remember about two months ago in this column, that I predicted that Hamilton would be Miller's opponent locally when Freddie came back from Europe. From this little jotting I was called about everything Webster could have defined in modern history, yet Hamilton did fight Miller, so what?

It's almost the impossible to follow every fight in Ohio, so I do listen to some of the bulletins sent me. Bob Bonner, manager of Al Hamilton, Cincinnati, wrote Hamilton was "gypped" in his match on July 19 at Springfield, O., with Al George of Columbus.

Along comes Bill Garrison, George's pilot, who mails me clippings and all proof that George did win the championship.

So herewith, until Al George is defeated, this column recognizes Al George of Columbus as the Ohio state lightweight champion.

Word has come to me many and many times that my column is Bob Bonner's column. This is not so. Bob Bonner is active, and if all managers in this locality would have a little of the spunk and energy Bob has, they'd see their fighters mentioned alongside of Bob's in this column, too. So I hope that takes care of that.

Cincinnati is trying hard to produce a heavyweight. Little Nate Bartell, the Central Avenue bartender, is filling the bill quite cleverly to date. Nate knocked out Ray Tucker, the Kentucky heavyweight, in four heats on the Miller-Hamilton card at the Parkway Arena. Bartell, on the order of King Levinsky, carries a dash of "color."

While Cincinnati is producing Bartell in the heavyweight role, Shorty Hadrava of Akron, O., is shouting the praises of his Negro heavyweight, Jess Caldwell. Caldwell weighs around 204 pounds, is 6 feet 3 inches tall and is but 22 years of age. He was Ohio amateur champion in 1934 and part of 1935. He gained quite a bit of extra experience in helping Joe Louis train for the Levinsky fight.

Caldwell's professional record speaks for itself, namely, wins over Gene Stanton, Jack Christy, Tiger Harris, Willie McGee, Lorrence Kennedy and knockouts over Bud Marshall and Melvin Fields.

Caldwell has lost two decisions, to Teddy Graham of Cincinnati and Clarence Dixon of Columbus. Quite a nifty record, I should say.

All records since my first release on February 1, 1935, of Wrestling Ratings were shattered during the past month. Orders from every hook and nook of the world keep coming in for ratings, which include every heavyweight, light-heavyweight, middleweight and welterweight wrestler active in the sport today. The ratings include the champion and the first ten contenders for his title, and the percentages of all the other stars of the divisions in alphabetical form. Wrestling Ratings are 25 cents IN COIN with self-addressed, self-stamped envelope. Write Rater, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Smokey Maggard of Dayton, Ky., and Frankie Palmo, the slugging Cincinnati Italian, tangled in one of Billy Saffin's recent Mount Washington features with the two traveling to a draw in a heated and punch-festered eight-rounder.

The writer has the latest release of the active promoters in Ohio which can be secured by boxers, managers, promoters or fans for ten cents in cash. For information also in the game around here, enclose self-stamped envelope to Jimmie Amann, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Lee Cox and his entourage were all set to go to Texas, where Lee was matched with Chief Parris, but the match fell through for a still unknown reason . . . . Lee is now planning on going to California . . . . Jack W. Davis, northern Kentucky promoter, is now sporting a heavyweight he claims is a "find" in Dan "Caveman" Boone . . . . Jack says you'll hear from Boone before long . . . . Davis is located at 227 Rosedale Court in Rosedale, Ky., for any inquiring readers or boxers . . . . Ad Zachow, New England middleweight champion, is anxious to show his wares in Cincinnati, according to his manager, A. C. Sherry of Dover, N. H. . . . Zachow would be a great bout with Alabama Kid or Roughouse Glover . . . . Johnnie Mason, former middleweight, is now making his home in Camp Washington . . . . also the residence of the writer, and Joe Mueller, up and coming light-heavy, managed by Bob Fischer . . . . watch Leo Ritternour, Akron featherweight . . . also Johnny Stevens, Cincinnati, who stopped Hack Wilson and Mel Coyle in his last two starts . . . . Max Sien, former sports writer on the *Post*, is now editor of the amusement page of the same newspaper . . . . Max is going to town . . . . between fights, Herman Katz has been promoting midget auto races this summer at the Northside Park . . . . also has a softball league operating nightly at the Spring Grove Avenue Field . . . . Harry Hartman, sports commentator of WFBE, was chairman of the Charlie Dressen gift fund . . . . Harry did a great job in behalf of the new car for the Reds' manager . . . . Freddie Miller and the Mrs. were two of the many donors.

A prepared sheet of the boxing promoters all over the country is now in the making. For information in this helpful sheet to every manager and fighter, get in touch with the writer.

Some of the results here, there, and everywhere, involving most of "our boys" are: Eddie Anderson beat Tommy Gill in 6; Ace Lightning defeated Billy White in 6; Dave Patton stopped Battling Zip in 4; Moon Wallace won a battle royal in Springfield; Emory Helms won from Wishy Jones for Kentucky lightweight championship in 10; Curley Denton defeated Frankie Sanzone in 8; Emory Helms knocked out and broke Pete "Bat" Leno's jaw in 3; Herbie Gilmore won from Pat Patterson in 8; Nate Bartell beat Seton von Meter in 6; Danny Millilo beat Lee Cox in 10; Sonny Brentz shaded Georgie Hahn in 6; Joey Palmo beat Georgie Hahn in 6; Emory Helms drew with Wesley Martin in 10; Art Schultz beat Young Terry in 10; Ray Kietz won from Jackie Kid Kelly in 10; Elmer Bezenah won a decision over Simon Neblosky in 10. The latter four ten-rounders were outlined on Mickey Kilcher's recent Milk Fund Show held at the Covington, Ky., ball park. Receipts hit over the thousand-dollar mark, fifty per cent of which went to the Milk Fund.

Managers of fighters all over the state:
I am preparing a rating of all fighters in eight divisions all through the state, and to accomplish this, I must have the records of every one of your fighters.
Mr. Manager, I must have your cooperation.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

YOUR correspondent has been on a leave of absence. Yes, we hid ourself down in the pines of south Jersey for a couple of months. When we arrived back in Trenton, I found that the old town was full of activity. The promoters are all ready to start the fall season. From all accounts there will be two clubs running. The Arena will run both boxing and wrestling. The Moose will be run by Cliff Smith and will only have boxing. Smith promoted at the Arena for over ten years, dropping out in 1930. He says that Trenton is ready for boxing again and that he will run on the same principle as he did before.

Smith was responsible for the rise of Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Tommy Mahan, Jesse Goss, Joe Reno, Johnny Brennan, Young Terry, Paulie Walker and a number of others. He has brought to Trenton champions and near champions, including Jack Dempsey, Joe Dundee, Vince Dundee, Gorilla Jones. Other names escape me at present.

I feel safe in saying that the boxing fans of Trenton are sure glad that a man like Cliff Smith is back at the helm. Lots of luck, Cliff.

Young Terry, Trenton middleweight, who has won his last six bouts since he made his comeback, ran into a tough one in Al Trainer of Philadelphia. The bout was declared a draw. Both boxers were badly cut up. Terry is gunning for a return bout.

Paulie Walker, welter, won a couple of bouts the past summer. Friends of Walker say that he has settled down to the business of fighting and that he will be close to the top before the winter is half over.

We haven't heard anything about Ralph Fulton. Trenton welter, a real good fighter. No doubt he will be in the fray this coming season.

George Levy, who has outgrown the lightweight class, had a couple of bouts during the summer.

Johnny Brennan has retired from the ring. He is doing quite well in the restaurant business.

Mooch Murphy, Carman, Joe Pershing, Stanley Pyontek, Frankie Warno, Billy Mahan, Larry Magine, Ted Lyons and Joe Czar all did fairly well in out-of-town rings during the summer. The best looking prospects for the coming season are Mooch Murphy, Larry Magine and Joe Pershing.

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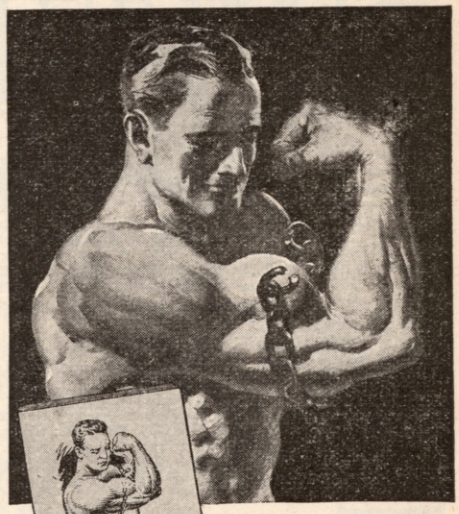

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From Hollywood *to* New York

By EDDIE BORDEN

ALTHOUGH Jack Doyle, the handsome Irish gladiator, did not fare successfully in his debut on the big time circuit against Buddy Baer at Madison Square Garden, he established one point in his favor and that was his display of courage. The first heavy blow in the fight was a low punch which floored Doyle but he did not register any complaint. He spotted Baer thirty-four pounds in weight and a corresponding advantage in height and reach but was not exceeded in gameness. He took a terrific beating and was floored three times before the referee halted the affair.

It is our opinion that Doyle, if matched properly and if he obtains the proper experience in American campaigning, that he may yet make the grade. Doyle has had a quantity of one round knockouts in European competition and experience is hardly obtained through that medium. Doyle needs a few stiff ten round fights against second raters and through that course will acquire ruggedness and the ability to pace himself. There is still hope for Doyle if he is serious about continuing his fistic career.

Tony Galento outscrambled Willie McGee in the semi-final. Eddie Mader and Terry Mitchell staged a furious six-round swatfest which furnished the highlight of the evening's entertainment. Mader won the verdict after a swell scrap. John Anderson whipped Tony Celli while Lorenzo Pack made his New York debut satisfactorily by stowing away Al Boros in three rounds. Al Lippe displayed two winning gladiators when Don Petrin defeated Yustin Sirutis and Charley Belanger trounced Leo "One Punch" Williams. The show attracted around $25,000 which could only be attributed to the curiosity of whether Doyle could really fight. Doyle was the magnet and though he did not fare so well will do much better if he takes his lesson to heart.

Al Manfredo outpointed Al Romero at one of the Legion's shows. It was a poorly fought bout. Manfredo had entirely too much class for Romero and handled him at will. He outboxed and outscored him at will and made Romero look like the veriest novice. The fight did not make a hit with the fans who are without a doubt the most critical of all human beings. Wally Hally finally suffered his first defeat at the hands of Little Dempsey in the semi-final. This upset had its good points as it probably curbed Jerry Pelton's enthusiasm as to his charge's merits. Hally had scored a few inconsequential victories and Jerry was challenging the world including Tony Canzoneri, although Hally is slightly more than a featherweight.

The news of Joe Waterman's appointment to the post of matchmaker for the Olympic, elicited joyous greetings from practically every boxer, manager and fistic celebrity of note. Waterman is purely one of the fight element and knows the game backwards. He knows how to nurse potential talent and makes friends rather than loses them. The game was growing stagnant in the region of Los Angeles because only one club was running—The American Legion—and it retarded the development of young blood. Bill Miller, one of the most prolific publicity purveyers in the country, will assist Waterman in preliminary matters. He was delegated to remain as press agent. It is problematical as to how far Waterman will go for he will have plenty of handicaps to contend with. No worth while talent available and he will have to develop his own attractions but the fans can be assured of one thing—he will not admit failure until he has had a thorough try at it.

Maxey Rosenbloom had better give up trying to whip Hank Hankinson and stick to the light-heavyweights. Maxey cannot spot over thirty pounds to this strong, cumbersome Swede and come through a winner. Hank is a much better fighter than he is rated and will prove his ability when he is faced with more rigid competition.

Hank weighs in the neighborhood of 225 pounds and can hit with either hand. He is no bargain for any of the heavyweights campaigning today. Small Montana disposed of Bobby Olivas in the third round. Johnny Pena scored over Gene Espinoza while Leroy Brown trimmed Jack Charvez. All of the above bouts were staged at Oakland in Leo Levitt's first attempt to put boxing back in first class shape in Oakland. Oakland was run down considerably by Ora Forman in the past and it is hoped that Levitt makes a better show of it. Oakland is a good boxing town and ordinarily draws around $3,000 with their weekly shows.

It is almost impossible to place Midget Wolgast in his correct category. Only recently he went out of the flyweight class and confined his efforts to the featherweight division, and now rumors have it that he will attempt to make 112 pounds for Small Montana. It is physically impossible for Wolgast to return to that weight after fighting at 122 and 124 pounds during the past season.

Midget scored over Frankie Covelli at the Legion but he had a narrow escape. For the first six rounds Covelli held the lead and only a desperate rally by Wolgast in the last four rounds turned the tide in his behalf. Wolgast's eye was cut in the third and it bothered him considerably until that dying spurt in the seventh which turned defeat into victory. Covelli returned to New York immediately after this bout but is a welcome addition to the boxing fraternity in these parts and the fans like him immensely.

The comeback urge seems to be well distributed in the East and it looks like old home week to see the stars of a few years ago assembled at Stillman's Gymnasium trying to defy tradition and seek combat against age's inexorable foe, youth. At the present moment there is Al Singer, Ray Miller, Billy Wallace, Joe Sekyra, Eddie Ran, Al Walker, Garfield Johnson, Armando Santiago and Jimmy Brown. Ray Arcel who trained most of the aforementioned names when they were at their peak also expects Lew Kersch, a prime favorite among the East Side fans, who looked like a formidable lightweight contender only a few years back, to return to active training.

There does not appear to be any relief from poor decisions in Chicago when it concerns a local product—particularly when it concerns the pugilistic activity of a member of the Catholic Youths' Organization. It is past history that Tony Canzoneri was deprived of his lightweight title a few years back in one of the worst decisions ever given there. Packey McFarland, old time fighter, was the chairman of the Commission then and he reigns to this day but his efforts on behalf of good verdicts in Chicago have not materialized. The latest victim to suffer in the Windy City is Lew Feldman, New York mittster, who banged out a decisive victory over Jimmy Christy in ten rounds at Mills Stadium yet he saw Christy's hand raised.

Leo Rodak, Chicago lightweight, turned in a good performance in whipping Gege Gravante at the Legion. Rodak is a snappy boxer and a sharp hitter and his punches proved too accurate and devastating for the sturdy, aggressive Gravante. Johnny Ladao, classy Filipino, looked very good in whipping Midget Martinez in the semi-final.

Babe McCoy brought this youngster from New York and it is our guess that he will be fighting top spots shortly. He is unlike the average Filipino and combines cleverness and boxing ability whereas the ordinary brown skinners concentrate on slam-bang, club fighting—Ray Actis ran into a tartar in Young Stuhley in their return match. The fight battle was a draw but Stuhley came through to victory in their next affair. Actis showed his punching powers when he floored Stuhley in the second and third rounds for nine counts but the Chicago lad came through with a knockdown himself in the fifth session for a nine count and went on to victory. This show was promoted by Tony Palazolo.

Joe Waterman's debut as the Olympic matchmaker found Midget Wolgast against Little Dempsey. The Midget fought an amazingly skillful fight and was never headed. He gave Dempsey a thorough beating and the referee stopped the fight in the ninth round after Dempsey's eye was cut and he was hopelessly outclassed. Wolgast weighed 123 pounds yet he still believes that he can make the flyweight limit.

Al McCoy eliminated Joe Knight in some sort of light-heavyweight elimination tourney in Montreal and the importance of the affair was stressed when it was made a fifteen round affair. McCoy is one of our young hopes for titular honors and has come through in splendid style during the past two years and is certainly headed for championship heights. He is of Canadian extraction but has done the majority of his scrapping around the New England states.

Louis Salica, Brooklyn's hope for titular honors, captured the American bantamweight title when he gained the decision over Sixto Escobar over the fifteen round route at Dyckman Oval. This verdict met with decided disapproval of the newspaper critics, although it was a unanimous verdict. It was an exciting affair and probably one of the first important battles staged among bantamweights since Al Brown left these shores for foreign competition. It helped considerably to revive the interest among the smaller fellows and a few more contests of that nature will restore the midget gladiators to their former popularity. The possibilities are that they will be rematched in the Garden for the coming fall season. The card attracted nearly $7,000 in net figures which was mighty good. Victor Vallee, a splendid little featherweight prospect, disposed of Johnny Bang in three rounds, after scoring six knockdowns. This Vallee is headed for bigger things and has shown steady improvement. Andrew Jesserun finished Jack Gary in two rounds while Johnny Morro defeated Dave Fleming on the same program.

Nick Scalba made his first start on the big time circuit on the Coast and although getting a draw with Varias Milling after ten tough rounds it was really a moral victory for him. He spotted his opponent six pounds and years of experience. It was Nick's first ten round bout and he finished stronger of the two, winning the last three rounds. Milling got off to an early lead but was guilty of delivering low punches frequently. Scalba's best round was the last when he almost flattened Milling with a short right on the chin but Milling's ruggedness overcame the effect of the wallop. Wally Hally turned in another one round kayo when he stopped Eddie Bosch in the first session after giving him a thorough beating. Hoyt Jones scored over Johnny Hines in the other special six round event. The show drew $4356 net.

Maxey Rosenbloom made a trip to the North-West to engage Tiger Jack Fox in combat at Spokane. After ten rounds it was practically agreed that Maxey galloped through to a victory but the official verdict was a draw. Fox was dangerous with his wild right hand swings but Maxey's maneuvers baffled Fox in the majority of the rounds before an audience that numbered approximately 6000 fans—Prior to that Maxey romped through with victories over George Simpson and Harold Murphy—Bobby Leyvas, classy Mexican southpaw, continued his winning streak by punching out a victory over Young Tommy.

Leyvas is going to be a difficult man to whip and he is only a youngster who should improve as he goes along—George Sheppard has come through with another lightweight who seems destined to make it tough for the easterners in his division. He has been on a steady winning rampage and eclipsed his good work by smashing his way to a victory over Eddie Cool—considered a top flight lightweight.

Tony Canzoneri convinced the skeptics that he is the superior of Frankie Klick, regardless of how many times they meet—Their last meeting at the Press Club in San Francisco, Tony handled Klick at will and did not lose a single round. It was a benefit show and the receipts almost hit the $10,000 mark which was fairly good, considering that it was the fourth time that they met and no title was at stake—Eddie Zivic furnished a real surprise at Dexter Park when he whipped Al Casimini a few days after he was beaten by Joey Costa in Jersey City. Casimini's best round was the first when he hurt Zivic with some smashing lefts and rights on the chin but Zivic cleverly avoided danger afterwards and boxed his way to the decision—Lew Feldman won three consecutive victories at Luna Park in three weeks, winning from Pete Mascia, Joey Greb and Joe Doherty. Feldman is in line for some good work in the East on the strength of his fine showing.

Midget Wolgast skimmed through to victory over Young Gildo, a tough, rugged featherweight at Watsonville. Wolgast will eventually go down in the annals of fistic history as a mighty exponent of the art of self defense —Leroy Haynes went down to unexpected defeat at the hands of Al Ettore in Philadelphia. It was a stunning upset and startled the Quaker City critics who had thought Haynes invincible. Ettore is a tough, two fisted fighter, liable to give anyone trouble but his victory was hardly looked for against Haynes—Gene Vinassa has returned to the Coast after handling the publicity campaign of Joe Louis for the past few months—Gene did some mighty fine exploiting and was more than just a little responsible for the popularity attained by the Detroit slasher—Jimmy Braddock is enjoying unprecedented success on his tour which includes a combination of sparring exhibitions and refereeing on the same program—it gives him a good chance of gaining that personal contact which should enhance his popularity to a great degree—His simplicity and plainness is his best recommendation.

Fancies in passing—If history really repeats itself then you can expect to see Al Roth dethrone Tony Canzoneri as the lightweight champion. Fourteen years ago when Sammy Goldman managed Pete Herman, then the world's bantamweight champion, he accepted Johnny Buff as an opponent at the old Madison Square Garden—It was a titular affair but it was considered little more than a workout for the then invincible fighting machine from New Orleans—As accidents *(Continued on page 53)*

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

PARDON the cynical, but a most unusual sport event staged in Boston the night of September 6 has got us that way. This rare happening was a boxing tourney wherein boys wearing padded gloves and dolled up in ring togs, actually put up their fists inside of ropes, assumed pugilistic poses and struck each other. Now, what do you know about that! It is true, however, as the fifteen hundred folk who looked on can testify if so disposed.

The Boston Arena was the scene of the foregoing unique occurrence and the provocation the initial amateur boxing show of the Irish-American A. A. for the fall and winter season. How it all came about in a city and section where there hasn't been a glove contest for weeks and weeks is rather difficult to explain but, as stated, there was a show. Furthermore, as the majority of the fifteen hundred spectators were cash customers at four bits to one buck per head, the club was able to pay the rent and have something left over to meet its other expenses.

This daring attempt to revive a sport which was fast assuming all the physical aspects of a mummy, saw twenty-one bouts staged, thirteen of which ended with a kayo—a fighting show, considering all of the circumstances, which was really good all the way. And the best part of it all is that the Irish-American A. A. plans to continue "shooting" every Friday night until it either brings boxing back or goes stone-broke. The attempt can result either way but, as the club has several veterans at the helm, the chances favor that it will make the grade.

The outstanding performer in the tourney was Walter Wazel of Fitchburg, who after winning hard-fought bouts in the trial and semi-final rounds, stopped Walter Marceizk, the Rhode Island State champion in the first heat of the 160-pound class final. Lawrence Baker, Roxbury, came through over Louis Fico of Providence, R. I., Rhode Island State 147-pound champion, in a semi-final in that class, but was stopped by Edward Lima of Fall River in two rounds in the final. Roy Kelly of Brookline, former Massachusetts State 160-pound champion, stepped up into the heavyweight division to defeat Peter Staples of Framingham, veteran state champion of the class, while in the 135's, Freddy Camuso of Fall River, a rough, tough, aggressive fighter, won all the honors.

The victory of Al McCoy of Dorchester over Joe Knight of Georgia, scored in a Montreal, Can., ring September 5, a fifteen-rounder advertised as for the "world's light-heavy title," is likely to go a long way toward helping to pull boxing out of the grave here in Boston. While the boxing critics won't take over-kindly to McCoy's titular claims, in so far as the Dominion of Canada is concerned, he rules as the successor of Bob Olin. The possibility—not probability—exists that an effort will be made to bring Olin and McCoy together in a championship mill in Boston. Hitherto several feints in that direction have amounted to nothing, and any new move may have similar results.

Another possibility, which may become an actuality, is a meeting in Boston between McCoy and Lou Brouillard, the same under the sponsorship of the Goodwin A. C., a club which, after several game attempts last spring to stir up interest in the glove sport, was finally forced to take a vacation. A McCoy-Brouillard fight would be a wonderful thing for boxing in Boston and this section—and surely would go over the top. The one big hitch is the fact that McCoy is boxing around 172 pounds, and Brouillard at about 161, so to comply with commissional requirements as to difference in weight, one must pull off a few pounds and the other add to his weight. This neither may be willing to do, but hope exists.

Thanks to promoters outside of Massachusetts, both McCoy and Brouillard have steadily and consistently forged to the front. In the ratings given in THE RING for October, it will be noted that McCoy is No. 2 in the list of the foremost light-heavies, while Lou is rated as No. 1 in the middleweight class. The statisticians give McCoy a percentage of .286 out of a possible .300, and Brouillard, .280.

Word from Montreal, Can., has it that Jules Racicot, who has promoted McCoy's several battles there, is trying to induce Len Harvey, former light-heavy and heavyweight British champion, to make the crossing and meet Al in his ring some time in November. Something or nothing may come of it. Time alone can tell.

Eddie Rautenberg of Somerville, Mass., now in Frisco with a team of Bay State boxers, with whom he is likely to jump to Australia, reports several wins for Henry Edmond, Taunton, Mass., welter, the latest being the defeat of Eddie Halligan of Oakland in the Dreamland Auditorium, a kayo in four rounds.

There are signs that the State Athletic Commission may further modernize the rules governing boxing which came into being in 1920, by waiving on certain of the clauses as pertains to weight difference except where a championship title is at stake. We believe this is a step in the right direction. With boxers closely matched as to their records and all-around fighting ability, the difference of a few pounds between them is not particularly essential. Before commissional rule, it was frequently the case that a ringster giving away ten or more pounds was able to come through the winner in fights that were far from one-sided.

Jim Toland, for years the proprietor of boxing gyms in Boston, first in Hanover Street and later at 249 Friend Street, took the long count when he dropped dead at his home, 312 Bunker Hill Street, Cambridge. But the evening before we were in his company and his sudden demise proved some jar. Jim was known to boxing managers and their proteges from all over the country. In the days when the sport amounted to something in this section, his finely-equipped Friend Street gym was the headquarters for many of the ring's notables. All liked Toland and his place, the latter a Mecca for boxers and their admirers. Toland was a native of the old North End, the son of Patrick W. Toland, a former policeman. Jim joined the force in his early manhood, but quit when the police strike of 1919 had Bostonians by the ears for a few days. Toland then went into the boxing business and had stuck to it pretty regularly ever since. He was forty-seven years old at the time of his death.

Promoter Charley Gordon came back into the wrestling field on August 20 at Mechanics Building, with Jose Firpo of Argentina, claimant of the light-heavy title, meeting Chief Joseph Eagle, an Iroquois Indian from the Caughnawaga reservation near Montreal, Can., in the feature. Firpo was way over weight. Eagle collected the first fall in 27:01, and lost the second in 15:08. In the third session Firpo started in to maul his man. Finally the Indian gave him the edge of his hand across the windpipe. He repeated the blow after being warned not to do so, and was disqualified, the win going to Firpo. The fans were mostly with the Indian and booed the decision.

Tom McGovern, manager of Jack Doyle, the Irish "Thrush," has been in conference here with the Boston Garden in hopes of showing his charge within its ring ropes. Whether anything comes of his efforts remains to be seen. To put Doyle in here in a main bout shapes as a tough proposition. Boston is a strong Irish city—has gone very big for Danno O'Mahony—but has yet to show any great interest in the affairs of the "Thrush." McGovern and the Garden, should they decide to work together, may be able to warm him up.

From Maine we are hearing much concerning Jimmy O'Boyne of Bangor, a native-born Irish welterweight, who drifted into the Pine Tree State via Canada, in which latter country he had resided since early boyhood. O'Boyne rates as a fast, two-handed, aggressive puncher. In his twenty-eight "pro" starts, he has scored twenty kayos, and lost but once—an alleged low blow which carried with it disqualification. When the sport gets going here again, O'Boyne plans to enter into it, also become a resident of South Boston, a section where many of Irish blood make their homes.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

BATTLING LEO SALVAS has been busy this last month, boxing weekly since joining this stable, his opponents being Young Terry, Ray Trueheart, Joe Rodquiez, Tony Shucco and Bud Mignault.

Tommy Grady is also a busy fighter. He fought Lou Boschetti twice, Pete Herman twice, Jerry Sterratt and Dinty Moore in the last month. Grady is a card wherever he appears.

North Adams, Mass., ran fairly successful during the summer. Credit belongs to Bill Craven and Bill Guiren, the promoters, and Jimmy Quinton and Jimmy Betts, the matchmakers.

Carlo Dapondi, Tommy Grady and Leo Salvas invaded the Connecticut rings.

At North Adams, Mass., Werther Arcelli of Boston, Mass., cut Joe Cantanllo's eye in the sixth and the bout was stopped, Arcelli winning by a technical K.O. Sal Canata, Holyoke, Mass., won over Joe Riccioti, New York, in the eight-round semi-final. Tommy Grady won unanimously over Jerry Sterratt of Lowell, Mass., in a six-rounder. Young Villa of North Adams won over Al St. John in the fourth round, the referee, Phil Pugilese, stopping the bout in the fourth round.

Mark Hough, New York middleweight, won over Buck Tracy of Boston, Mass., in the main bout of ten rounds. Sammy Athas, Springfield lightweight, won over Lou Boschetti of North Adams, Mass., in a six-rounder. Young Carnera of North Adams, Mass., won over Frankie Costello of New York in six rounds, and Young Pancho was kayoed by the Bennington Kid in the fourth round.

Pittsfield, Mass.—The Winter Garden A. C. will run again this winter. Dave Shade is living there and is still active. He will likely head a few shows this winter. Schoolboy Opiddi is a likely looking boy and, with proper tutoring, should go places.

Eddie Winston, Holyoke's colored heavyweight, scored two wins last month. He K.O.'ed Steve Wojack of Utica, N. Y., in four rounds, and won over Babe Hunt at Atlantic City, N. J.

Barton Cohen has added a colored light-heavyweight to his stable, Eddie Lunkin. In his first start, he stopped Eddie Jessup in the third at Waterbury, Conn.

Jimmy Stathis won his first fight after a long layoff by K.O.ing Joe Bushey of Bennington in the second round at North Adams.

From Hollywood to New York

(Continued from page 52)

occur or fate works her machinations, Buff was crowned the world's bantamweight champion, although it was agreed that Herman was far superior.

When the picture, "Getting Smart," is released, the movie fans will witness one of the liveliest, peppiest and zippiest comedies ever based on prize-fighting. It concerns the adventures of Roscoe Karns, who plays the part of a ham and egg battler, managed by the loquacious Lee Tracey. Their adventures lead them into securing the job of butler and second man in a private family—Karns is finally inveigled into fighting a chauffeur from another family, but really a well known professional in disguise—The chauffeur is played by Johnny Indrisano, one of the former greats of the boxing realm—They stage a hectic scrap in the drawing room, a beautiful background for boxing atmosphere, and Karns succeeds in scoring a knockout after a series of slugging orgies—The fight is staged realistically and the action and plot is plausible enough to be entertained seriously—Curiously enough, Paramount was producing another fight picture at the same time called "The Milky Way," with Harold Lloyd, and it will be interesting to note which is given more consideration from the amusement public.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JACKIE BROWN, world's flyweight champion, defeated two opponents in the same ring at Belle Vue, Manchester, inside of thirteen minutes of actual boxing. Jackie Quinn, Belfast, who was his original opponent, failed to appear at the weigh-in and Syd Rose, Preston, was engaged to box Brown. But when the Irish lad arrived five hours late, the promoters asked the fans if they would want to see this bout, or a substitute one, and the fans shouted for Quinn, and after a one-sided first round the referee intervened in the second and awarded the contest to Brown.

Brown then said that they should bring on Rose, and that he would box him, too. The fans cheered. Brown tore into Rose and boxed brilliantly and after Rose took three counts, the referee again stopped the one-sided bout in the third round and Brown was once again declared the winner, thus winning a double-header.

Dick Corbett, Bethnal Green, scored an easy victory over Harry Edwards, Smethwick, in 12 rounds at Smethwick.

Jack London, West Hartlepool, forced Charlie Smith, Deptford, to retire at the end of the 2nd round at Newcastle.

Two local boys, Charlie Baxter and Leo Phillips, put up a great 12-round scrap at Birmingham and Baxter was declared the winner.

Norman Snow, Southern Area lightweight Champion, defeated Peter Clarke, Liverpool, in 10 rounds.

Ronnie James, Swansea, a lad with good prospects, scored an impressive K.O. win over Teddy Rollins, Whitley Bay, in the 4th at Swansea.

Phil Zwick, the tall American featherweight, showed class, when he K.O.'ed Boyo Ress, lightweight champion of Wales, in the second round at Liverpool. A right uppercut started Ress on his way to slumberland followed by a right to the jaw, and the Welshman was down for the count.

Aldo Spoldi, Italy, beat Sonny Lee, Leeds, at the Bethnal Green Drill Hall, in the 6th.

I always like to give a line to youngsters who show promise and this time it's Billy Baker, Croydon, a strongly built welterweight, who stopped Frank Travell, Northampton, in the 7th of a hard hitting bout.

Frank Hough, Battersea, for the third time, demonstrated that he was the master of Fred Shaw, Shipley, whom he defeated in Ipswich in 12 rounds.

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Tommy Steele, North Shields, gave weight and a beating to Douglas Parker, Sunderland, at Newcastle.

Seaman Jim Lawlor, Lowestoft, created a surprise at Bristol when he caused the retirement of Charlie Baxter, Birmingham, and foremost challenger for the welterweight title in the 8th.

Young Dryer, St. Georges, who has promise of developing into a good fighter, won again at the Devonshire Club, London, against the more experienced lad in Jack Hopwood, Camden Town.

Freddie Mitchell, Dartmouth, gained a four round K.O. victory over Martin Yates, Birmingham, in what was scheduled to go 12 rounds at Becontree.

A dramatic finish to the bout between Ernie Simmons, Dublin and Birmingham, and Charlie Bundy, Treherbert, when in the 11th, Simmons, who had had all the better of the exchanges, received a cut eye and exclaimed aloud in the centre of the ring "I can't see." The Referee immediately stopped the bout. Simmons has fully recovered.

A large crowd attended the Crystal Palace Open Air show when the Novices heavyweight competition was staged.

The ultimate winner was Max Hodgetts, Leicester, who has already been seen in some of the big shows.

The most promising fellow was the loser in the final. Billy Medhurst, Swancombe, dropped the verdict to Hodgetts in the 5th.

Vernon Cormier, the Canadian American who came here with an unbeaten record for the past two years, seems to have struck a bad patch. First he was beaten by Cuthbert Taylor of Merthyr and then Benny Sharkey of Newcastle, who won with a bit to spare at Liverpool in 12 rounds.

Jimmy Wilde, Swansea and Welsh Heavyweight Champion, he is no relation to the "TYLORSTOWN TERROR," proved that gameness goes a long way towards winning contests. In his bout with Salah El Din, Egyptian Heavyweight Champion, he was put down for 5 counts in the first three rounds and rose to give the Egyptian some of his own medicine.

The fifth proved the turning point of the bout, when El Din was put down for nine. He rose groggily, and took heavy punishment and after receiving punches from all angles in the 6th, he retired and left the Welshman the winner.

The supporting bouts were keenly contested, Tommy John, Camden Town and formerly of Wales, defeated Boyo Ress, Welsh lightweight champion, on points, after 12 interesting rounds. George Marsden, Nottingham, outpointed George Williams, Treherbert, in another good bout over 10 rounds.

Hal Cartwright, Tipton, knocked out Dick Titley, Walsall, in the 6th at Walsall.

Jimmy Vaughan, Becontree, defeated by T.K.O. Arthur Davies, Bedford, in the 12th round at Becontree.

Herbie Hill, The Kennell Boy at Wembley Greyhound track, retained his title of Welsh Flyweight Champion, when he scored a T.K.O. over Ken Barrett of Cardiff in the 8th at Merthyr.

A team of Welsh Boxers met East Anglian Boxers at Lowestoft with the following results: Bob Firmin, Lowestoft, caused Nelson Parkes, Wales, to retire in the third round, as also did the Southpaw, Seaman Jim Lawlor, Lowestoft, who defeated the Welsh Welterweight Champion, Ivor Pickens in the 4th with an injured arm. The Heavyweight bout between Snowy Edwards, formerly of Wales but now of Norwich, defeated Glen Moody, Wales, who was forced to give up owing to a severely cut eye in the 8th of a 12 rounds bout. The other two bouts were between Nobby Baker, Wales, who defeated Walter Lincoln, Norwich, and Mickey Thompson, Lowestoft, defeated Dave Vickery, Wales.

Jules Steyaert, Belgium, who is a younger brother of Rene Devos, the Belgian Middleweight, gained a clever win on points over the hard hitting newcomer, Alby Day, of Old Ford, at the Devonshire Club.

A contest that is worthy of mention, was the supporting bout between Bert Goddard, Islington, and Wally Lane, Old Ford, which ended in a K.O. by Goddard in the sixth.

The biggest joke sprung on the Boxing Game was when the INTERNATIONAL BOXING UNION, known as the I.B.U., officially sanctioned the match between Pierre Charles, Belgium, and George Godfrey, America, as for the OFFICIAL HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD. Well, well, folks, there you are, and if Mr. James J. Braddock of Jersey wants to box for the heavyweight championship of the world, he will have to make an application to the I.B.U. to accept him as a challenger. What a joke!!!

Frank Moody, Pontypridd, greatest of all veterans in British Boxing, made one of his best appearances in a Welsh Ring at Cardiff before twelve thousand people and forced a draw with Tommy Farr, Welsh Cruiserweight Champion, in 15 rounds. Moody fought with a cut eye.

Fred Morris, bantamweight champion of the Southern Area, gave a masterly exhibition of hit-and-get-away, when he met the tough Johnny McMullen of Belfast at the Mile End Arena, and scored a T.K.O.

George Kelly, Dublin, regained the title of Irish Lightweight Champion when he defeated the holder, Billy Smyth of Belfast at Dalymount Park, Dublin.

One of my prospects for the new boxing season, whom I have written about in these notes before, caused a mild surprise at Sunderland. His name is Roy Mills of Sunderland and the way he defeated the Northern Area Welterweight Champion, Chuck Parker of Barnsley, proved that he is on the road to higher honours.

Jackie Brown, World's Flyweight Champion, gained a surprisingly quick victory over Eric Jones, Coalville, in the third at Sheffield.

Johnny McGrory, Scottish featherweight champion, won cleverly over Pancho Martinez, champion of Cuba, in twelve rounds at Glasgow.

Mossy Condon, Cork, won the welterweight championship of Ireland when he stopped Billy Gilmore, Belfast, in the sixth at Dalymount Park, Dublin. The new champion will have plenty of challengers. George Kelly, who recently won the lightweight championship of Ireland, defeated Eddie Jones, Newcastle, on the same card.

Jake Kilrain, Belshill, and Joe Kerr, Glasgow, boxed a twelve-round draw for the Scottish lightweight championship at Parkhead Arena, Glasgow.

Syd Parker, Bolton, gave one of his best performances in defeating Peter Miller, Gateshead, when he stopped him in the fourth at Manchester.

A crowd of ten thousand people gathered at Wandsworth Greyhound Stadium to witness the all-star card on behalf of the Battersea Hospital, and through the efforts of the management, assisted by Jim Wicks and Ted Broadribb, the show was a huge success financially. All the bouts were good.

In the first star bout, Frank Hough, Battersea, appeared lucky to get the verdict over the young Walton middleweight, Tom Curran, who although behind in the earlier rounds, came along with two-handed punches to Hough's body in the latter rounds, and had him hanging on to save himself of going to the canvas. When the decision was announced it was badly received by the big crowd. This bout was one of the eliminating series for Jock McAvoy's middleweight title.

Pat Palmer, Battersea, stopped Billy Nash, the clever Clerkenwell flyweight. Palmer therefore goes forward as an opponent for Tom Pardoe's Southern Area title.

Benny Caplan, St. Georges, did not cover himself with glory when beating Johnny Peters, Battersea. Caplan, who holds a draw with Freddie Miller and a decision over Dave Crowley, could not do much with the smaller Peters, who put up a great bout.

Dave Finn, St. Georges, in his first bout as a lightweight, covered himself with glory when defeating Tommy Hyams, King's Cross, in eight rounds.

Dave McCleave, Smithfield, had little to beat in Jim Toohig, Croydon. Toohig was outclassed and floored several times before the referee stopped the bout.

Jimmy Walsh, Chester, gave a clever exhibition when outpointing the hard-hitting lightweight, Joe Kerr, Glasgow, in twelve rounds at Glasgow.

At Edinburgh, Alec Bell, cruiserweight champion of Scotland, outpunched Jack Mansfield, Old Ford, who put up a game fight before the referee stopped the bout in the seventh.

Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green, won every round of his bout with Nat Franks, Dalston, at the Bethnal Green Drill Hall, before a capacity crowd. Franks was down in the second round and the third for long counts but gamely rose to take more punishment. Although well behind on points, he tried to stem the tide, and was again put down by Sexton's heavy body blows in the ninth.

Jimmy Lester, the clever Dagenham youngster, was again in winning form. He easily outpointed Jimmy Kensit, Bethnal Green. Lester seems to improve every time out.

"Kid" Ash, Aldgate, had a good points victory over the undefeated "Young" Dryer, St. Georges, in the chief bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

"Nipper" Fred Morris, Southern Area bantamweight champion, was given a big surprise defeat when he met the clever northerner, Bobby Magee of North Shields, at the Mile End Arena in twelve rounds.

Readers—If you cannot get THE RING in Great Britain, let me know and I will arrange to have it sent on to you every month. Put a stamped addressed envelop in your letters if you want a reply. Also, any books of Nat Fleischer's Bookshop can be bought from me. My address is 3 Edward St., London, E.1.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
BY MICKEY McINTIRE

SAMMY CHIVAS, Detroit Greek welterweight, headlined the outstanding show of the month in Detroit. His opponent was Bucky Lawless, one-time welterweight contender. Lawless boxed in Detroit when in his prime and did all right, but now Bucky is just another has been. He was "knocked out" in the first round by a couple of light punches.

Johnny Vorce, stablemate of Joe Louis, established himself as Michigan's leading light-heavyweight in beating Bud Creed at Frankie Erne's Hazel Park Arena. It was a hard battle all the way.

Billy McNeil, Flint Negro welter, outscored the Coca Cola Kid in a preliminary. McNeil has been turning in some good performances.

Lefty Gwynne, Jimmy Brady's ace in the hole, defeated Cowboy Billy Burke at Petoskey. Gwynne is one of the leading bantamweight contenders, having beaten such good boys as Babe Triscaro, Bruce Simon and Lester Quillen.

Frank Kapanowski, one of Detroit's leading middleweights, keeps busy. Frank has been fighting all over Michigan, Indiana and Ohio. In his last start he took a ten-round decision over a colored boy at Youngstown.

Frank Erne is starting operations at the Arena Gardens. Erne held out at Hazel Park until it got so that he was turning the fans away at every show. So Frank decided to get a bigger place. Now Frank will hold shows week in and week out, rain or shine, winter or summer.

Walter Sharp has been promoting at Mt. Clemens. It is rumored that he will run shows at Mack Park, with the help of Julius Gonzales, the capable gym owner.

A few of the amateur results follow: Al Weathers beat Al Strong, Sam Amico beat Jimmy Maloney and LeRoy Jackson, Maloney was stopped by Dave Eagan, Pat Thomas lost to Ralph Milligan and "Lefty." Lefty stopped Duncan McFarlane, Walter Ciesiik lost an unpopular decision to Eddie Bonavia, Bonavia was kayoed by Nick Basil, Tommy Morris whipped Bill Basil, Red O'Brien shaded Ray Barch but was knocked out by Percy Jones, Bobby McIntire knocked out Fred Aquisto, Bobby O'Connell beat Joe Heidel.

Frankie Misko, Mickey Misko, Jimmy Adamick, Billy Cooper, Joe Stalnes, Lefty Gwynne and Jackie Young are all training at the West Side A. C., which is the best gym in town, open to professional boxers. All the leading pros train there. It is operated by Julius Gonzales.

Haywood Storey, a colored middleweight from the East, has been topping Bob Brace's shows at Dearborn. He boxed Max O'Conner and George Sutka.

Preparations are being made for the big Golden Gloves tournaments to be held in January and February. The amateur gymnasiums are being filled with young hopefuls who hope to win the coveted Golden Glove medals.

FISTIC SOCKS IN CLEVELAND
By PHIL SOLOMON

WE regret the passing of our friend, Parson Tom McGinty. Parson was well known in the fight business and was liked by all. He handled many a great fighter in his day, among them Charley O'Connell, Bryan Downey, Carl Tremaine, and Joey Goodman. He died at the Bainbridge dog track, where he was house detective. His death was due to a bad heart.

Lew Raymond was in Cleveland for two months looking for an arena in which to hold fights this coming season.

Paul Pirrone and Carmen Barth, the Olympic middleweight champion, under the managership of Eddie Mead, have been coming along very nicely. Pirrone's last fight was a victory over Eddie "Babe" Risko. Barth has not lost a fight since Eddie Mead has done his business. His last win was over Mike Bazzone in Pittsburgh.

The heavyweight situation seems to be settled in Ohio as far as the head of the division is concerned. I honestly believe that Eddie Simms heads the list. His defeat of Al Ettore, and a great fight with Tommy Loughran put him ahead. It looks as though Tom Stanley's worries are over, because he is getting plenty of offers for Simms around the country.

Pete Brancato informs your writer that he thinks Joe Bauer, the national amateur light-heavyweight champion who just turned pro, will go a long way. Bauer is the kid that gave Joe Louis plenty of trouble in the amateurs. He fought three great fights with Joe Louis and the best that Louis could get were decisions over Bauer. Bauer made his pro debut with a five-round knockout in Akron.

Frankie Wallace, who holds three victories over Freddy Miller, will box Bobby Pacho in St. Louis shortly. Sparky Rudolph, who is well known in the amateur ranks as a trainer, and Ross Widen had a bike concession at Chippewa Lake. Joe Kelly, who still runs the Argonne Gym, has Pat Kelly, the red-headed Golden Glove champion, ready for action. Jerry Sachs expects to return to the fight business this fall as a promoter.

The Firestone Club in Akron has returned with boxing with Pete Brancato and Frankie Neal doing the matchmaking and Paul Sheek as the promoter.

George Baratko looks like the best middleweight prospect around here, but nobody can tell as yet because the kid is just a youngster about nineteen years old. He has fought about twenty-five fights and lost only one, to Carmen Barth.

If you have any boxing news you can write this writer at 1733 E. 12th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

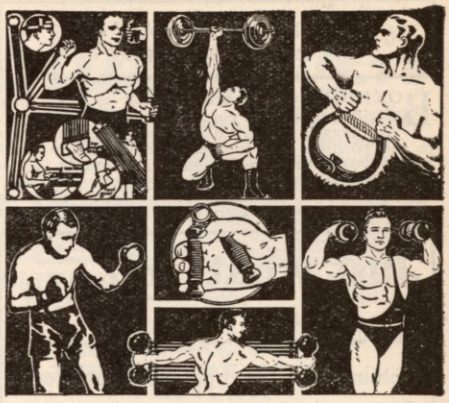
UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

THIS month I pay tribute to the South's leading lightweight, namely, Chino Alvarez, formerly of Tampa but now of Savannah. This lad is really the most outstanding ringman to spring across the fistic horizon this year, and before 1936 arrives, his name will surely grace the leading papers of the country. Mark my word!

Chino has encountered such good boys as Battling Gizzy, Erwin Berlier, Jimmy Watts, Johnny Cook, Ray Schnieder, Lou Jallos, Harry Sanky, Manuel Quentiro, Billy Carter and a host of others, and storing the bunch of them. Apparently the hardest puncher at the trade in his division, Chino is the "tops" of the South. He also has plenty of personality. He is the best gate-drawer in the entire South and is in demand.

HERE, THERE, 'N' EVERYWHERE—Pete Baird of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* really knows his boxing, and his column, "Hooks and Jabs," enjoys a wide circle of readers . . . . Ralph Chong, sensational Chinese middleweight of San Antonio, Texas, is now sojourning in the East . . . . Patsy McGrath, former lightweight star of Savannah, who met the best, is now in the rubber business . . . . Pat Heeney of Brooklyn wires in to state that he is mentoring Vince DeAngelo, star welterweight of Gotham . . . . Johnny Freeman, who has encountered such lights as the late Young Stribling, King Levinsky and the rest, will soon invade Southern rings with your scribe doing the bookings . . . . Buren Morgan of Chattanooga is singing the praises of Big Boy Dover, his heavy . . . . L. H. Wilchester of Jacksonville, Fla., is looking for new talent to manage . . . . While Jimmy Feeley of New Orleans is looking for good talent for his shows . . . . Andy Cummings, heavy conking heavyweight of Jimmy Campbell of Charleston, is in the midst of a successful comeback . . . . Eddie Zivic, outstanding lightweight of Pittsburgh, wants a shot at Chino Alvarez, as does Joe Fogellti of Philadelphia . . . . James J. Braddock, heavyweight champion, asked of the writer $1000 guarantee, with the privilege of 50 per cent of the gross and $200 expense money, to referee at Savannah . . . . Tom Humphreys of Chattanooga is business manager of the Original Celtics, world's professional basketball champions . . . . Tommy Loughran will probably show his wares at Savannah during the winter season . . . . Joe Jacobs, manager of Max Schmeling, bulletins that he is guiding the destinies of Teddy Loder and Tony Galento.

Earl Dixon of Sparks, Ga., is the state's leading bantamweight . . . . Reds Barry, once a leading contender, is about washed up . . . . Norm Quarles, lightweight of Hendersonville, N. C., is rapidly climbing that division . . . . Georgia has some mighty fine welterweights in Stiffie Williams, Smiley Wallace, Patsy Haley and Kid Morehouse . . . . Johnny Dean is apparently the Carolinas leading 147-pounder . . . . At Chicago, Sailor Born, 136-pounder of Atlanta, drew with Mickey Nolan . . . . Chino Alvarez kayoed Manuel Quentiro in fifteen seconds of the first round and decisioned Relampago Saguero, welterweight champion of the South and Cuba . . . . Freddie Miller, featherweight champion, is gunning for Tony Canzoneri, but little does he know that Chino is trying to corner him . . . . Only five champions have scaled over two hundred pounds . . . . five others were under one hundred and ninety, and the rest around that figure . . . . Jack Denning, light-heavyweight champion of the Carolinas, is still on the warpath and issuing challenges to Joe Knight and Clyde Chastain . . . . Denning lost a close decision to Knight and held Clyde to a draw . . . . Denning, as well as heavyweight Loree Wilson and Chino Alvarez, is being managed by the writer . . . . Boxing is picking up in the South and fighters wishing to make connections down this way are urged to communicate with yours truly at 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Georgia, and in conclusion and until next month I bid you all adios.



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IN OKLAHOMA
By HOOKS GIBSON

BOXING game in this locality is making a decided upturn in popularity and the prospects are very bright for a return of the ring sport to the position that it once enjoyed. Many clubs are now running weekly or semi-monthly shows that have been dark for over a year.

Pat Childers, promoter at Pawhuska, is doing well in the Osage country. Johnny Russell at Frederick, in the southwestern part of the state, is also filling his arena at each show. Other promoters throughout the state who show a profit are Sparky McVey at Ponca City, Danny O'Brien, Shawnee; Glen Snyder, Enid; and Harry Bell at Oklahoma City.

Bell, with the largest club in the state, reports an increase in gate receipts after each show, and is confident that Oklahoma City will again be the best spot in the South. Managers with light-heavyweights and heavyweights who are traveling to and from the Pacific Coast can stop off here and get fights. Write or wire Harry Bell, 812 W. Washington St., Oklahoma City.

Junior Munsell, Chickasaw Indian light-heavyweight of Oklahoma City, is proving quite a sensation since joining the ranks of the pros. Munsell, while a member of the Chilocco Indian Institute's amateur boxing team, scored sixty knockouts in seventy-two fights and since turning professional, has run up a string of eight K.O.'s in as many fights. No opponent has survived the third round to date.

Benny Gosney, eighteen-year-old heavyweight of Shawnee, is another youngster who is showing a lot of promise. Benny is under contract to Ancil Hoffman and is expected to join Frank Pacassi and Buddy Baer shortly. Francis Brandt, a welterweight, is another likely looking prospect. A terrific puncher, this farmer kid is the best crowd pleaser in Oklahoma today.

In the past month, Brandt has scored three K.O.'s at Oklahoma City. He stopped Chief Firestone in three; at Ada, Ace Mantell in two, and at Watonga, Charley Martin in seven. Benny Gosney turned in two victories and a knockout in the same period. Red Crisp was the victim in the decision battles while the knockout victim was Jack LaRue. Munsell scored knockouts over John Casey, one round; Guy Hewitt, three rounds, and Forest Cannon in two rounds, all at Oklahoma City.

At Pawhuska, Tot Wilson and Jack Donaho drew in eight rounds. Don Craig won from Richie Alvarez in six and Chief Firestone knocked out Babe Rowland in two.

At Oklahoma City, Benny McIntosh and Bobby Vinning drew in eight rounds, Don Craig knocked out Don McMillen in one, and Jack Donaho and Tot Wilson again drew in eight.

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

JACK GIBBONS, St. Paul's latest challenger for middleweight and light-heavyweight titles, is making plans for a tour around the country with father and manager, Mike Gibbons. The tour, an exhibition swing, will take them to the Coast, and down through the South. Since his victory over Frankie Battaglia, young Jack has been offered bouts in just about every spot in the country.

Eveleth, Minn.—Babe Daniels of Duluth scored a one-round kayo over the Deuce of Spades, Minneapolis lightweight, in fifteen seconds. In the semi-windup, Johnny Erjavec of Duluth scored a knockout over Johnny Baker, St. Paul heavyweight, in two rounds. Joey Calgiour of Hibbing, Minn., scored a T.K.O. over Wally Rameveck, in three rounds. Basil Barnes, of Chisholm, Minn., and Punchy Finelli of Hibbing went to a fast draw. Pete Koloff of Duluth hung up a two-round kayo over Arnie Jola. Young Russell Jola won a decision over Harry Billo.

Rochester, Minn.—Jack Gibbons, St. Paul, knocked out Kid Miller, St. Cloud, light-heavyweight, in two rounds. In the semi-windup, Joe Goeders, Albert Lea middleweight, won from Frenchy Claude of Rochester by a T.K.O. in five rounds. Al Trudeau, Rochester welter, won over Buck Jackson of Mason City, Ia. Battling Izzy Ginsberg, Minneapolis flyweight, decisioned Midget Darnell.

Deadwood, So. Dak.—Joe Jaramillo, Denver welter, fought to a draw with Kenny Boyce of Butte, Mont., in ten fast rounds. Dale Barnes, Rapid City, So. Dak., won over Baby Joe Greek, Monterey, Calif., featherweight, in ten. Kid Osibov won over Young Dempsey in six rounds. Young Tippe won over Koko Snyder in four. Jess Willard, former heavyweight king, refereed, and was given a great ovation by the fans.

LAST-MINUTE FLASHES—Many well-known boxing men from the Twin Cities attended the Louis-Levinsky fight in Chicago . . . . The Twin Cities had two fighters on the big card, Lee Savoldi and Russ Schultz . . . . Jock Malone, erstwhile middleweight boxer, has a restaurant at 491 St. Peter Street, St. Paul.

The boxing game in this section lost one of its finest friends in the death of William P. "Bill" Hart at his Eau Claire, Wis., home. For twenty-six years he served on the Wisconsin Athletic Commission. It was "Bill" who was instrumental in the passage of the first Wisconsin boxing bill. He was one of the squarest fellows any sport ever had, and he had a world of friends.

The Rose Room gym, located in the basement of the Hamm building, will be reopened under the direction of Mike Gibbons . . . . The gym has been closed for almost three years . . . . From Sioux City our good friend, Bill Hawkins, informs us that he has never witnessed such good boxing conditions around there, not since before the depression hit the country . . . . he says the sport shows signs of the "good old days" . . . . Jack Finney, veteran boxing manager of the "old school," is barnstorming with his classy featherweight, Baby Manuel . . . . Manuel, if press clippings mean anything, is a sensation, and a crowd pleaser from the word go . . . . Frankie Wolfram, that ever-popular little Winnipeg feather, is back in Detroit . . . . We would like to see more of Wolfram around here . . . . Everett Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, who is always a big card around here, never fails to draw a sell-out in his home town . . . . Don't forget to mail me your notes by the first of the month, and send same to 746 So. Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn. . . . Will be seeing you.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

FT. SCOTT, KANS.—Johnny Wagner, former middleweight boxer, is negotiating with Chanute sportsmen for the opening of a gymnasium in Chanute, providing suitable quarters can be found.

Salina, Kans.—Johnny Apt, promoter, recently returned from the East and en route stopped off at Chicago and arranged with several managers of boxers to invade the Middle West this fall and stop off at Salina for a bout. Johnny will give the fans of western Kansas some mighty classy talent to watch in action this fall.

Wichita, Kans.—Jack Slattery will stage a fight card for the Shriners this month. Jack is one of the old-timers at the game and still going strong. It is hinted that Slats is the logical man for promoting shows in this city this fall, since the passing of Johnny Husong.

Bob Capocy and Mike Mosco of Chicago write they will enter Kansas this fall with a fine string of fighters and are anxious to hear from promoters wishing the services of their fighters. Address Bob Capocy, c/o Trafton's Gym, 184 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Les Showers, big time amateur promoter, just closed another successful three-day amateur tournament at Scottsbluff, Nebr., packing the house to capacity all three nights. He has now moved into Rapid City, So. Dak., for another engagement. He reports things are looking good in the Black Hills.

Chanute, Kans.—Kansas Kid Easter is whipping several good amateurs into shape for a busy campaign this fall in this section. All amateur boxers will be under the management of L. R. Ford, writer of this column. Promoters wishing to secure a good team, write me at 3½ So. Santa Fe St., Chanute, Kansas.

Wichita, Kans.—Kenny Hill, one of the best, as well as one of the toughest hard-fighting welters in the Middle West, is getting into condition as he has several bouts lined up in the near future. Hill is under the wing of Jack Slattery, 425 So. Green St.

Boxing slowed up considerable this summer in Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma, but many optimistic managers and boxers predict a big revival in the fight game in this section this fall and winter.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

THE fight game has started buzzing big once more, thanks to Jimmy Erwin and his two merry ranking American boxers now campaigning in Jamaica, "Bustin" Buck Everett and Petey Sarron. Everett and Young Herrera, our hard-hitting warrior, battled to a draw before a record house. The boys turned in one of the hardest fights ever seen in Jamaica, not the most scientific but certainly the most closely fought bout, with two good big men battling at high tension throughout ten rounds. The other American scrapper, Petey Sarron, will fight Young Chocolate, Jamaica's bantam and featherweight champ, shortly.

Charley Perez proved himself master of Battling Ergus, again beating him in six rounds.

Jamaica Canera gained the decision over Angel Kid Sanchez.

Young Hartly, the flyweight contender, beat Frisco Roy, the champ, in a non-titular bout.

Breezy Boy is back again, full of pep, and gave his old rival, Baby Al Brown, a whipping.

Billy Wint, a promising amateur, gained an easy victory over Baby Marsh.

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By BILLY SHAW

WHILE professional boxing shows have been few and far between in this sector during the past month, the amateurs have been rapidly forging to the front and are steadily gaining in popularity. The Syracuse Police Benevolent Association staged a monster amateur ring card at the Municipal Stadium, and drew a crowd of 3,500. Over in Johnson City, just outside of Binghamton, crowds ranging from 4,000 to 6,000 turn out weekly to see the Simon-pures in action. In the village of Owego, about twenty miles south of Binghamton, 3,400 fans took in an amateur card, the second of its kind staged in the little Tioga village this summer.

The one pro card of the month was put on at Utica, and featured Bushy Graham in a successful comeback. Bushy knocked out Tommy Howells, rugged young Buffalo junior-lightweight, in the second round.

Perhaps by the time this column is off the press our friend, Babe Risko, will be the proud owner of the world's middleweight crown. Babe was slated to meet Teddy Yarosz in a title bout at Pittsburgh as this was written.

Joey Brown, stable-mate of Babe Risko, manages to keep busy despite the current fistic depression hereabouts. Joey made a big hit at Buffalo on the Al Delaney-Tommy Loughran card when he battled through six furious rounds to a draw with Joe (Dempsey) Gerace of the Bison City. A few days later the scrappy little Brown hopped over to Utica and fought a fast draw with Lou Alpert on the Graham-Howells card.

Before a cheering crowd of four thousand amateur fans, Burke Veley, Williamsport, claimant of the Middle Atlantic States welterweight crown, defeated Jimmy Lambert, New York Golden Glover, in five hectic rounds at Johnson City.

Benny Leonard, who besides being the one-time world's lightweight champion, is the ring's greatest entertainer, was in Syracuse for the police show and made a tremendous hit with the fans. Benny was third man in the ring for the Jimmy Clark-Burke Veley windup, and handled the boys in fine style.

The night previous to his local visit, Benny appeared at Joe Feldy's amateur card at Owego and was given an ovation there. Kid Herman, New York newsdealer and former featherweight star, accompanied Leonard.

The police card was one of the finest ever staged in this city. Palmer Holden, president of the P.B.A., and Roy Simmons, Syracuse University boxing coach, were instrumental in arranging the card with the help of Al Wertheimer, A. A. U. commissioner of this district, and former intercollegiate featherweight champion. Jimmy Clark, national amateur welterweight champion, knocked out Burke Veley in the second round of the feature contest, which was scheduled for five heats.

Other results on the police card follow: Pat Cunningham, Johnson City, defeated Cal McCaslin, Williamsport, Pa., 5; Johnny Mastrelli, Syracuse University, knocked out Stanley Ketchell, Rochester, 1; Carl Sorenson, Albany, outpointed Joe Church, Batavia, 5; Nick Zorilla, Syracuse, won from Tommy Spads, Batavia, 5; Hughey Smith, Rochester, decisioned Joe Zucaro, Jersey City, 5: Larry Kellum, Binghamton, beat Johnny Brunet, Syracuse, 3.

Results at Utica on the Graham-Howells show: Jackie Flowers, Clinton, knocked out Al Salbano, Syracuse, 2; Joey Brown, Syracuse, and Lou Alpert, Utica, drew, 6; Harry Pinti, Rome, and Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse, drew, 6; Frankie Graham, Utica, decisioned Young Chappie, Albany, 6; Sherman Rosen, Utica, outslugged Earl Weaver, Syracuse, 4.

And at Owego (amateurs)—Joe Ketchum, Johnson City, defeated Carl DelBerta, Oneonta, 5; Art Brady, C.C.C. Camp 286, beat Eddie Record, Binghamton, 5; Kenny Horton, C.C.C. Camp 236, shaded Woody Gaul, Endicott, 5; Jim Flynn, Owego, beat Bob Goodwin, Johnson City, 3; Karl Klossner, Berkshire, knocked out Joe Bishop, Owego, 2; Dean Hoffman, Johnson City, knocked out Leo Saddlemire, Newark Valley, 1; George Karpel, Owego, lost to Harry Smith, Smithboro, 3; Sammy Hanscisik, Johnson City, stopped Freddie Burke, Binghamton, 3.

SHORT SHOTS—Irving Robbins, well-known manager of boxers, has been named director of bouts for a newly formed amateur boxing club here . . . . Al Salbano has gone back to Houston, Texas, and says he is going to hang up his gloves . . . . Joe Banovic is reported on the upgrade, although he is still confined in a Binghamton hospital, the result of his near fatal infection . . . . Don Willets is matchmaker for the LaFayette A.C. in Utica and plans weekly shows at Convention Hall this winter . . . . This youngster, Jimmy Clark of Jamestown, owner of the national amateur welterweight crown, is a sweet looking fighter . . . . Jimmy is a clean-cut colored boy and packs dynamite in both hands . . . . He boxed in Paris last July and Georges Carpentier went for him in a big way, even trying to sign him up . . . . Has hopes of winning the Olympic title.

Was talking to Jack Lewis the other day and Jack tells me boxing will come back big here this winter, with a real bankroll behind the club . . . . Over in Auburn the pro club has folded because of the lack of attractions but weekly amateur shows are doing nicely . . . . Stuart Smythe, publisher of the Owego *Times*, is boxing's biggest booster in and around the Southern Tier . . . . The Disabled Veterans' pro boxing license expired August 31 . . . . THE RING circulation in this section is growing monthly . . . . In closing, may we suggest you listen in on Station WNEW every Thursday at 7.45. You get real fight gossip from Nat.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES

By HERB McHUGH

WITH a special committee, appointed by the N. S. W. Government, to relieve him of the cares of financial matters attached to the open-air fight promotions to be held during the summer months at the Sydney Sports Ground, Charlie Lucas is all methodical exactness in getting the right type of overseas boxers to journey this way to provide opposition for Ambrose Palmer, Jack Carroll, Fred Henneberry and Merv Blandon.

The first of the open-air shows is set down for November. Three Australian championships on the one night is one of Lucas' ambitious schemes, while Boxing Night (December 26) is on the slate for a world's championship event. Radiophone calls to overseas markets are becoming very regular, and while Lucas as yet refuses to release anything, his demeanour gives the impression that he is pleased with the way things are shaping.

As I wrote previously, the promotions to be held will see various public hospitals benefit. With the State Government behind it, the finances are solid, and whatever world's champion is guaranteed an amount, he need have no fear about collecting. But more later on.

Jack Carroll had no trouble in defeating the colored youngster, Tommy Jones. Except for the first two rounds, Jones was on the receiving end throughout, despite the fact that Carroll fought the last half with a torn muscle in his back which demands a six weeks' rest from the ring.

Jones also had to seek medical aid a couple of days afterwards, petulant tonsils being the cause. With their removal, he is progressing O.K. and will be all set for the matchmaker in the middle of August.

A double bill was reeled off at Sydney Stadium. Willard Brown took the points from Jimmy Purcell in one event, and Dick Humphries stopped Johnny Foster in ten rounds. Purcell and Humphries are nice prospects, neither being yet twenty years of age. Humphries is a regular stylist, and he is not scared to go in and mix it when demanded. It was bad luck for Foster when he fastened a couple of heavy wallops on the local's chin, as Humphries just waded in and hit Johnny with so many punches that the visitor must have thought all his birthdays had arrived together.

It looks now as if Brown and Humphries will oppose each other.

Regarding the Purcell fixture it is fair to mention that Brown was substituted for Harry Devine, who a day before the bout, received a severe gash over the eye during a work-out in the gymnasium.

Mickey Miller is now the holder of the bantamweight title. He trounced the former holder, Ron Leonard, when they met at Leichhardt, the fight lasting only four rounds. There is not a bantam in sight so far who could cause Miller any worry. In search of fights, Miller will move up among the featherweights and is to do battle with the feather champion, Merv Blandon. Leichhardt will place the fixture, which will be a two-minute rounds affair.

Colored fighter, Roy De Gans, has still to break the ice. He was outpointed by Young Campbell and knocked out in four rounds by Ron Richards.

Gaston Le Carde, French welter, who accompanied De Gans to Australia, got off to a good start at Leichhardt by holding Herb Bishop to a draw. Over the early rounds, Le Cardre showed out badly, but over the concluding stages Bishop couldn't hold him, the Frenchman throwing them from every angle. Weights were: Le Cardre 142½, Bishop 138. There is just the possibility that they will be lined up again. Should the matchmaker miss out, probably Purcell will be called in to accommodate Le Cardre.

Pietro Georgi is still getting by to good effect. He took the points from Pietro Spagnola at Fitzroy (Melbourne). Having also recently held Ron Richards to a draw, he can see well ahead in being able to get butter to put on his bread. Understand that he is again to meet Ambrose Palmer. Pat McHugh will promote the match at Fitzroy. More good money for Georgi.

Al Schaaf is picking up fights here and there. He is very popular in Brisbane.

Harry Stone, former tar American featherweight, is still active here as a trainer and manager. He is looking after Tom King, Harry Devine and the New York boy, Tommy Jones, who were brought to this country by Jack Lawrence. The three are popular with the fans. The outstanding one of the three is Tom King of Boston, who recently fought a good draw with Fred Henneberry, present middleweight champion of Australia. "Southpaw" Harry Devine is another likeable member of Jack Lawrence's team and this ex-Olympic champion met the Baltimore fighter, Jack Portney, recently in the main bout, but lost. Tommy Jones, the colored welterweight with Lawrence's team, lost to Jack Carroll a few weeks back.

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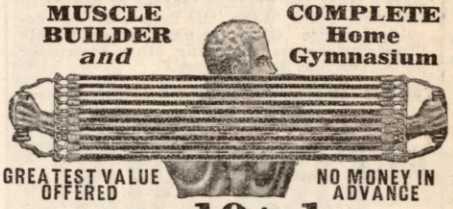

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

RAY KID INGRAM won handily over Joey Allen in ten rounds at Carlin's Park in Baltimore. Ingram made his best showing to date and, incidentally, made it five successive wins in the Monumental City.

Pete Sarron returned to Washington to hand Joe Teems a decisive licking for Joe's first defeat in these parts. Sarron made Teems box like he pleased and the easy manner in which he handled the heretofore rough and ready Floridian was a surprise to the three thousand fans that witnessed the show at the Griffith Stadium. In the six-round prelims Gene Buffalo won over Meyer Roan, Eddie Burl beat Young Pal Moore, and Joe DeCarlo handed Billy Teems a pasting.

Jimmy Jones, Baltimore's promising welterweight, made his first start as a middleweight and licked Sam Finazzo in ten rounds in Baltimore. The fight was a bang-up affair and the boys have been booked for a return encounter.

Bob Tow, Alexandria heavyweight, won over Terry Mitchell of New York after ten slow rounds at Washington. Mitchell was entirely too small for the towering Tow, who did not look any too impressive due to a bad shoulder for which he has since gone under operation and will be on the sidelines for six months. Joe Lipps of Charlotte, North Carolina, beat Al LePage in the eight-round semi-final. Frankie Blair beat Roy Manley in six rounds, and Kirkwood Burke knocked out Steve Kadish in five spectacular heats that had the fans standing.

California Joe Rivers beat Young Raspi in eight rounds in Baltimore. Raspi is the first boy to go the route with California Joe in the Monumental City and took a terrific beating in staying the distance. Raspi got a great ovation for his game stand, as he could have easily taken the short route on several occasions. Paris Apice of Providence, Rhode Island, made his initial start in Baltimore, winning handily over Joe DeCarlo in six heats.

Joe Smallwood made a sorrowful showing against Ken Overlin in Washington, with the Norfolk battler winning all ten rounds. Joe was making his first showing at home in two years and was fresh from some high class wins, especially one over Vince Dundee, but against the shifty Overlin, Joe looked like a novice.

Young Transperanti and Chester Ruby, two young bantams of Baltimore, went at it hammer and tongs for ten heats at Carlin's Park with Transperanti the winner. Ruby was the aggressor most of the way, but took a pasting for his efforts. In the main prelim, Steve Kadisk finished Buster Buckley in four rounds after hitting the deck himself.

Jimmy Jones beat Sam Finazzo decisively in a return bout in Baltimore over the twelve-round route. The boys had boxed early in the month with Jones taking a disputed duke, hence the return affair over a longer distance. In the main prelim, Steve Kadish knocked out Benny Friedman in three rounds.

Ken Overlin won with plenty to spare over Tommy Romano in ten rounds at Richmond, Va. Baby Miller took a technical knockout over Tootsie Bashara when their bout was halted because of a cut eye. The largest house of the season turned out for the double-windup.

Willie Reddish knocked out Jack Ross in eight rounds at Washington. Ross was no match for the Philadelphia fighter who showed more class than any heavyweight to show in these parts. Billy Ely of Washington won over Young McQualin in the eight-round semi-final, while Meyer Roan and Rooster Cross went eight hot rounds with honors even.

PICK-UPS—Ten thousand colored fans turned out at the Griffith Stadium in Washington to see Joe Louis take a bow. It was the largest house at at Nation's Capital this season and also one of the most orderly. When Louis was introduced with Jesse Owens, the colored runner, the fans went wild cheering the boys for several minutes. Louis made his showing as an attraction with the Colored Elks and together with Owens, received an honorary degree.

Chris Dundee has moved his boxing stable from Norfolk to Richmond, Va., and from the way the fans turned out recently to see his two stars, Ken Overlin and Tootsie Bashara, perform it looks like a wise one . . . . Matchmaker Goldie Ahearn is having trouble in making King Levinsky go through with a bout with Marty Gallagher at Washington. The King's sister, Lena, insists that Goldie lay it on the line to the extent of four grand regardless of the fact that her co-partner, Harold Steinman, had previously signed for the King to work on a percentage basis. The match will draw some real dough in Washington, so it looks like Lena will get her wish, regardless of contract to the contrary.

The Police Fund card, featuring California Joe Rivers and Pete Sarron, will draw at least twenty thousand fans in Washington with the majority of the receipts going to the welfare fund for young boys, handled through the Police Department . . . . Frankie Mann, Washington's original boxing promoter, is thinking seriously of reentering the field. Mann had promoted boxing in the vicinity of Washington for twenty years prior to the passage of the District Boxing Law, after which he teamed with Joe Turner, only to quit last winter after the Natie Brown-Mickey Walker, and Marty Gallagher-Ray Impellitiere bouts failed to make money.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

EDDIE COOL, one of Philadelphia's "top" lightweights, is red in the face with anger. The decision rendered against him by the referee in Atlantic City against Charley Gomer was surprising to his many followers. According to ringside witnesses, Gomer, the underdog, displayed plenty of ability and surprised many by his good showing, but nevertheless, the decision was protested. The writer's personal opinion is that Cool did not lose. Sam Weinberg, Cool's mentor, has a good prospect in Tony Strazzeri, who will be among the best featherweights this winter. Benny Schwartz, promising junior welterweight, is also under his guidance.

Jimmy Toppi, for many years promoter of the Broadway A. C., has reopened the Olympia. At the Cambria, Johnny Burns started his twenty-first consecutive year as promoter. Ray Fabiani will promote at the Arena.

Willie Clark, former amateur star, referee and trainer of boxers, has two of Philly's best sluggers, Jimmy Smith, middleweight, and Danny Hassett, light-heavyweight. Willie is guiding these boys to big attractions this winter. Watch them go.

Al Trainor has surprised by his successful return against Young Terry and Jimmy Smith. These fights, held in Atlantic City, were the bloodiest ever seen by the writer. Al is gunning for the best in the middleweight class.

Philadelphia—Al Ettore surprised by his sensational victory over LeRoy Haynes before a capacity house. On the same bill, Paul Pirrone stopped Jimmy Belmont, Mickey Walker knocked out Lew Poster, and Lew Halper outpointed Johnny Duca.

Camden—Calvin Reed was held to a draw by Ted Borman, Jack Kelly won over Young Kid Chocolate, and Harry Smith won over Buddy Goodrich. In the second show of the season, Jersey Joe Wolcott knocked out Lew Alva, and Jack Taylor K.O'd Steve McGraw.

Leiperville—Benny Bass defeated Mike Marshall, Vincent Reed won over Rudy Hollis, and Steve Duval outpointed Carmen Vitulla.

Pottstown—Pete Suskey defeated Pat Igo, and Johnny Sayres won over Johnny Van Durick.

Manayunk—Benny Bass outpointed Johnny Craven, Wally Novak drew with Cornell Phillips, and Mickey O'Brien defeated Tony Manos.

Atlantic City—Ken Overlin, after a long layoff, came back to defeat Henry Firpo, Harry Serody won over Stumpy Jacobs, and Charley Gomer outpointed Jackie Willis. In another show, Unknown Winston defeated Babe Hunt, Tony Falco defeated Johnny Jadick, and Al Trainor drew with Young Terry.

IN A HURRY—Cliff Bent, former star boxer, is now pilot for the Duca brothers, Johnny, Joe and Mickey . . . . They hail from Jersey, but box here steadily . . . . Tony Morgano received his first consignment since returning from Hollywood . . . . Eddie Cool was his first opponent . . . . Johnny Jadick, Lew Massey, and Benny Bass will follow before the winter is past . . . . Frankie Thomas will tour New Orleans and Texas with his colored star lightweight, Calvin Reed . . . . His first booking is in New Orleans . . . . Frank De Winne has Jack Kelly and Al Hughes under his management . . . . Lew McFarland is promoting at the Convention Hall, Camden . . . . Jack Puggy has Vincent Reed under tow . . . . "Farmer" is manager of Harry Kid Brown's gymnasium located at Broad and Bainbridge, and this is the largest gymnasium for boxers in this city.

Frank Palermo, coach of one of Philadelphia's most promising amateur teams, was in Cleveland where a parade of amateur champs competed. He was accompanied by the national flyweight champ, Johnny Marcellini, and Johnny Ferro, runner-up for the flyweight honors. Marcellini defeated Cleveland's all-around champ, Jesse Levels. Marcellini has thirty-nine consecutive victories under his belt and is the best bet to win the Olympics in 1936.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

BOXING in Houston has come back with a bang! Two clubs are now running and drawing well. Promoter Jimmie Guest and his popular matchmaker, Pat Wright, have been giving local fans some real matches and the result has been a big revival of interest in boxing in this vicinity.

Johnny Thompson made his initial bow as a promoter and presented one of the best shows of the season. All in all, it looks like a great indoor season for Houston.

Dick Griffin continues to give the Dallas fans high class bouts and is still drawing well.

Jimmie Guest has taken over Beaumont and has installed the one and only "New Iberia Bill" Plattsmeir as matchmaker. Beaumont, once the best fight town in the state, should soon be a leading center for the fisticuffers.

Promoter Francis Cunningham, at San Antonio, continues to struggle along, occasionally drawing a fair house. Tracy Cox seems to be the only fighter who draws there.

In the course of our many years' association with the fight game, it has been our pleasure to come in personal contact with several champions, all of whom seemed to be O.K. But we take off our hat and award the royal palm to that big Irish "regular" guy, James J. Braddock.

Braddock, appearing here in an exhibition, took local fans by storm with his wonderful personality and general lack of snobbishness. He is the only champion ever to appear here who held "open house." The doors to his hotel suite were open at all times and he was never too busy or too tired to meet and entertain his many admirers.

Manager Joe Gould, Jack McCarthy and Lew Diamond, popular New Orleans matchmaker, made the trip with Braddock.

Chief Parris, tough Indian welter, seems to be headed places. During the month, he decisioned Duke Tramel, Lew Massey and Tony Herrera. He is a whirlwind who never lets up and it's going to take a real fighter to beat him.

Tony Herrera, making his first start in several months, looked good against Parris for a few rounds, but tired badly. He fought Johnny Higgins a week later, however, and looked great, flattening Higgins in four heats. He holds one win over the Chief and promoters are endeavoring to match them for the rubber match.

Clyde Chastain and Dutch Weimer met in their return go and Clyde was again returned the winner. It was so close, though, that local fans are still arguing about which is the better fighter. Plans are afoot to have them fight it out over the fifteen-round route for the state light-heavy championship.

Hard punching Duke Tramel has been going good around Memphis lately, having kayoed two opponents in the past two weeks. The Duke made 146 pounds for Chief Parris and discovered that he just couldn't do it and be strong. He is best at 155.

"Rock 'em" Roy Elliott, the hardest puncher in this neck of the woods, continued his climb with victories over Jerry Terry and Tommy Collins. He looks better with each start and should be a real fighter within the next year.

It remained for clever George Brown to halt the winning streak of Pat McDuff. McDuff, in more than a dozen fights, was undefeated and had scored knockouts in every fight but one, wherein he beat Ed Dunaway badly, was thoroughly outboxed and outsmarted by Brown. It looks like the beginning of a bitter rivalry between the pair of young heavyweights and the fans will watch with interest the progress of each.

Hugh Benbow, former trainer of New York, has put the amateur game back on its feet in Houston. He has opened a gym here and has about two hundred Simon-pures working out daily. Benbow plans to stage semi-monthly shows and hopes to develop some amateurs capable of reaching the 1936 Olympics. More power to you, Hugh!

Jo Jo Passante, Houston featherweight, is one of the classiest youngsters it has ever been our pleasure to watch. Victor in some hundred amateur battles and with about a year's pro experience, he is unbeaten in either class. He comes nearer doing everything perfect and at the right time than anyone we've seen recently. He is being handled by Roxy Kalo, likable local fight manager. The writer hereby puts himself out on that well-known "limb," predicting that the little Italian will some day reach championship form.

Other results over the state: Roy Stice, classy lightweight, beat Ventura Arana; Arana won over Lew Massey; Massey beat Willie Davies; Babe Hunt K.O.'ed Tim Charles and decisioned Ed Dunaway; Dunaway beat Hugh Glass, but lost to Tom Beaupre; Glass kayoed Johnny Thurmond and Lee Broussard; Tommy Collins drew with Wilson Dunn and Ed Dunaway; Dick McCauley won from Curtis Mullens and Bobby Garcia, and knocked out James McNeil; Jack Griffin lost to Cullen Williams; Williams kayoed Johnny Lacaille; Lacaille beat Ellis Gallier; Gallier beat Jack Taylor but lost to Red Wright.

Santos Delgado, one of the best crowd pleasers in the country, drew with Johnny Lacaille and Ike Boswick; Dutch Weimer stiffened Buck Easterling in a heat; Buster Gonzales beat Freddie Nuncio and drew with Johnny Hernandez; Hernandez won from Lou Hasso; Clyde Chastian K.O.'ed Kid Baisden; Johnny Higgins flattened "Branding Iron" Linn; Linn drew with Jack Griffin; Bobby Garcia beat Billy Deeg.

Mickey Riley and Frankie Fink, old-timers, put on their grudge affair with Riley copping the duke. Fink stopped Billy Crane in the second bout of his comeback. Phil Latona beat Nick Santos; Howard Scott and Cullen Williams drew; Kid Leva K.O.'ed Gene Gordon and drew with Davy Jones; Frenchy LeFevre drew with Jodie Cason; Curtis Scott beat George Rickard; Harry Basquez beat Johnny Wallace; Pat McDuff knocked out Luther Smith; George Coffee beat Tiger Carter.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

THE professional boxing game in Waterbury returned with all its glory. George Mulligan, popular local boxing promoter of the Waterbury A. C., presented a bang-up program at Lakewood Arena.

In his star attraction, Eddie Hogan, young heavyweight clouter, was awarded an unpopular decision over Eddie Unknown Winston, Negro heavyweight slugger, in a stirring battle. The majority of spectators figured Winston to have the edge.

The referee, Billy Taylor, credited Hogan 37 points to 36 for Winston.

In the eight-round semi-final, Irish Eddie Dolan, a speedy southpaw boxer, battled his way to an easy victory over Sindulfo Diaz of Porto Rico.

Buddy Mignault, light-heavyweight mauler, who is a great action fighter, gained a victory on a technical knockout over Emperor Jones in the fourth round.

Frank Warjack, hard-hitting heavyweight warrior of New York, displayed fine fighting ability in scoring a three-round technical knockout over Tony Kair of Hartford.

Joe Arnold, middleweight, from Waterbury, drove a terrific right to Joe Palooka's jaw to put an end to the bout in the third canto.

At the Walnut Beach Stadium, Milford, Tony Shucco, claimant of the light-heavyweight championship of New England, outpunched Buddy Mignault to win a unanimous ten-round decision in the feature bout.

Eddie Conley, welterweight ringster of Danbury, put the skids under Stanley Morris in the third frame.

Frankie Smith, Norwalk scrapper, pounded out a six-round victory on points over Pete Herman of Boston.

George Russo, Bridgeport lightweight, won from Jimmy Knight.

Eddie Unknown Winston, heavyweight slugger, delivered a terrific right-hand wallop to Frank Warjack's jaw at Lakewood Arena and K.O.'ed him in the fourth.

In the semi-final affair, Buddy Mignault punched his way through to win a popular ring triumph over Leo Salvas of Chicopee Falls.

Eddie Jessup, Torrington knuckle pusher, lost on a technical knockout to Wade Lumpkin of Philadelphia in the third round.

Billy Reeves won over Joe Arnold by a technical knockout in the second round.

Tommy Grady, Springfield belter, gained a four-round decision over Frankie Smith.

Werther Arcelli, welterweight battler, gained the decision over Jasper La Rosa in an interesting feature ten-round bout at the Walnut Beach Stadium.

Pancho Villa, New Bedford, won over Al Mello.

Eddie Moore, Bridgeport mitt slinger, won a decision from Joe Rodriguez.

Pinky Morris of Bridgeport and Gene Gregory fought a four-round draw.

FISTICUFF TOWER TOPICS—Joe Vignali, Waterbury windmill lightie leather-pusher, lost a ten-round hairline decision to Johnny Jaddick of Philadelphia at Albany, New York . . . . he then journeyed to North Adams, Mass., to bang out a triumph over Davey Grande in a feature ten-round tussle . . . . Freddie Foran, Hartford featherweight, fought a six-round draw with Artie Weinberg . . . . Mickey Todone, lightweight ringster, scored a four-round decision over Karol Pieton . . . . H. Rapparot, Sherbrooke, Canada: Sorry, I don't handle the requested fighters . . . . Any good action fighter, without a manager, desiring to show his fistic wares in this section, should get in touch with the scribe at 50 Crown St., Waterbury, Conn. Also kindly send records and a photograph . . . . Al Nelson Gainer, New Haven light-heavyweight, kayoed Billy Ketchell in the sixth department . . . . For an immediate response, please send a self-stamped envelope.

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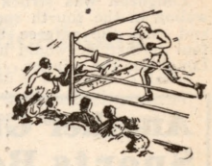

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

JUDGING from their showings made here against young Al Delaney, Buddy Baer will whip the veteran ringman, Tommy Loughran—if they ever meet.

Baer clouted out Delaney in four rounds while the Detroit youngster held Loughran to a draw in a sizzling six-rounder here on Aug. 22.

Loughran is still a good boxer but the Philadelphia veteran can't punch a lick, and a youngster can take considerable chances with him. Delaney showed no fear of Tommy, walking right into jabs and throwing right-handers that might have spelled disaster for the cagy Loughran if they landed.

Loughran was struck in the groin by a hefty wallop in the fourth round, which slowed him up and, had the referee been allowed to render a foul verdict, he would have been forced to declare Loughran the winner.

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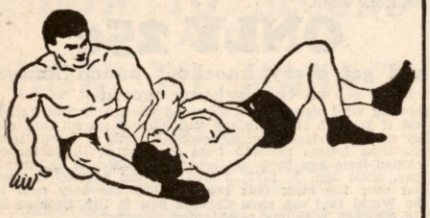

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However, by his good showing, Delaney is bound to get further opportunities. He should not be overmatched, especially against hard punchers. If given a chance, young Al may get some place in the fistic spotlight.

A summary of the bouts on the Loughran-Delaney program follows:

Tommy Loughran, 188½, and Al Delaney, 185, boxed a draw, six rounds; official decision.

Eddie Houghton, 183, stopped Tommy Baxter, 192½; fifth round, stopped by referee.

Jack Kranz, 185, and Earl Conway, 180, boxed a draw, six rounds; official decision.

Tony Tozzo, 162, stopped Joe Lyons, 154; second round, stopped by referee.

Joe Gerace, 127, and Joey Brown, 125½, boxed a draw, six rounds; official decision.

Frankie Eagan, 140, won from Blase Pantano, 145; six rounds, official decision.

Referee, Bill Cavanaugh, West Point; judges, John Krysinski and Danny Russo; timer, Marve Smith; announcer, Manny Weitz.

With wrestling definitely out of the local picture, boxing will get a good play this fall and winter. New drawing cards must be developed and a new slate of preliminary boys should be uncovered. Some of the old faces have been at it for over ten years and the fans are tired of them. What's more, these vets of the prelims have absolutely no chance to get ahead in boxing and should be advised to hang up the gloves.

Tommy Paul is working for an advertising company and will do no more boxing this summer.

Bushey Graham, old Utica star, came back on August 21 to knock out Tommy Howells of Buffalo in four rounds at Utica. Bushey was a real speed boy when he was licking all comers in the bantam and featherweight divisions. He should have cleaned up plenty.

George Nichols, old southpaw war-horse, who won the National Boxing Association's Chicago tournament some years back to become recognized as light-heavyweight champion, is trying to do a comeback. George will find this road rocky and hilly, and little money in it for a veteran.

There was some talk of Lou Scozza taking a boat and going to England for some fistic engagements. Instead, Lou went to Max Baer's camp to train with the ex-champion and brother Buddy.

Tommy Timlin, the silver-haired manager, has taken over Rudy Stiller, good amateur middleweight.

FISTIC POTPOURRI—Joe Tambe is back from the West Coast . . . . A good little fighter, but little fellows haven't much chance here . . . . Steve Halaiko is doing most of his fighting around New York and Brooklyn . . . . Not much dough down there, but Steve may as well keep busy . . . . Playfair Brown, hustling Toronto promoter, plans weekly shows in the Ontario metropolis this fall and winter . . . . Hamilton, Ont., a good fight town once, is also planning boxing shows . . . . Jack Barry at Erie and Tommy Moore at Jamestown expect to get back as promoters . . . . The Orioles here, staging amateur shows, have developed quite a few good prospects . . . . The club will again have the Simon-pures going weekly at its Genesee Street clubhouse . . . . Too many licensed judges in this town considering the number of shows staged . . . . When there were two shows per week we had only four judges . . . . Now, with an average of one show a month, there are six licensed to officiate . . . . Jimmy Goodrich and Luke Carr are both capable and honest referees . . . . Some talk that Willie (K. O.) Brennan, once an outstanding middleweight, may get a referee's license . . . . He would be a good one . . . . Joe Matty will be back in the wrestling game this fall with about forty strong men of all weights . . . . Ed (Don) George could toss O'Mahony six times a night if he wanted to . . . . The Irishman isn't in Ed's class . . . . Joe Ryan, Ohio heavyweight, will make Buffalo his home this fall.

Good young heavyweights wishing to make a real connection should write Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers should be free from managerial contracts or entanglements.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

FOUR amateur clubs will run shows soon here, yet we have no pro club. It is a pity that a city of over three hundred thousand, and a good fight town like Rochester, hasn't any pro fighting clubs.

The writer has sent his good little lightweight, Al Traino, Rochester's Toy Bulldog, to New York City for a few weeks. Traino will train with Al Roth for his coming title shot with Tony Canzoneri. Al will show on the under card.

The Syracuse Police Department ran its annual amateur boxing show for the Christmas basket for the poor of Syracuse and over five thousand people turned out for the great show promoted by Albert Wertheimer, A. A. U. commissioner of Syracuse.

Hughie Smith, Rochester Niagara District A. A. U. lightweight champ, stole the show. Hughie gave Joe Zacarie of Syracuse eleven pounds and a licking. Stanley Ketchell and Johnny Mastrello were on the same card.

Micky Cook, the Johnson City boxing promoter, was in town last month. Micky wanted to book Irish Jim Flood of Rochester for his next show. Flood is a great card in Johnson City.

Tommy Curry, well known Endicott boxing promoter, is working on his first indoors show. He wants a good lightweight to fight Hughie Smith of Rochester for the district championship.

Joe Di Carlo, Rochester's welter champ, writes from Ithaca that he is in great shape and will be back soon and ready for the best of them.

The following amateur boys are training daily about town: Benney Baxter, Jake Hagerman, Al Fields, Hughie Smith, Eddie Thamas, Bob Smith, Stanley Ketchell, Nello Nucello, Nick August, Joe Bridie, Sammy Gardino, Norm Roth, and others.

THE RING magazine is on sale on the fifth of each month at Rickles and Levine newsstand at Clinton and Main Streets.

The writer will answer all mail. Send stamped envelope to 238 Lyndhurst Street, Rochester, N. Y.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

ONLY the Negro battlers maintained the prestige of professional boxing in New Orleans during the month, the white boys being idle for no shows were offered to the fans. There is no local white talent at all, and for that reason promoters decided to wait until some comes along as the fans will not support their customary preliminary boys in main events.

Herman "Kid" Collins, colored welterweight, and one of the deadliest counter-punchers ever to show in the South, continued his winning ways with a ten-round decision over Gene Thomas, Atlanta, Ga. Collins dropped Thomas several times and administered a sanguinary beating to the Georgia iron man.

A family dispute as to their respective fighting ability, a brew of two years' standing, was left unsettled when K. O. White and Wesley Farrell, local Negro welterweights, wound up all even after ten bristling rounds. The men are first cousins and, as each had a large following, the "gate" was big.

K. O. White put one victory on his belt during the thirty days, receiving the decision, after ten listless rounds, over Jimmy Brown, Negro middleweight from Cincinnati, Ohio.

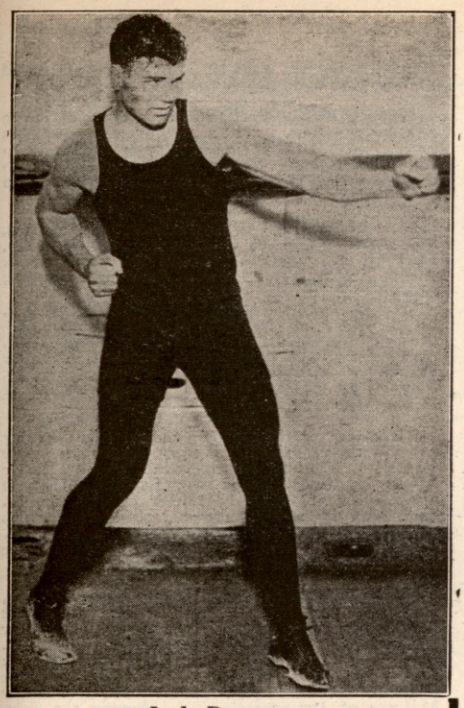
Other activities of Negro fighters performing in New Orleans were as follows: Stonewall Jackson, Cincinnati, Ohio, again defeated Carlos Phillips; Phillips also lost to Lee Page of Miami, Fla.; Josh Willis drew with Page, all middleweights. Kid Willie of Hattisburg, Miss., beat Battling Siki, as also did Tiger Stewart; Jack Davis decisioned Levi Young, all welterweights. Israel Robinson kayoed Kid Nathan and Battling Amos; Young K. O. White stopped Newsboy Brown; Brown drew with Isaac Worship, all lightweights. Lucius Fleet decisioned Louis Kid Morris; Carl Coste stopped Baby Ferth, all bantamweights.

With the sudden withdrawal of Lew Diamond as matchmaker of the Garden A. C., and his equally sudden leave-taking of New Orleans, there has been a general exodus of his lieutenants. Ben Finkle has gone to Texas and Broadway Johnny Cox seems to have disappeared from his usual haunts.

The Capital City, Baton Rouge, La., continues to stage profitable boxing shows with Bill Hogroder, a local featherweight, the big favorite. Hogroder drew with Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans, in his most recent appearance. Other bouts on that card resulted in Eddie Dreher, 164 pounds, Baton Rouge, outslugging Tommy Murphy, New Orleans, in the semi-final. Sailor Forbes, Bogalusa, La., lightweight, stopped Clifton Wheat of Mobile, Ala., and George McGinnis, Baton Rouge, decisioned Jimmy Grosch, New Orleans middleweight.

Eddie Kid Wolfe, veteran Memphis, Tenn., welterweight, again trounced George Salvadore, Texas favorite, at Memphis. On the same card Jimmy Braddock, the Cinderella heavyweight champion, exhibited.

OUTCROPPINGS—With the opening of the winter tourist season, Negro boxing will again reach a high peak . . . . There was an entire new set-up of boxing promoters when October began . . . . Frank Cassard, son of a high police official, made his debut as a fighter's manager . . . . The writer will look after the affairs of boys wishing to perform in the South . . . . The address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.



Jack Dempsey

WHAT ARE THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS OF A

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People realize today that, to be a real man, requires more than just physical strength. A keen mind, ability to think quickly, self-confidence and courage, poise and alertness are necessary in addition to well-developed and trained muscles. There is a way open to every man and youth whereby he can become a real, upstanding man as described above.

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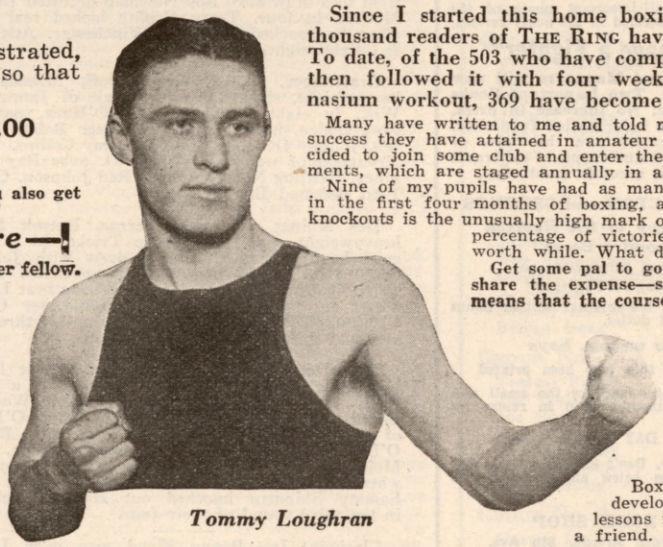

Tommy Loughran

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

WITH Sioux City's outdoor boxing season slowly drawing to a close, your scribe wants to say that it has been one of the best boxing seasons witnessed here in years. The two local clubs, the Uptown Arena and the Riverview Park Arena, have both had their share of good attendance. Both Tommy O'Loughlin, matchmaker at the Park Arena, and Ty Dillon, matchmaker at the Uptown, are to be congratulated for their fine work.

Results for the past month at the local "sock" centers are as follows:

Uptown Arena—On an excellent card, before one of the largest crowds of the season, Frankie Wolfram, popular Canadian featherweight, punched out a win over Paul Astrada of Kansas City in ten rounds of milling. Albert Manriquez, Atlantic, Ia., featherweight, won over Sammy Musco in eight rounds. Ray Mann, Sioux City welterweight, knocked out Mickey Powers of Omaha in the second round. Roy Newman, Sioux City, scored over Jack Priestly, Omaha lightweight, in four. Babe McCrea, St. Louis, won over Gene Winechester in four.

Riverview Park Arena—Everette Rightmire, Sioux City's featherweight comer, scored a fifteen-round shade decision over Frankie Wolfram of Winnipeg, Canada. It was the seventh meeting of the pair, and was staged before a crowd of nearly five thousand fans. In the ten-round semi-windup, Cliff Boykin, Chicago Negro featherweight, drew with Bobby O'Dowd of Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Uptown Arena—Jimmy Garrison, Kansas City lightweight, won over Billy Reardon of Chicago in eight rounds. Ted Smith, Detroit Negro welter, scored over Battling Nelson of Belgrade, Nebr. Phil Pernice, Chicago lightweight, won over Chuck Galotta of Kansas City in six. Mickey Slater, Sioux City featherweight, won over Jimmy Thomson in four. Jack Harding, Sioux City welter, and Lloyd Rawson of Moville, Ia., went to a draw in four. Phil Montgomery lost to Roy Newman in four, both local lightweights.

Riverview Park Arena—Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg featherweight, defeated Cliff Boykin, Chicago Negro, in six. Jackie Elverrillo, Chicago welter, won over Frankie Farrell of Kansas City by a T. K. O. in the first round. Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines feather, scored a kayo over Mickey Nolan in one round. Jack Harding and Irish McKenna went to a draw in four. Billy Clancy lost to Mickey Slater in four, both local feathers.

Uptown Arena—Armanda Sicilia, Springfield, Ill., featherweight, won over Al Manriquez of Atlantic, Ia., in eight rounds. Andy Miller, local light-heavyweight, punched Alex Bundren of Kansas City all over the ring for an easy win in eight heats. Lloyd Rawson and Jack Harding battled to another draw. Irish McKenna and Billy Porter went to a draw also. Roy Newman defeated Buddy McCrea in four. Terry Griffith looked real well when he knocked out Dene Winchester, Atlantic, Ia., lightweight, in two rounds.

Graettinger, Ia.—Frank Androff, Minneapolis heavyweight, shaded Frankie Vogle of Janesville, Wis., in eight rounds. Goldie O'Hara, popular Fort Dodge middleweight, won over Bobby Jackson. Johnny Cosgrove shaded Jimmy Collins. Fred Kreutzkampf won by a T. K. O. over Ray Jennings. Battling Neilsen kayoed Red Johnson. Claud Petit defeated Benny Reeves.

Des Moines, Ia.—Pete Ferrar, Detroit light-heavyweight, won over Verne Trickel in a very good bout. Jimmy Constance drew with Johnny Zuro. Nick Faxlo won over Tony Clausi by a T. K. O. in two rounds. Brooks Wilson beat Larry Ritter in four. Carroll Heath won over Othal Pleasant. The card was filled with action throughout, and drew a large crowd of fans.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Henry Jones, Detroit light-heavyweight, and George Fritz battled to a hard fought draw. In the semi-windup, Jimmy Wooten, Council Bluffs middleweight, lost to Goldie O'Hara of Fort Dodge. Jimmy Salvatore and Bobby O'Dowd went to a draw. Tommy Marroon, Des Moines, won by a T. K. O. over Steve Morgan, when Morgan suffered a broken leg in a fall. Sammy Shipman knocked out Hal Mollenhooff in the third round of their four.

Clarinda, Ia.—Benny Floyd won over Lloyd Poe. George Hayes beat Virgil Poe. Swede Belt and Ira Urssery went to a draw. Wingie Mathews beat Red Milion. Bill Launderville and Bernie Berry went to a fast draw.

Knoxville, Ia.—Johnny Neumann, Des Moines, Ia., scored a six-round win over Van Waller. Joey Walker won over Johnny Diekman. Tommy Maroon beat Jake Diekman. Chet Oliver scored over Dynamite Sherman. Jack Jones and Ronnie Campbell battled to a draw.

Burlington, Ia.—Farmer Miller lost a six-round decision to Harry Hobbs. Jake Hunzinger shaded Ty McKee. Bert Viscioni won over Wild Bill Henderson. Chuck Wilhelmy knocked out Jackie Vandalen in two rounds. Morris Brown shaded Sidney Saunders.

Waterloo, Ia.—Pret Ferrar, Detroit Negro light-heavyweight, scored a kayo over Harry Hobbs in six. Selo LeRoy shaded Jimmy Constance in four fast rounds. Jackie Dugan and Billy Carpenter battled to a fast draw; Sunny Bass won over Duster Mills.

Huron, So. Dak.—Dick Demeray of Aberdeen, So. Dak., welterweight champion of the state, scored a kayo over Al Braun in three rounds. Ernie Heatherington won a sixer over Battling Sterns.

Uptown Arena, Sioux City—Tiger Henderson, Chicago light-heavyweight, defeated Frankie Androff of Minneapolis in eight rounds. Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, knocked out Mike Chipka of Minneapolis in two. Jack Harding, Sioux City welter, defeated Jimmy Collins of Minneapolis in six.

Riverview Park Arena, Sioux City—Freddy Chynoweth, Chicago lightweight, scored over Babe Daniels of Duluth in eight fast rounds. Jackie Elverrillo, Chicago, won over Battling Nelson in a one-sided affair. Billy Porter of Indianapolis, Ind., won by a shade over Jack Harding. Bob Tinsley, Chicago lightweight, scored a T. K. O. over Phil Montgomery of Sioux City in three rounds. Kid Mann scored over Tommy Sacco.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS — Many fighters, managers, and trainers, well known throughout the boxing world, have made Sioux City their headquarters during the summer months . . . . Here is just a few: Fred Lewis of Chicago, Jack Finny, manager of Baby Manuel . . . . Eddie Stanton of Chicago paid a short visit, also Kelsey McLure of Indianapolis . . . . Among the fighters were Henry Hock, Frankie Wolfram, Freddy Chynoweth, Billy Porter, and just a gym full of others . . . . Ross Albrama, assistant matchmaker to Ty Dillon, made a trip to Chicago to see the Joe Louis-King Levinsky fray. Tommy O'Loughlin, local promoter, Lloyd Hagan, sports editor of the Sioux City *Tribune*, and Howard Graack, local manager, were also on hand . . . . Lloyd Weaver has returned from Chicago, where he won a number of bouts . . . . Johnny Miler, Albia light-heavyweight, underwent an operation on his nose . . . . An Iowa boxing association was formed in Des Moines, and includes such boxing towns as Des Moines, Fort Dodge, Sioux City, Cedar Rapids, Davenport, and others. Members of the association are: Tommy O'Loughlin and Ty Dillon, Sioux City promoters, Andy George of Waterloo, Eddie Jennings of Cedar Rapids, C. J. Henaghan of Davenport, Roy Gillman of Fort Dodge, Pinkie George of Des Moines, Ia., and a number of others well known in the boxing game around Iowa . . . . Eddie Morris and Earl MacArthur, veteran local fighters, are dressing attendants at the Uptown Arena . . . . Lloyd Hagan, sports editor of the Sioux City *Tribune*, is very much in demand as a referee . . . . Jack Finney is one of the most popular story tellers this writer ever met . . . . The manager of Baby Manuel has plenty of proof to back up his stuff . . . . Mel Rice has been inactive owing to a broken hand . . . . Al Pahl, local lightweight, returned from Chicago with a very good list of wins . . . . Nearly fifty fighters worked out at the local Kaysee gym in one day . . . . Don't forget to keep in touch with the promoters out here . . . . and don't forget to mail your notes in by the first of every month . . . . Send your mail to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

BUTTE—Battling Gizzie, Pitsburg, drew with Tiger Ray Cote, Butte, in eight rounds. Jimmy McCusker, Bozeman, the state bantamweight champion, drew with Billy Murray, Butte, in the semi-final. It was the best bout of the evening.

Glendive—Bat Nelson, Bismark, knocked out Billy O'Brien, Great Falls, in four rounds.

Bridger—Maurice "K. O." Hendrix, Fromberg, knocked out Eddy Hammers, Minot, N. D., in two rounds of what was to have been an eight-round main event. Hendrix was overweight, and it proved too much for Hammers. Young O'Donald, Edgar, stopped Dwane Hammers. The best fight on the card was the semi-windup between Bob Petty, Billings, and Danny Morgan, Dallas, Texas. This was a fight from bell to bell and resulted in a draw.

Stevensville—Richie Fauntain, Missoula, got a T.K.O. over Eddy Mack, Billings. Mack was floored in the fourth and injured his hip, and was unable to continue. Jimmy Dupys drew with Spider McCullum, both of Missoula.

Bismark—Word comes from Isham Hall that both Dick Demeray and Ernie Heatherington are still winning every fight.

Billings—Billings' new lightweight flash, Maurice Enright, issues a challenge to any lightweight in the Northwest. Clarence Bisson also is looking for trouble. Bisson weighs 128.

A New Group

Owing to many requests from wrestling readers of **The Ring**, we have decided to place seven current stars in an extra group and these are now ready at the low price of 7 for $2.00. This added group to our photographs includes **the Irish Free State star, Danno O'Mahony; the great Indian wrestler, Chief Little Wolf; the Afghan stars, Ghoofar Khan and his brother Ayub; Dr. Henry Fields; Hans Kampfer, the German strong man, and Alphone Bisignano, the leading Italian heavyweight.**

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Las Vegas, N. M.—Johnny Cruz, Santa Fe, was awarded a hairline decision over Mike Dundee of Trinidad in a fast ten-round go. Dundee scored knockdowns in the second and fourth heats. The pair are featherweights.

Henry Jackson, one of the leading featherweights of the Rocky Mountain region, has joined the army and is now stationed at Fort Warren, Wyo.

Everett Marshall, the La Junta heavyweight grappler who is world's champion in the eyes of the Colorado Boxing Commission, is busy "defending" his title around the Colorado circuit. The boy is certainly leaving himself open by taking on such grunt artists as John Evko and Chief Saunookie. Ye gods! and still people fall for such "championship" stuff as this. With all due respect to Marshall's ability, he has no more claim to the grappling title than the family milkman. I'm not convinced but what the La Junta boy could beat O'Mahony, but until he does, his "championship" claims are folly and pure bunk.

At Pueblo, Colo.—Emilio Martinez again demonstrated his superiority over what remains of a once good fighter, George Manley. The flashy Mexican won almost as he pleased, only in the seventh round did Manley show a flash of his old-time form. At the end of the tenth and final round, Manley was practically out on his feet after getting up off the floor three times in the final round.

At Colorado Springs, Colo.—Phil Greening, Denver welterweight, was awarded the state title in that division in a battle with Chuck Reed of Sterling. The award was a very unpopular one as most of the customers thought Reed won with something to spare. The bout was over the ten-round route. The result once more proved that the asinine system of having two judges determine the winner is doing the sport more harm than good. Why not get wise to yourselves, boxing commissions, and let the referee say who wins?

At Las Vegas, N. M.—Jim Perry, light-heavyweight champion of New Mexico, pounded out a ten-round decision over Joe Renniers of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Neither boy was ever in any danger, though Perry won by a fair margin. Joe Garcia, Santa Fe lightweight, defeated Johnny Duran of Albuquerque in the third round of the semi-windup.

At Santa Fe, N. M.—Johnny Johnson, lightweight title-holder of the Rocky Mountain region, retained his crown when the Santa Fe Boxing Commission reversed the officials' decision of naming George Avila, Gallup mitt slinger, the winner. Johnson was no doubt the winner, scoring two "nine" count knockdowns. But somehow the officials got mixed up and Avila was declared the winner. All of which goes to prove that the asinine system of having fights decided by two judges is a farce. If judges can't keep their score cards straight, how can they figure to call a fight correctly?

Joe M. Roybal, jovial Las Vegas promoter, is now matchmaking for St. Michael's College at Santa Fe. Any good boys in this region who would like to fight for this really brilliant young promoter are requested to get in touch with him at Las Vegas.

Competent fight critics are singing the praises of a giant colored boy in one of Uncle Sam's C.C.C. camps. Nineteen years old, weighing 225 pounds, the boy, Adam Glass, at least has the physical assets. Whether he can really fight remains to be seen. He'll get the chance right away, anyhow.

Remember, the writer has a complete list of boxing promoters out here that you can get for a thin dime. I'll also answer any questions relative to the fight game in this neck of the woods, to the best of my ability, but don't forget that three cent stamp if you expect a reply. Address P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

A. A. Mc, Denver—Both Joe Gans and Rudie Unholz died from the ravages of consumption. Arthur Pelky was a "sleeping sickness" victim.

B. N., Vancouver, B. C.—I know of no book on boxing giving the complete history of famous Negro boxers. You might drop a line to Nat Fleischer, publisher of this magazine. He can come nearer supplying your wants than anyone I know of.

Chief Stanley Fell, former heavyweight champion of Colorado, was dangerously stabbed in a fracas at Cripple Creek. For a time his life was despaired of, but his wonderful stamina pulled him through.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.

By BABE ORLANDO

IN a ten-round bout at the Meadowbrook Field in Newark, Solly Krieger received the nod over Tony Fisher; Charlie Mautz scored a one-round technical knockout over Melvin Watson in the scheduled six-round semi-final. Freddie Bustard edged out Andy Molton in a sixer, Vince Funk knocked out Joe Cazar in the fourth round, Jerry Fernandez beat Joe Barry, while Joe Pershing finished Doc Banick in the second round of the opener.

Substituting at a minute's notice for Billy McMahon against Mickey Makar, young Bayonne battler, Wildcat O'Connor thrilled a packed house at the Braddock Bowl by getting off the floor three times in the first round and holding the latter to a ten-round draw. Allie Todisco lost a close decision to Danny London in the eight-round semi-final.

Billy Beauhold decisioned Frankie Williams in six, Seabon Ashley drew with Mickey Sciortino in another six, while Sam Presti drew with Billy Schriber, and Lou Payon kayoed Pete Peters in the second of the two four-rounders.

Johnny Costanza outpointed Jimmy Brady in the six-round star bout at Elizabeth. Gene Barrett lost to Maxie Fisher (6), George Chip knocked out Johnny Rickage (3).

Promoters Jackie Farrell and Charlie Johnston presented a thrilling and action-filled card to the patrons of the Braddock Bowl in Jersey City. In the main bout of ten rounds, Lou Lombardi dropped Joey Zodda nine times for long counts before the latter quit in the eighth round. In the semi-final, another sensational bout, Allie Rowan, who has been schooled by Allie Ridgeway for the past three years, defeated one of his bitterest rivals for lightweight honors of Jersey City. Rowan recuperated from a sure knockout when the bell came to his rescue in the first round and dropped Buckey Keyes for a nine-count with a well-timed right in the fourth, and finished the latter in the sixth with a terrific right cross to the chin. Billy Furrone, a younger brother of Jeff, defeated Rocky Stone in a six-rounder. Jimmy Fantini scored over Billy Mosco in six, Henry Di Carlo beat Phil France in a hair-raising four-rounder, while Little Jackie Sharkey, a son of the old-time bantam, finished Joe Timpanari in the second. This was Sharkey's eleventh win in as many starts.

Young Terry, rugged Trenton middleweight, outpointed Jack Ennis in ten furious rounds at the Meadowbrook Field in Newark. Gene Dundee decisioned Butch Lynch (6), Roxy Forgione beat Mookey Goldman (6), Charlie Mautz kayoed George Giachino (3), Vincent Funk stopped Jerry Fernandez (4).

Gene Mickens, Weehawken High School lad, and Ray Miller, former amateur champion, hailing from Newark, fought fifteen rounds for the colored light-heavyweight championship of New Jersey at the Meadowbrook Field in Newark, with the latter receiving Referee Roman's decision. In the semi-final, Frankie Williams, former Golden Glover, scored a great upset in decisively beating Emil Calcagui, the Cresskill Bearcat, in eight tough rounds. Charlie Mautz stopped Jack O'Grady in three rounds, while in the opening contest Vincent Funk edged out Jerry Fernandez.

Any of the following cards would pack any arena in Hudson County: Allie Rowan vs. Joey Costa, Lou Lombardi vs. Allie Rowan, Lou Lombardi vs. Joey Costa, Joey Ferrando vs. Costa, Lombardi, Rowan or Buckey Keyes, Keyes vs. any of the above, Dom Rizzo vs. Paddy Creedon, Teddy Loder vs. Creedon or Mickey Makar. Then there are a few youngsters coming up who will headline future shows around here, such as little Jack Sharkey, Charlie Mautz, Vince Funk, Ritchie Thurer, Johnny Scibelli, Tony Grabowski and several others. So it's up to the promoters to take a leaf out of little Jackie Farrell's book and copy his style of matchmaking if they want the fight fans to patronize their shows.

THE RING magazine is one of the best sellers around Hudson County as fight fans are eager to learn all the ins and outs of the boxing game through it. So buy THE RING for first-hand information on boxing and wrestling all over the world. Support it. It deserves your wholehearted support.

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Freddie Miller
Al Brown
Fidel La Barba
Primo Carnera

GROUP No. 3—
Young Corbett III
Midget Wolgast
Kid Chocolate
Billy Petrolle
Tony Canzoneri
Johnny Dundee
Dave Shade

GROUP No. 4—
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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

AS we mailed in this column to Nat Fleischer of The Ring for the November issue, the chief topic of conversation among the fistic mob on the Pacific slope was: "Who's going to win the Louis-Baer fight?" My choice is Louis by a K.O.

The most-talked-of fighter in California is Hank Hankinson, giant heavyweight, with TNT in both dukes. The lanky Swede is under the management of Suey Welch, one of the cagiest pilots in boxing. It was Welch who discovered K. O. Christner and won a fortune with him. He also steered Gorilla Jones into the world's middleweight title.

Hankinson likes to take a chance. He will take a punch to land one. In his bout with Charles Retzlaff, the big Nodic caught a hard right-hand sock on the chin and came back to flatten out the Minneapolis heavyweight in two rounds. Hank followed with a smashing win over Ford Smith, putting the Montana fighter on the deck for a nine-count, and then defeated Maxie Rosenbloom twice in successive weeks, which is positive proof the Swede has the "goods," as Rosenbloom is a tough hurdle for any young fighter.

Hankinson registered eleven wins in a row, eight by knockouts, when we sent in our November column, and much of his success is due Joe Stanley, former Philadelphia boxer, who is in charge of his training. Since the Quaker City conditioner took over his training, Hankinson has acted like a different fighter in the ring.

Lefty Moffard, member of the Phoenix, Ariz., police force, is one of the best wrestlers in this section and appears on many of the big grappling cards in the West. A mild mannered "copper," Moffard is plenty rough when he gets inside the ropes.

SHORT SHOTS—Sammy O'Dell continues to pile up victories in San Francisco and Stockton rings, knocking out Tony Roccaforte (twice), Johnny Martinez and Lloyd Smith in his last four fights . . . . "Roxie" Eisen wagered $100 against $500 that Joe Louis would stop Levinsky inside of two rounds and collected his bet when the Brown Bomber made the King holler "Uncle" in the first session . . . . Walter Stewart, able boxing writer of the New York *World-Telegram*, can eat more fried chicken than any human I know, and the former Memphis, Tenn., scribe is a dandy fellow and an interesting writer, too . . . . Eddie Borden of The Ring staff has turned actor and is already receiving fan mail . . . . the young manager of Charley Massare appeared in several flickers while on the Coast . . . . Dolph Thomas has a corking lightweight in his stable named Ted Cano and the Frisco fight manager says he is another "Frankie Farren" . . . . Leo Leavitt's first boxing show in Oakland, Calif., drew $6200, which featured Hank Hankinson vs. Maxie Rosenbloom, the former scoring a smashing victory in a great fight . . . . the former manager of King Tut and Frankie Battaglia plans to stage shows twice monthly featuring nationally known fighters . . . . Leavitt is known from Lewiston, Maine, to San Diego, Calif., and should make a success of his new venture.

Tony Canzoneri easily outpointed Frankie Klick in a ten-rounder at Frisco which drew close to ten thousand dollars . . . . Eddie Meade, Cleveland boxing manager, postcards this column he will arrive in Los Angeles early in December with his stable of scrappers, headed by the knockout sensation of the middleweight ranks, Paul Pirrone . . . . you're welcome, Eddie! . . . . Willie Orner's Main Street gymnasium is paying dividends . . . . most of the topnotch glove wielders on the Coast make the Main Street gym their headquarters . . . . Earl Mastro, clever bantam boxer of some years ago, manages a group of amateur stars in Los Angeles . . . . the former Chicagoan was a gentleman in and out of the ring and his friends in southern California number legion . . . . Joe Waterman is the Los Angeles representative of Freddie Steele, jaw-breaking middleweight of Tacoma, Wash. . . . Dave Miller, manager of the blond slugger, operates a swanky hotel in Tacoma and is in charge of all of the concessions at Longacres race track in Seattle during its yearly meet.

Nash Garrison, San Jose, Calif., Mexican light-heavyweight, scored an upset win when he kayoed Ivan Wilson at Oakland Auditorium and may appear at Hollywood Legion Stadium during the winter months . . . . George Parnassas will book him at the movie city arena . . . . Bud Taylor's night club is going over big in Los Angeles . . . . his former manager, Eddie Long, handles a string of fighters in Chicago . . . . one of his boxers is "Puggy" Weinert, a rootin', tootin' welter who fights like blazes . . . . Frankie Gatto has a long lease on the new Kansas City, Mo., Municipal Auditorium for boxing shows and plans to feature some of the best fighters in the country there during the winter months . . . . the Missouri promoter is one of the most efficient boxing men in the country and is a keen judge of fistic talent.

Fighters coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get plenty of action in this section with Al Lang, boxing manager, c/o Main Street gymnasium, 321 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA
By DAVID CAVADAS

IT seems that the Pacific Northwest has two real threats in Freddie Steele and Gordon Wallace. Ted Yarosz, Babe Risko and Paul Pirrone refuse to meet Steele. Yarosz was offered twenty thousand dollars for a non-title bout, but refused. Barney Ross turned down the biggest guarantee he could earn on the Coast by refusing to meet Wallace. Jack Allen has taken Wallace east for a few fights.

Vince Dundee announced from a Seattle hospital that the broken jaw caused by Freddie Steele's smashing rights and lefts would end his fighting career. He will hang up his gloves and enter a business in New York.

"Tiger" Jack Fox beat Frank Rowsey on a technical knockout in the sixth round. Emil "Young" Lust won on a T.K.O. at the expense of George (Mickey) Stuart in the fourth round.

Ed "Strangler" Lewis has been fined two hundred dollars for none-appearance in Vancouver, and Chief Little Wolf also has been fined ten dollars for rough tactics.

Chief Little Wolf defeated Andre Adoree, Ira Dern, Pat Fraley, and Hans Steinke. Pat O'Shocker, New York, defeated Hans Steinke, Angelo Cistoldi and Harry Kent. Jim Browning defeated Pat O'Shocker.

I will answer all questions forwarded to me absolutely free of charge. Send same to David Cavadas, 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, Canada, and enclose stamped envelope.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

KAUAI—Kid Moro, popular lightweight from the mainland, took a walkaway decision from Mariano Matias of Honolulu in the main event of the Kauai's initial pro fight.

Honolulu—A new flyweight champion of the Territory was crowned at the Civic Auditorium in Little Reynes, Filipino scrapper, copped the ten-round decision from K. O. Kuratsu. Reynes received a silver cup symbolic of the territorial flyweight championship.

Henry Moreno returned to the ring after a few months' layoff. He was held to a draw by Alejandro Pasmore. Joe Stone, a former Golden Glover, kayoed Banda Wong in the fifth. Benny Dawson lost to Kid Waialua. Joe Oliviera won from Alcala. Abe Kaanahaile won from Kid Schofield.

Maui—Before a crowd of five thousand, Clever Sisson of Honolulu K.O.'ed Joe Stone, Blake's protege, in the sixth round. K. O. Pagan won from Henry Callejo. Manuel Telles won from Al Salveno. Felipe Tapec won from Hitoshi Tanaka. Satoru Umetsu K.O.'ed Baldo Yaca in two heats. Fighting Caesar beat Satogi Hotta.

Hilo—Thirty-five hundred fans jammed the Volcano Arena and witnessed one of the best smokers held up to date. In the main attraction, Joey Rosenberg, one of the Blake's managed boys, won a smashing victory over Little Hufana, who failed to come up for the fourth round.

Sonny Valdez, a Mexican, won a one-sided victory over Joey Ledesma in the semi-windup. Valdez proved too clever. Hisashi Nishi lost a T.K.O. to Sabas Jamito in the fifth. Manuel Ruiz kayoed K. O. Cablay in the second frame. Paul Howard beat Lighting Feliciano easily. K. O. Katsumoto knocked out Maximo Agnazan in one. Katsup Okuna K.O.'ed Alipio Rabena in three.

Honolulu—Joey Rosenberg added another victim in Petty Officer Evans of the H. M. S. Dunedin, in the third canto. Royal Marine Ryan of the H. M. S. Dunedin won a hard fought decision from Sailor Lorenz, former Simon-pure champion. Lorenz was floored in the fourth for a nine-count. Battling Bolo beat Mariano Matias. Packo Pass polished off Glenn Taylor in two rounds. Roaring Rodrigues knocked out Sailor Fulton in three. Bob Kakutani kayoed Baby Dano in the second.

Kauai—Sonny Valdez knocked out Fred Bailey in the fifth round with a right cross to the jaw. Bailey was game to the core, fighting his best to beat his superior battler. Young Aguinaldo, Filipino heavy, knocked the light out of "Giant" Comstock in the first round.

Honolulu—A huge turnout of Filipino fans saw their idol, Kid Moro, a 135-pounder, score a two-round knockout over Walter Strappel in the second round. Moro knocked down Strappel three times. Sonny Valdez lost to Joe Velasco in the semi-windup. The battle was expected to be a close one, but turned out differently. Adolph Samuel put the sleeper on Kid Solomon in three. Joe Oliveira kayoed Pedro Martinez in one heat. Al Silvano T.K.O.'ed Mike Kornack in four. Henry Francis T.K.O.'ed Kid Yray in the third.

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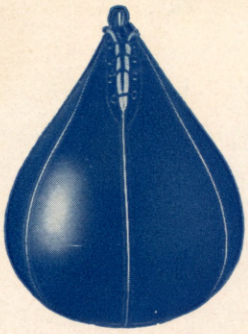

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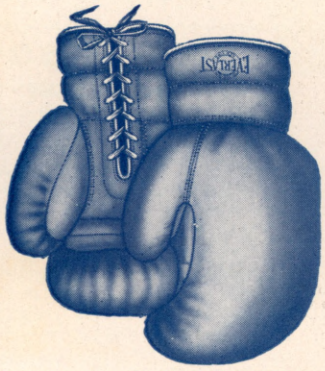

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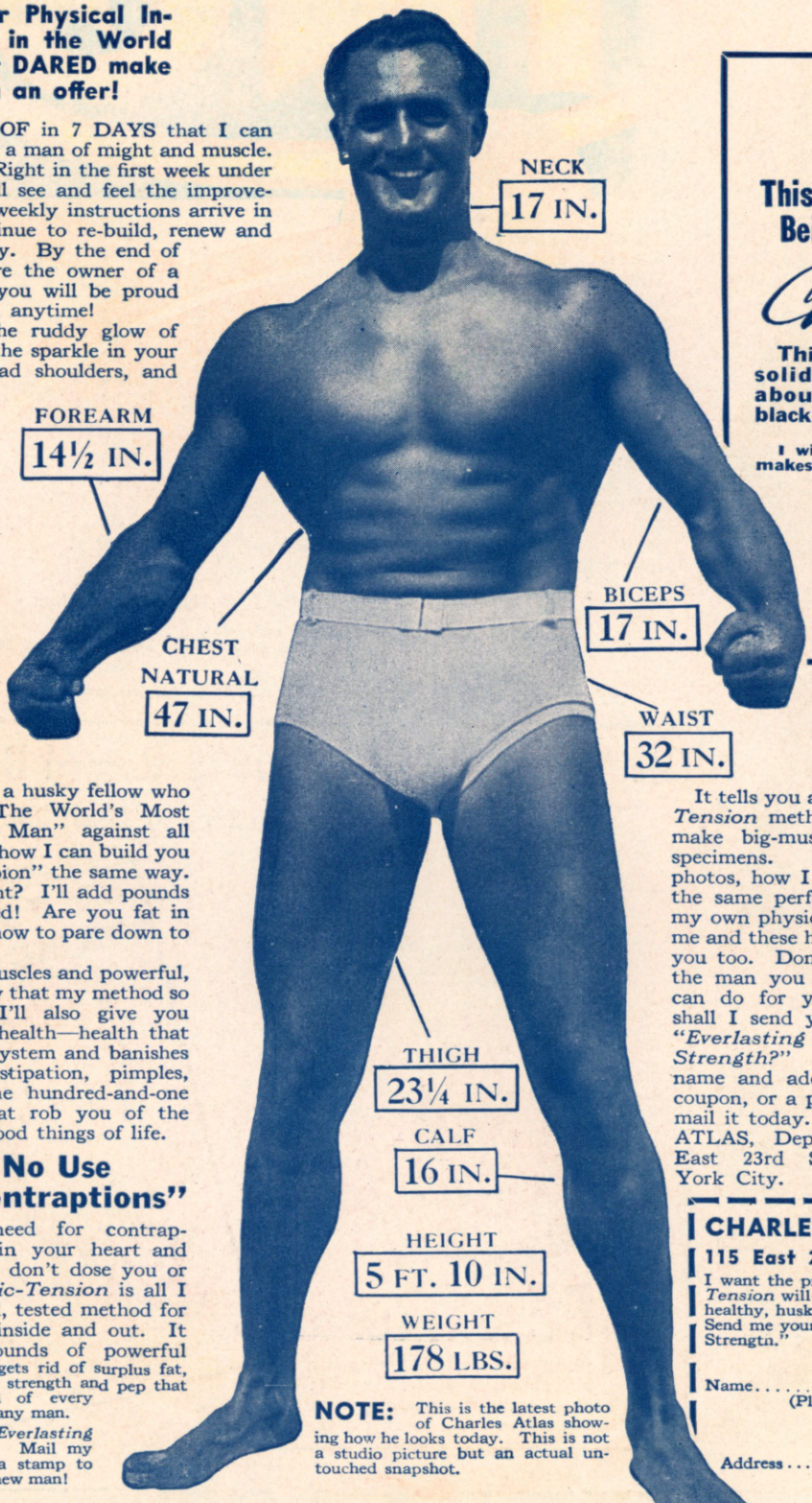

NOTE: This is the latest photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

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